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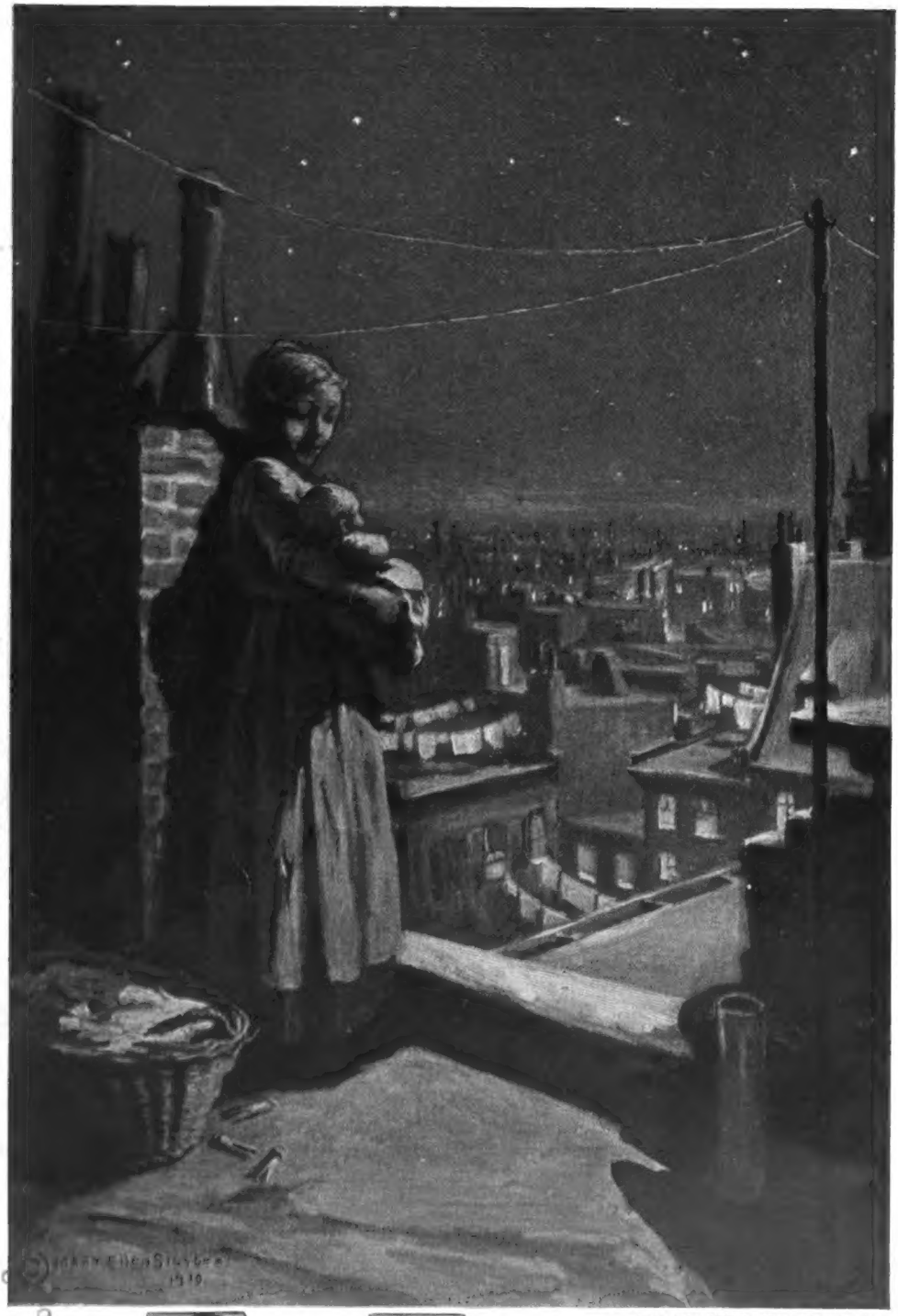

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His Kingdom

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EVERYBODY'S
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Perhaps the readers of Everybody's would like to celebrate Christmas by living a few minutes with these four pictures.

In the first, we have the Child, with his Mother, and the Stars. His other neighbours are spread in darkness at his feet. One wishes the sky would be his neighbour always.

In the second picture, one sees the Child with his next neighbours, the garbage can and the Painted Woman. And, as you can see, the Painted Woman has an attraction for the Child.

In the third, one sees the Child with his neighbour, the gardener, tending flowers. If only there were a gardener to tend the children, too.

In the fourth picture, in his final grim childhood, one sees him with his last neighbours, the calm Church on the other side, and the Bank. He is creeping past with the world on his back.

Then one likes to turn back to the first picture again. One wishes the sky would keep its position and would be his neighbour. And, also, that besides the Mother, and the Child, and the Stars, there were some Wise Men.

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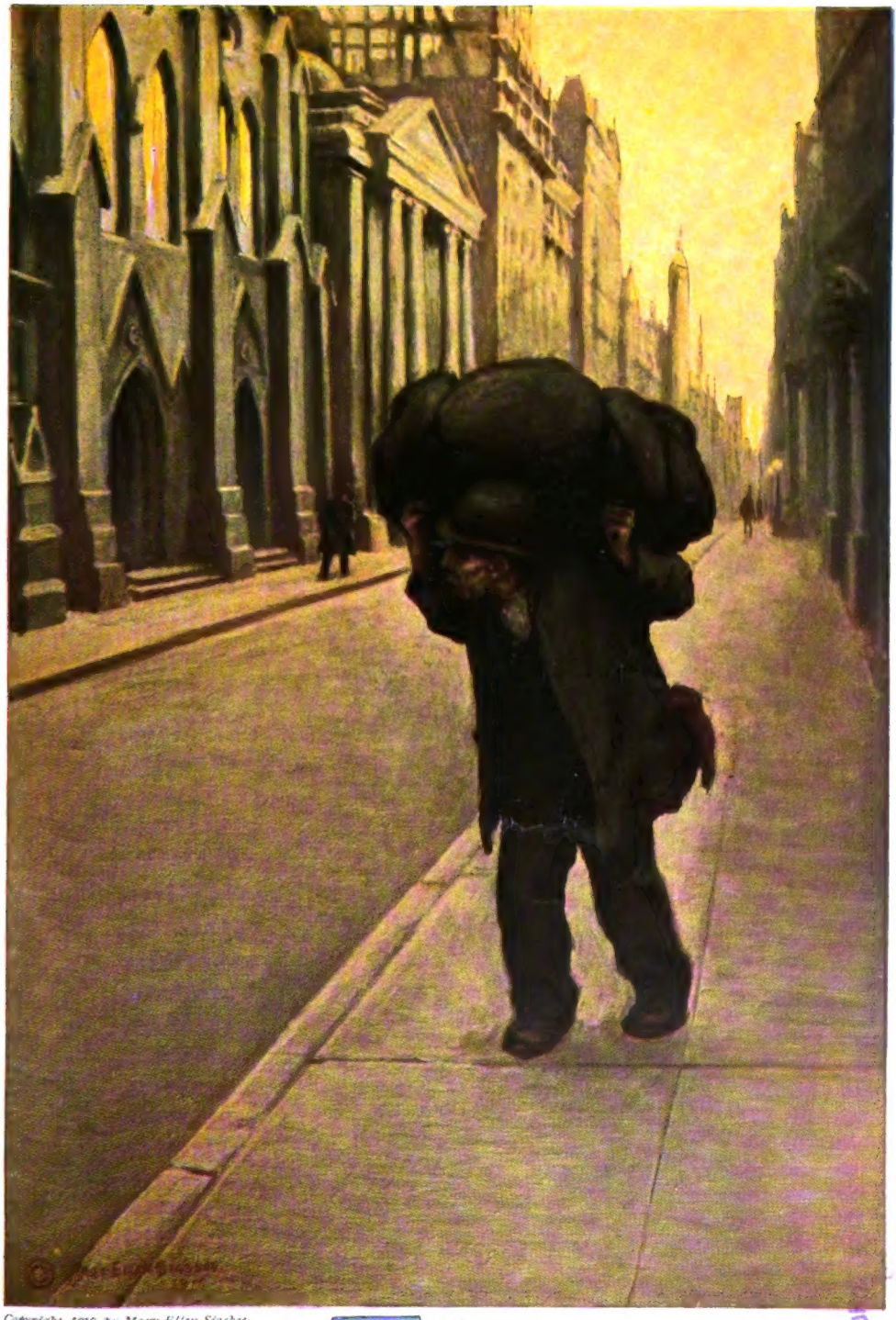

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THE CONVERSION *of* JOHNNY HARRINGTON

By

Elizabeth Jordan

AUTHOR OF "MAY IVERSON, HER BOOK," "MANY KINGDOMS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROSE CECIL O'NEILL

THE group of children on the school playground disintegrated violently, as if under the force of some great shock. Then they drew together again, warily, yet yielding to a fascination that overcame every other consideration. The compelling force seemed indicated by the shrill voice of a small boy, raised in excited speech; above the heads of the gaping children flashed a pair of redmittened hands, with which their owner energetically sawed the air as enforcement of his argument.

"Oh-h-h! Johnny Harrington!" squealed a horrified little girl, timidly skirting the circle. "How *dast* you say such things!"

For reply, Johnny Harrington crowded on more daring. He jeered at her. He was not more than eight, and, though very ragged as to clothing, he was whole and sturdy as to body. His blue toes cropped out shamelessly from the burst leather of his shoetips; the cap on the back of his head was a mere symbol of what it had once been. But the authority of his manner and expression was surprising. He was a born fighter, a preacher of truth, a hater of shams, and a self-appointed Star of Bethlehem to his schoolmates, squirming in a world of darkness.

To-day he was facing a crisis—a crisis which even threatened to alienate the faithful heart of Evelyn Johnson, his most loyal follower. He had said things her mind could not accept, and her weaker companions went over to her point of view. Their unexpected revolt was an alarming symptom of independence, and Johnny Harrington was meeting it with an iron hand. The circle around him was made up of the small boys and girls of Primary Class A, and the dismay, incredulity, and pain written on their ingenuous faces were gradually settling into lines of stubbornness.

"Huh!" jeered Johnny Harrington, kindling at the sight. "You kids make me sick. Ain't I told yeh! Don't I know! He's just nothin' but a fat old man with a big belly and a false beard."

This was too much. Several of the circle shrank back in horror, and Evelyn Johnson uttered what was as near to a ladylike scream as her years permitted, wholly upset by the combined shock of Johnny's language and the grim skepticism of his conclusions. A curly-headed youngster with whom Johnny had already fought one pitched battle for her favor took advantage of the opportunity to lead her away with gallant tenderness. The dark predictions of this youth as to what would eventually happen to Johnny Harrington were borne back to the

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orator's ears as the two children disappeared, and were oil on the flame. He sniffed in lofty derision.

"Huh!" he said again, investing the simple epithet with Homeric scorn. "Evelyn's only a girl. Girls don't know no better. But we ought to; we're boys!"

The masculine element in the circle rose to this slogan of sex. This was logic. But one advanced little girl lingered and fiercely put herself on record as repudiating the speaker's views.

"I ain't a boy," she explained hotly, "and I'm glad. I wouldn't *be* one! And I'll just tell you something right now, Johnny Harrington. I don't want to play with you any more. You let me alone, an' you let my brother alone. Jimmy Smith, you come right straight away from him."

Jimmy Smith, loyal first aide to his chief, turned angrily upon his sister. "Aw, g'wan," he snarled. "You lemme 'lone. Mind your own business. Go away yourself."

"All right, Jimmy Smith," retorted his sister, with the crushing scorn of virtue repulsed. "He don't give nothin' to folks that don't believe in him. Papa says so. So if you don't get anything in your stocking Christmas morning, you needn't say anything."

Jimmy wriggled uneasily. He was thinking hard. His Christmas list was already made up, and a new sled astutely headed it. If this thing was true— But he should not be so lightly terrorized into waiving man's prerogative.

"Ah, g'wan," he remarked again, with a sullen defiance. "I don't care."

His sister departed with ostentatious hauteur. After a minute or two Jimmy followed her, with a careless shrug of his shoulders, as if, the matter having been settled, the subject had ceased to interest him. The other boys gasped. They knew it was desertion, but several of them withdrew also. Those who remained behind looked extremely unhappy. Johnny Harrington's red mittens described a new, baleful arc of derision in the frosty air.

"Huh!" he ejaculated once more. No exordium was so satisfactory. "All right. Let 'em go. Sissies! Writin' to Santy Claus! Babies! Say!"

His scorn was magnificent now. He seemed to rise on the tips of his cold toes.

"Say, I'd ruther never git nothin' than be such a fool kid." He waited for this shaft to sink in, and then continued.

"My mother gits me all I want. She

"HOW *DAST* YOU SAY SUCH THINGS!"

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give me these mittens 'cos my hands was cold. Christmas she'll fill my stockin'. It's your mothers that does it, I tell yeh! An' yer fathers. It ain't no Santy Claus. 'Cos why? 'Cos there ain't no sech thing. He's just a fake."

The December wind whistled by Johnny's ears. The December cold bit Johnny's toes. There was an ominous and unsympathetic chill in the silence all about him. He thrust his mittened hands deep into his two pockets and bit his lip. Wherever the truth might be hidden, his companions had obviously decided that there was no need to root it out until after Christmas. Some people that tamper with their faith lose it. Even as he spoke they had melted away. Johnny had gained his first knowledge of the world's attitude toward the bearer of unwelcome tidings. He was alone with his advanced views.

During the days that followed, Johnny's position was a trying one. Through the efforts of Hattie Smith and her brother, who, for wholly personal and selfish reasons, had become an ardent convert to her views, the children had decided that the season was not one in which to indulge in doubts of the existence of Santa Claus. Johnny was given to understand, quietly, by several of the larger boys, that early in January they were prepared to go into the question with the zest of true scientific minds. At present it was plain that there was a certain unseemliness in agitating the point. They were opportunists. Two or three of them were quite frank with him.

"Say, what's the use?" asked Jimmy Smith, urgently. "If they ain't a Santy Claus, of course we don't git nothin'; but we don't lose nothin', neither. But if they is, an' we b'lieve in him, why, we do git somethin'. See?"

Johnny Harrington backed off and stared at him. "D' yeh b'lieve that guff?" he demanded, with corrosive scorn.

Jimmy wriggled. "Well," he admitted, guardedly, "I've wrote down the things I want. I'm takin' a chanct."

Apparently most of the children were taking a chance, also. Boys and girls who used to play Johnny's games, take Johnny's orders, and generally await Johnny's pleasure, now spent their leisure hours comparing Christmas lists. Tiring of this enforced isolation, Johnny joined one of these groups the week before Christmas.

"I got a list, too," he observed ingratiatingly. They looked up with brightening faces. Miss Evelyn Johnson, an emotional child, uttered a shriek of welcome over the brand plucked from the burning.

"Oh, Johnny," she squealed gleefully, "then you do b'lieve in Santy, after all! I'm just as glad!"

"Santy nothin'," observed Johnny Harrington, rudely. "I've a list fer me mother. See! She'll git the things. Miss Mayhew wrote it out for me to give to her," he explained, "so she won't forget nothin'." He read the list aloud:

One pair of skates,
One flying machine,
One pair boxing gloves,
One ball and bat.

"That's all I want," said Johnny magnificently. "Gee, I'm glad I ain't countin' on no Santy Claus to git down the chimley with 'em."

Miss Johnson rose. "I ain't goin' to stay here, then," she observed nippingly. "If Santy Claus sees me talkin' to you, he'll think I don't believe in him, either, and then p'raps *I* won't get nothing from him."

She departed hurriedly, and her companions faded away with her, leaving Johnny alone. Her logic, moreover, seemed so sound that Johnny found himself practically ostracized during the remaining days before Christmas. Touched by his isolation, his teacher, Miss Mayhew, spoke of it to the superintendent of the Sunday-school that Johnny Harrington adorned on occasions when his duties permitted him to be present.

"He's having a sad time," she added, when she had told the story, "and I'm afraid he's going to be dreadfully disappointed at Christmas. Of course his poor mother can't buy those presents for him. She has all she can do to feed him."

The superintendent nodded sympathetically. He remembered Johnny, and liked him.

"Perhaps we can help you out," he said. "He's a fine youngster, but he's a bit too cocksure of things. He needs a lesson. We'll have some fun with him. It will do him good. Just leave it to me."

Miss Mayhew thankfully left it to him, and Mr. Henry Mason thereupon included in the plans for his Sunday-school Christmas celebration one or two features not originally on his program.

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Christmas brought a grievous disappointment to Johnny Harrington. He had refused to debase his intellect by hanging up a stocking, but he had deigned to facilitate the convenience of his mother by putting at the head of his bed a large chair on which she might lay the packages containing his gifts. When he opened his eyes Christmas morning, very early, he reached a prompt and confiding hand toward this chair. It fell on objects whose bulk and shape were such that the shock brought Johnny upright. When revealed in the cold light of the December morning, they proved to be a candy cane, an orange, and a colored rubber ball! Not even a solid rubber ball. Things for a child, these. Johnny's eyes bulged from his head with surprise, resentment, and disappointment. But, of course, he thought, there must be some mistake.

"OH, JOHNNY," SHE SQUEALED GLEEFULLY, "THEN YOU DO B'LIEVE IN SANTY, AFTER ALL!"

"Ma! Say, Ma!" he called.

Mrs. Harrington, who was already up and about, appeared at the door, wiping her hands on her apron. She was a hard-working little woman, wholly lacking in sentiment. It was not her habit to drop tears on Johnny's sleeping face, nor to pray by his bedside at night. She did her duty by him, however, as she conceived it, and she had met the impossible demands of his Christmas list by such modest offerings as her purse permitted.

"Get right up, Johnny," she said briskly. "I want you to do some errands for me."

"Say, Ma!" Man though he was, Johnny's eight-year-old voice nearly broke. "Is those things for me?"

Mrs. Harrington's face looked human for a moment. "Yes, Johnny. Merry Christmas!"

"Merry Christmas, Ma! Say—is those things *all* you got?"

Mrs. Harrington laughed good-naturedly. "All there is this year, Johnny. Mebbe next year we can get the airships an' autymobiles an' things. Now you get up."

She departed, and for a sickening moment Johnny Harrington buried his red head in his thin pillow. He remembered how often he had sworn that he would rather go without things than believe in "guff." Well, he was going without them; there was no doubt of that. Then, being a small boy with a big appetite and the seeds of philosophy in him, he removed the orange and the candy cane from his sight by devouring them, and felt slightly comforted. The ball he regarded with deepening disfavor. It was a girl's ball. His poor mother, being a woman, had not known that, of course. He rose, and dressed gloomily, with the sense that as soon as he left the house he must meet the credulous world outside—a world boasting of its balls and bats and drums and dolls from Santa Claus!

"Gee," said Johnny Harrington, grumpily, reluctantly passing the wet end of a towel over a small portion of his face. "Gee, I'd ruther go without things——" But there was no one to hear, and the words died on his lips.

That afternoon Johnny graced the annual Christmas celebration given for the children of St. Giles' Church. His modesty, as well as his ragged clothing and bare toes, prompted him to take an inconspicuous seat far in the rear of the big assembly room. Around him, and stretching row after row

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before him, sat boys and girls he knew—girls wearing pink and blue bows, and cuddling new dolls and Teddy bears; boys with clean collars, immaculate clothes, and hair flattened to their heads by vigorous brushing. Clean, respectable believers in Santa Claus. Johnny remembered this and regarded the backs of their heads with stolid scorn.

On the stage stood a Christmas tree—a really wonderful Christmas tree, glittering and sparkling with many colored lights, its branches weighted down with ribbon-tied packages. As if they had been unequal to the weight of all the burdens, countless packages lay around the base of the tree, while high in its topmost branches the Christ Child smiled out upon the children below. Johnny Harrington drew his breath sharply as he looked. Presents enough there for every one. Possibly some for him! But he dared not hope. Already to-day he had experienced one grievous blow. He could not face the prospect of another.

He was aware that Mr. Mason, the Sunday-school superintendent, was saying a few words of welcome, and making a few mild jokes suited to fresh young minds. The more sophisticated children snickered and looked at one another, as proper recognition of them. Then there was a stir, a great outburst of applause, and an awed silence. A huge, fat, red figure, with a red cap and a long white beard flowing down his chest, was bowing to the children in response to Mr. Mason's introduction.

"Santy Claus!" Johnny Harrington's lips curled. But all over the great hall the children were standing up in their excitement, pushing each other aside to get a better view, their eyes starting out of their heads as they gazed. Johnny Harrington shuffled in his seat and looked defiantly ahead. But Santa Claus was speaking.

"I'm glad to be with you to-day, my dear children," he said, "because Mr. Mason tells me that you've been a pretty good lot of boys and girls this year. I dropped into some of your houses last night, where *my* boys and girls live—those who believe in me, and were expecting me. I couldn't disappoint *those* boys and girls." He was interrupted by great applause. "Of course," he continued, "I did not go to the houses where children live who do *not* believe in me."

A shudder ran through the assemblage. Were there indeed such? Then every child who knew Johnny Harrington remembered him, and dozens of eyes turned slowly and regarded him with severe disapproval. As if they pointed the way, the eyes of Santa Claus turned upon him, too. Down the spine of Johnny Harrington there ran a long, icy shiver.

"I hear," resumed Santa Claus slowly, benign but awesome, "that there is one—boy—present—who does not *believe* in me!"

This was terrible. A great lump rose in the throat of Johnny Harrington. He resolutely swallowed it, and averted his eyes from the horror-struck face of Evelyn Johnson, turned palely upon him.

"I want to meet that boy," continued Santa Claus, firmly. "If Johnny Harrington is present, I invite him to stand up!"

To this distinguished request, Johnny Harrington did not respond. It was not the stubborn pride of intellect. It was a strange weakness in his knees. His head swam. His tongue felt stiff in his mouth. Then, all at once, the children near him became ostentatiously officious. They punched him and pushed him. Those not near enough to do these things added to the excitement of the occasion by pointing at him wildly.

"There he is!" they cried. "*That's* Johnny Harrington! See him—over there on the last seat!"

For a moment Johnny believed he was experiencing a dreadful nightmare. Surely, nothing so frightful as this could really be happening to him. He pinched himself and tried to wake up. But the shouting continued, and finally, partly by his own efforts, partly with the help of others, he got on to his feet and stood awaiting his doom. His legs shook under him. His freckled face showed the freckles more than usual—it was so white. But he held his head high, and his eyes looked straight at the roly-poly red figure on the platform.

"So that is Johnny Harrington," said Santa Claus, not unkindly, but with a deep wonder. "The boy who doesn't believe in me. Well, well!" Both "wells" were full of pity. He studied the boy long and earnestly. "Now, Johnny," he added, appallingly, "I want you to come right down here."

This was like being summoned to the block. The other children stopped talking and pointing, and awaited further developments in awe-struck silence. No journey that Johnny Harrington ever made in later

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"MEBBE NEXT YEAR WE CAN GET THE AIRSHIPS AN' AUTYMOBILES AN' THINGS."

life seemed as endless to him as that slow progress from the back to the front of the great hall. Never had he experienced before the feeling that the world was looking at him. His teeth chattered in his head. His eyes rolled wildly. But he set his jaws pugnaciously, and somehow made his way, under the eyes of his associates, down to the platform, where he halted in front of the burly figure that awaited him.

"I think this is positively cruel!" whispered Miss Mayhew, anxiously. "I didn't know it would be as hard on him as that. Poor little fellow!"

"Do him good," answered the superintendent, sententiously. "Look at the pluck of the chap! He's scared to death, but he's taking it gamely. I think I'll keep an eye on that youngster, and do something for him. He's worth it."

Johnny Harrington, unaware of this rosy prospect, and with no conviction whatever that he was heroic, was shivering under the keen eyes of Santa Claus.

"Now, Johnny," said that gentleman, when the child finally stood before him, "I want to say *this* to you." He stopped, and the class stopped breathing. "You can *think* what you please," continued Santa Claus, slowly, and with an awesome magnanimity. "Nobody cares much what you think. But when you go about in school for weeks telling other boys and girls that there is no Santa Claus, and trying to destroy their faith in me and their happiness in Christmas, I don't like it. Do you understand?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," said Johnny Harrington, humbly.

"That's all right," said Santa Claus. "Remember that in future. Now I want you to come up here on this platform and sit here while I give away all these presents. I want you to see me doing my work. Then you can make up your mind whether there is a Santa Claus or not."

He motioned Johnny to a chair, and the pale child stumbled forward and sank heavily into it. At first he was so dazed by the strangeness of his situation that he saw nothing but rows of heads and fluttering ribbon. Then, as Santa Claus now disregarded him wholly and set actively about the business of the day, he was able to realize his unique position, and even to grasp some of its advantages. He was a little embar-

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rassed by the prominence of his feet in their torn shoes, but he soon discovered that he could effectively and unobtrusively tuck them out of sight behind several large packages that lay near them on the platform. This maneuver effected, he sat up, looked about, drew a deep breath, and began to enter into the spirit of the occasion.

Santa Claus apparently intended to work him no personal injury. He was merely there to take his medicine and to serve the class as a horrible example of what happened to small boys of little faith. Freed from acute anxiety as to his immediate future, therefore, he began to appreciate the present. Already Santa Claus was beginning to call out names and hand out gifts. The name of Evelyn Johnson led all the rest. As she came up for the doll he offered her, maidenly sympathy for Johnny overcame her. Tearful and sympathetic, she stood gazing at him. The doll dropped from her nerveless hand. Johnny left his chair and picked it up for her. She looked at him with her blue, brimming eyes.

"Oh, Johnny, ain't it just awful?" she whispered. "Don't you feel just terrible? What's he goin' to do to you next?"

Johnny shook his head. "I ain't afraid," he whispered stoutly. "He ain't goin' to hurt me."

He resumed his seat, with a lighter heart, though with a wary glance at Santa Claus as well; and that gentleman, ignoring the episode, proceeded with his labors.

Santa was stout, and the room was warm. His make-up, moreover, did not facilitate his labors. He reached up for packages from the tree and down for packages from the floor with increasing difficulty. The quick eyes of Johnny Harrington saw this.

"I kin pick up all the packages," he whispered helpfully, "if you'll just call off the names. You must be tired after bein' up all night," he added, respectfully.

Santa Claus grinned at him, almost lovingly. "Well, rather," he admitted. "And some of those chimneys were an awfully tight fit for a fat man," he added, confidentially.

Johnny's heart leaped. This was indeed close association with the great—and surely Santa Claus had forgiven him, or he wouldn't talk in that friendly way. Characteristically, Johnny Harrington fell to work, handing out packages, helping to unfasten strings, saving the star performer in every way he could, and doing it all with entire good-will and utter lack of self-consciousness. He had forgotten his ragged clothes and his torn shoes. He had wholly failed to realize that he himself was getting no presents at all. He was merely a busy, happy small boy, doing the work that lay before him with all his heart and soul. Suddenly Santa Claus uttered an exclamation.

"Well, *well!*" he said. "Here's a familiar name."

He held a package out before him and regarded the label earnestly, as if in doubt.

"Johnny Harrington?" he read at last. "Is Johnny Harrington pres—? Why, yes. Of course he is. I must have brought something for him, after all! I suppose I had forgotten that he didn't believe in me."

He turned and handed the package to the small boy, and Johnny's heart leaped as he opened it. It had not surprised him to receive no gifts at all. It did not overcome him to receive one now. He was, in his way, a philosopher, and took life as he found it. But it *was* gratifying to discover that this package held no candy cane; no orange; and no colored ball! Instead, it offered him one of his dearest dreams—a pair of skates. And attached to them, as if to make the gift wholly complete, was a pair of stout-soled new shoes. Johnny drew a long breath. Skates *and* shoes! Shoes *and* skates! And his small friends were applauding wildly as he stared at the gifts.

"Gee!" said Johnny Harrington, under his breath, while his heart swelled almost painfully.

Miss Mayhew, looking at the boy with a very soft light in her eyes, could have told something about the donor of these gifts, but Johnny, in his newborn faith, was not likely to glance that way. He was looking up at Santa Claus now with something in his eyes which touched that matter-of-fact gentleman,

"I'm awfully sorry I said you wasn't—there wasn't——" Johnny began haltingly.

Santa Claus waved a mittened hand. "Oh, that's all right," he replied, airily, with the benignity of those who are not only great but also good. "Don't *mention* it. Why, I believe there's something else here with your name on it, too," he added, with amiable surprise. He produced another package, and Johnny opened it. A tool-box, full of tools! Johnny gasped. The room whirled about him. He turned to the stout

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figure in red to express his thanks, but Santa was already very busy with other packages, and Johnny, dropping his own concerns, plunged into his work again with renewed alacrity.

As he lifted and pulled down and untied packages, he studied Santa Claus carefully. The back of his head had an oddly familiar look, that puzzled him; so did a ring on his left hand, since Santa Claus had taken off his mittens. His voice, too, had a familiar sound—was even like one he had heard many times before. In dreams, or where? The boy worked on, climbing up and down the ladder that rested against the tree; but all the time his mind was busy. Santa Claus, tired and anxious to finish his task, was getting more hurried, more careless. His wig was slipping out of place. He became more tantalizingly familiar to Johnny. Johnny worked, and stared, and pondered. He received other gifts—a serviceable suit of clothes, a new cap, an overcoat, a muffler. His face shone as he took them, but he had assumed a new expression, over which Miss Mayhew and the superintendent felt vaguely puzzled.

"He's a wonder, that fellow," said Mr. Mason, heartily. "I certainly must do something for him. Look at the way he has turned the tables on us. He's the most useful person in the room, and the happiest, instead of being the horrible example we meant to make him. I feel like begging his pardon for subjecting him to the bad fifteen minutes we gave him at first."

"He has forgotten all about them now," murmured Miss Mayhew, beaming as she regarded her *protégé* with affectionate admiration. "He probably thinks by this time that Santa Claus couldn't have got through the day without him."

Mason laughed. "He *couldn't*," he commented. "Boyce is getting too old and fat for that rôle. It makes his back ache, and he shows it. He's getting tired."

Mr. Boyce was tired, but he kept gallantly at work, observing with relief that his task was almost finished. He still had in mind, however, one more feature not upon the program. In smiling innocence he introduced it.

"Well, I guess that's about all, children," he said at last. "I've distributed the presents with the help of my young friend here, so we'll sing a song together, and then we'll go home and tell our fathers and mothers about the day and show them what we got. But before we separate"—he paused impressively—"there's one thing more to be done."

He turned to Johnny Harrington, then back to his audience.

"You will remember," he said, "that when we met to-day we had with us one little boy—just *one* little boy—who did not believe in Santa Claus."

He paused again. The school remembered. So did the luckless Johnny Harrington.

"I think," continued Santa Claus, "that the little boy has now changed his mind. I think that now he *does* believe in Santa Claus." He stopped triumphantly, and the school servilely applauded the conversion of the heathen boy, with much good-will.

"I think it would be very nice," he concluded, "if, before we separate to-day, my young friend, Johnny Harrington, stood up and told us what he thinks of me now."

A hush fell upon the schoolroom. Breath-

"IT'S CHRISTMAS AND YOU ARE *SUCH* A DARLING."

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lessly, the children waited to see what Johnny would do, to hear what the erstwhile fiery rebel would say.

"Say, that's rubbing it in," objected Mr. Mason, protestingly. "Johnny's right up against it."

He was sorry for Johnny. So were the children—all sorry for Johnny. They forgot that when Johnny Harrington was "up against it" he was rarely conscious of the fact. He was not conscious of it now. He had delivered too many orations on the school playground to object to making a few remarks on a subject upon which he felt qualified to speak. He rose modestly. His clear, childish voice filled the room.

"Course I wouldn't say nothin' 'less you ast me," he began willingly. "But I know more'n ever that the gentleman here isn't really Santy Claus at all. I kin tell you jest who he is."

An awed silence fell upon the assembly. Johnny Harrington went on cheerfully.

"I didn't know him myself at first," he continued; "but pretty quick I did. Just as soon as I saw his ring an' the big black mole on the back of his neck I knew it was——"

But the situation was too much for the grown persons present. Santa Claus succumbed to what seemed an apoplectic seizure. Mr. Mason hurriedly left the hall through a convenient side door, and Johnny Harrington was grasped by the seat of his small trousers and plucked from the stage, dimly conscious that there was something wrong about his speech. With color greatly heightened, Miss Mayhew swept him into the retreat behind the wings. There, leaning against the wall for support, she feebly endeavored to show Johnny the error of his ways. He was singularly obtuse.

"But it's all right," he insisted. "I liked him. I thought he did it fine. An' he was awful good to me. An' I was goin' to explain all about it when you stopped me."

He paused a moment, and the words of the superintendent, who had returned to his post and was now addressing the children, came plainly in to them:

"We have tried to show you all to-day," he said, "that the spirit of Santa Claus was with us, and will always be. It is quite true that sometimes, as Johnny Harrington says, he is your father, or your mother, or both. Sometimes he is a stout red gentleman, such as we have seen this afternoon. But I want every one of you to remember that however he looks, whatever form he takes, Santa Claus is with us at Christmas time, when love and charity and generosity fill our hearts, with the memory of a little Child who came into the world to save us."

Miss Mayhew looked at Johnny. There was a new look on his face. "Do you understand?" she asked gently. "Do you know what he means?"

Johnny nodded. "Yes. Sure," he said. "And I ain't never goin' to say again that they ain't no Santy Claus," he added solemnly. "But it ain't jest because of what *he* says. It's something else I know myself," he hastened to explain.

Miss Mayhew stared at him in puzzled wonder. What did the child mean? Johnny was gazing at his collection of gifts, which some one had brought in and laid before him. His eyes were full of a strange light as he turned them on her. His face was the face of a happy baby looking at a shining ball.

"D'ye see that tool-box?" he asked. "*Nobody didn't know I wanted a tool-box*," he went on, almost in a whisper. "I didn't tell Mother, an' I didn't tell no one. But I wanted it just the same—more'n anything else. So I"—he hesitated. His face grew red. Then he continued frankly. "So I took a chanct, the way the others did. I asked Santa Claus for it! See? *An' he must 'a' told Mr. Boyce!* How could Mr. Boyce know if he didn't? *That's* what I was goin' to tell the kids, when you stopped me. They reely *is* a Santy Claus! But he can't be every place at once, so he makes others look jest like him an' help with the job!"

His last words were almost lost against Miss Mayhew's shoulder, as that impulsive young lady gathered him into her arms. Outraged, he tore himself free.

"Aw, s-ay!" he cried, rebelliously. But Miss Mayhew was kissing his red, curly head.

"You've got to stand it just this once, Johnny," she said, half in laughter, half in tears. "It's Christmas—and you are *such* a darling!"

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STRANGE DOINGS IN CARTHAGE

by Rupert Hughes

Author of "COLONEL CARTER'S COÖPERATIVE CHRISTMAS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HANSON BOOTH

THE swart Armenian—if he were an Armenian—peddling rugs through the mid-Western village of Carthage looked as hopelessly out of place as he actually was.

In the white clothes on his black frame, he resembled nothing so much as an ebonized skeleton stuffed into the home-coming wash. Nobody in Carthage would buy his rugs, for two reasons: the first was that nobody there had money to waste on such odious Persian apparatus; the other reason did not matter—except that it showed the typical cast of mind in Carthage. Nobody in town trusted anybody else in town, but everybody in town believed that anybody from out of town was inevitably unreliable, while anybody from another country—well, the very word foreigner has always been synonymous with everything immoral.

On almost all the porches in Carthage the families were encamped as on the battlements of Troy. Each porch offered a frowning rebuff to the dejected peddler. People did not confess that they had no money for rugs. They said that they did not need any more rugs, that they had more rugs now than they had room for, or that they never bought things of foreigners.

The Armenian's dark face grew more and more dull with rebuff, until he reached the shabby parsonage on whose porch sat the Reverend Wesley Haweis and his family. Mr. Haweis was a soft-spoken man not only by trade but by nature, and he had never mounted higher than the three steps to the pulpit of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Carthage. (The Second, by the way, was the African branch, the color line being temporarily drawn on earth, with the understanding that it goes no farther.)

When the Armenian—if he were an Armenian—sidled with deprecating feet up the front walk of the Haweis home, he expected nothing more than the accustomed request to move on. But from force of habit he dumped his bundle on the steps and proffered his wares, his expression a curious emulsion of oriental humility, oriental cunning, and oriental untrustworthiness, with

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a plain, human fatigue and that dejection and hunger which even foreigners may sincerely feel.

To his amazement the Reverend Wesley Haweis did not wave him off with scorn and ridicule. Instead, he smiled and apologized for himself.

"Your rugs are beautiful, my friend, but we are too poor to buy such luxuries. Perhaps you would like a glass of water—or some tea—the weather is so very trying."

The Armenian—if he were an Armenian—was so shocked by the compliment, the candor, and the hospitality (for, from his angle, it was the parson who was the foreigner) that he collapsed forthwith and spilled down the steps to the gravel walk, followed, in excellent imitation, by his bolster of rugs.

The minister gasped with sympathy and ran to his aid. And the minister's wife and daughter and younger son helped to get him up the steps. He was so amazingly easy to lift that the Reverend Wesley Haweis exclaimed:

"The poor fellow is starved almost to death."

It was an understatement. The poor fellow was starved entirely to death. The water they held to his lips trickled down runnels in his sagging skin, to the inky cup formed by the attachment of the ropy neck-muscles to the washboard of his breast bone.

Doctor Lucas, who lived a couple of lawns away, was called across the grass. His diagnosis was malnutrition; his prescription, food. The preacher owed him a large bill, anyway, and the dark stranger was evidently without funds, and the doctor's wife was just ringing the bell for supper. Therefore the doctor did not write out his directions. He simply said "Feed him," and hurried away to indulge in the unusual consistency of taking one of his own prescriptions.

Now, food is poison to those who have got out of the habit of it, and the Armenian (if such he were) did not take kindly to the liberal nourishment the preacher pushed between his pried-open jaws. In fact, he died of getting what he was dying to get.

He was too weak and ill to say much, and what he said was in his own language.

"If only Arthur were here," Mrs. Haweis fretted, "he would understand."

Arthur, the eldest son, was at college studying oriental languages to prepare himself as a missionary. But Arthur was not at home, and the Armenian died, having said no intelligible word.

Nothing about his white rags gave a clew to his name or his home. There was no laundry mark for a detective to work on. He had done his own laundering.

"Look through the rugs, Wesley," said Mrs. Haweis.

But the rugs were as anonymous as their carrier. They revealed no price tag, no manufacturer's or wholesaler's label, none of those things we are warned to look for in the selvage, lest we get something "just as good" which shall be very bad. Some of the rugs looked new and cheap, some of them old, dirty, and ragged.

The minister charged nothing for his funeral service. The town of Carthage grumblingly paid for the burial, and began its Potter's Field with this man from nowhere, who had entered as a transient and settled down to stay.

On the headboard they could not put his name, his date or place of birth. So they decided to put there simply—well, they never could decide just what to put there simply. So they simply put nothing there at all.

The rugs were rolled up and set aside in the attic of the Haweis house, waiting for some chance, or for Judgment Day, to settle the problem of their ownership.

Now, in Carthage, as in many other towns, the carpets in the parsonage were always shabby. The Haweis carpets were so shabby and so full of gaps that it was dangerous to tread on them. Mr. Haweis had a nasty fall once and got a black eye from the edge of the whatnot—though the Carthaginians could not resist the tremendous temptation to believe that his wife gave it to him. His sermon that Sunday was not a success. Even Mr. Haweis could not look saintly with one black eye. There was unseemly giggling through the first hymn, and in the long prayer two young persons snorted, with dire effect, setting off the rest of the congregation like a bunch of firecrackers.

The church was too poor to put new carpets in the parsonage—even after that. The minister's daughter Celia, a rather cynical person, as ministers' children are apt to be, sniffed one Monday:

"Sunday's collection for foreign missions was the biggest for six months—$37.40. They have money enough to buy pajamas

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for the Papuans, but not enough to buy a carpet for papa."

"Hush, my child," said Mr. Haweis.

And her mother said with the resigned smile of a preacher's wife: "If your father could preach as eloquently for a family carpet as he can for Zulu souls, we'd have fourply Brussels."

"Say all you like, mamma," Celia persisted, "our parish is stingy."

Even the young brother Thomas piped up: "They won't even put new shingles on the steeple—where it shows."

"And speaking of carpets," Celia went on, "why don't we use the ones that poor beggar left?"

"They are not ours, my child," said Mr. Haweis.

"They're as much ours as anybody's," said Thomas.

"Whosesoever they may be, they are not ours."

Still the daughter would not yield. "Besides, Arthur is coming home. It's too bad to have the place look so shabby."

Refrain: "They are not ours."

But one day, while the minister was out paying calls, the household was busy, and when he got back the floors were enriched with the rugs, carefully spread to cover the worst holes. There was a rug in the dining-room, one in the study, one in the parlor, one in each of the bedrooms upstairs, and one in Arthur's "den." Even on the porch there was a rug—the worst worn one.

The rugs glowed like woven radiances, flexile stained glass, very pleasant to the eye, singularly comfortable to the feet. They prettified the home so that the parson had not the strength to order them up. He compromised with his sensitive conscience by murmuring:

"I believe the poor fellow will rest easier in his grave out there, to think that they are giving beauty to this poor house."

When Arthur came home from the theological school, he noticed the rugs almost before he noticed the family. He was a restless young fellow, and he shocked his father by expressing a diminished interest in the ministry. Carthage had been so dull for him that the lectures of the occasional missionaries had excited in him a *Wanderlust* which he had interpreted as a Call.

At the university he had become acquainted with city life and had caught so many glimpses of luxury that he was less eager than before to devote himself to correcting the psychology of the Senegalians, or rebuking the aboriginality of the Kaffirs. He had learned that savages were illiterate, gluttonous, dirty, sweaty, and stupid, and that even Carthage was lively in comparison with Gabun or Borabora.

He had a sneaking desire to be a successful business man, and he enjoyed his divinity studies less and less. His increasing deafness to his Call may have been partly due to the dismal grammars of the Sanskrit, Hebrew, and Arabic languages, which he was required to study.

"Arabic is a rotten hard study, Father," he groaned, as they sat on the porch after supper.

The whole family was gathered round the prodigious son, for it was exciting to think that a member of their very own family was in touch with such remarkably scholarly topics, even if the touch was unpleasant to him.

Young brother Tom said: "What does it sound like, Art? Tear off a little Arabic. I never heard any."

It was so pleasant to Arthur, after his humiliations in the classroom, to find an audience that could not detect his slips, an audience bound to find anything he said wonderful, that he went to his room, brought down a roughly used Arabic text-book, and proceeded to show off.

The family gaped with awe as he told them the strange gibberish the Arabians had got along with, and had trounced the Crusaders with—the ridiculous jumbles of sound they used to indicate such simple things as hat, shoe, "if you please," drink of water, and "no, thank you."

"Here's part of a story," said Arthur, turning to his last lesson. "Would you like to hear it?"

"Sure!" said Tom for the rest of the family.

"It's growing too dark out here to read," said the mother. "Come inside."

"It's too stuffy indoors to-night," said Arthur. "I guess I can make it out."

But Mrs. Haweis insisted on bringing the lamp from the study, and she stood holding it over the book, while Arthur clenched his legs round the rungs of the chair and stumblingly intoned an extract from the story of Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peri-Banu.

He skipped, and floundered, and flunked the worst words, but they did not know the

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difference. They thought it all marvelous beyond expression. Arthur remembered enough of the translation as it had transpired in the classroom to tell them the plot of the excerpt. It described the purchase for 40,000 *ashrafis* (however much that was), of a magic carpet, or *Bessat*, which would soar into the air at the utterance of the mere word "Fly." With this word—"*Teer-ya-bessat!*"—the extract ended.

Arthur stopped reading, and looked up for applause. But the adventure was only beginning.

Upon the pronunciation of the last word the old rug began to tremble and heave as under the urge of a great wind. Then incontinently it rose in the air and sailed eastward as if the broad back of Aladdin's genie were beneath it.

The whole family, too suddenly appalled to budge, rose with the rug: Arthur tangled in his chair and bent over the book, the mother standing by him with the lamp, the father leaning forward in his rocker and twiddling his thumbs. Sister Cecilia, who had been gracefully sitting on the top step, found her feet hanging over space, and drew them in with hasty modesty. Brother Tom, who had been rocking on the edge of the rug, went over backward. His desperate fingers just clutched the fringe, and saved him from following the rocking-chair, which they heard crackle on the gravel walk below.

Before any one had noticed Tom's predicament, the rug was among the branches of the big locust tree in the front yard. The leaves smacked their faces and the branches scratched them rudely, but the rug went resistlessly on.

Celia, lying on her side, caught a glimpse of Tom sailing out behind like a rudder. She hunched across on her elbows and dragged him aboard with great labor.

The rug, rising steadily, just grazed the tops of the trees across the street, as if they were a sunken reef. Next in its path was the shabby steeple of the Methodist Church. One corner of the rug went through it like a hay-knife, sending the truncated pyramid down in noisy ruin.

Even at such a moment, Celia was heard to say: "Now they'll just have to repair that old steeple."

But the rug went on and on, drifting flat like a disengaged lily pod on a swift current. And they were like the water spiders on it.

They stared hastily at one another, then into the upper air they were cleaving. The height and the speed and the emptiness made them giddy. They got down on hands and knees and, crawling to the edge, looked through the fringe at the world withdrawing backward beneath them.

The lamp still burned in the mother's hand like the light at a masthead. But only instinct kept it erect, for she had forgotten she held it. Arthur was the next to speak.

"It's the magic carpet!" he whispered. "This must be the very identical rug I was reading about. I don't suppose that poor Armenian had an idea what it was."

"He certainly never would have gone traipsing through Carthage if he had," said Celia.

"That's all very interesting," the father said, "but what happens to us? How do we ever get home again? To-morrow is the Sabbath, you know, and I've never missed a sermon in my eighteen years."

"Goody, goody!" shrieked Tom. "I won't have to go to Sunday-school." And he began a somersault which would have landed him in the middle of a Knights of Pythias initiation in the town of Melrose, if his father had not seized him by the most apparent portion of his costume.

"It was the Arabic story that started us," Mr. Haweis went on. "There must be another phrase to take us back. Read farther, my son. Mother, hold the lamp closer."

Arthur peered at the text again and answered in a ghastly whisper, "That is the end of the extract."

"I always did hate anthologies," said Celia.

Mr. Haweis was orthodox and conservative. He pooh-poohed the whole situation. "We must be greatly deceived. I do not believe in oriental magic. I do not believe that we are here at all. But I should really like to get home. I have a few finishing touches to put to my sermon."

"Go on through the book, Arthur," said the mother tremulously. "Surely the Lord would never let us be kidnapped like this by a bit of heathen literature, without providing some method of return."

"I think it's great," said Tom. "Talk about the cow jumping over the moon. We've got Mother Goose beat to a custard."

"Do not use slang, my child—especially at such a time as this," said the clergyman.

Arthur went through the book pellmell,

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like a commuter ransacking a drawer while the train whistles. But he could find nothing that even hinted at a remedy.

"Give me the b-book, Arth-th-th," said the father. "You're exci-cited. We must be c-calm."

He took the book and perused it with a violent glare.

ARTHUR ANSWERED IN A GHASTLY WHISPER, "THAT IS THE END OF THE EXTRACT."

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"You've got it upside down, Father," said Celia.

"So I have, so I have." He gave a start as he heard a yowl from the boy.

"Ouch, I've got a cinder in my eye."

"And you've got soot on the end of your nose, Mother," said Celia.

"Phew!" said Tom again.

"We must be passing over Chicago," said Arthur, looking down. "Yes, there's the stock yards."

"I hope this rug doesn't rip and let us slip through," said Celia.

"Oh, you can trust these heathen carpets," the mother spoke. "Now if it were a Christian weave——" Then she realized what treason she spoke.

The eye of the preacher, used to running down texts, soon turned up little vocabularies, idioms, paradigms, and phrases with their translations—peculiarly idiotic they were at such a crisis.

He read with increasing impatience things like *gaddah*—grandmother; *al-merhoum*—the deceased; *shalgam*—turnip; *qoutb*—the Pole; *al-kuul*—alcohol; *zat-el-sadre*—pleurisy; *maa-el-ward*—rose water.—"Miss Gulistan is the heiress of the governess.—The shape of my inkstand is oval."

Even the neglected temper of so gentle a soul as Wesley Haweis could hardly fail to develop some vigor in such a situation. There he sat in a highly implausible, well-nigh impossible plight, whizzing through midnight space on a badly frayed rug, surrounded by his entire family and looking to a silly text-book for rescue. And all he could find was things incompetent, irrelevant, and immaterial.

"Where on earth do the editors of these conversation books get their phrases?" he exclaimed. "How under the sun do they manage to avoid every single expression that a human being might use on any conceivable occasion?"

He read farther: "The mother of the sovereign of the martyrs, Huseyin, is the Princess of the women of the universe, Fatima-el-Zehra.—Let us sing hymn number 51.—The story of Columbus and the Egg.—Are those physicians among your relatives?—The success of the vegetables is perfect this year.—Your uncle's horse is short of breath.—We could not go there because we had come here."

And then the preacher was so overwhelmed with disgust that he exploded in what was, for him, a violent outburst of profanity: "Darn such nonsense!"

The family almost fell off the rug at the expression. It was the equivalent in Mr. Haweis of what a drunken London coster would say to a 'bus driver who jostled his donkey cart.

"Forgive me," he murmured as he blushed. "I forgot myself," and he read on.

"If he finds a horse, he will go to the summer residence.—Where are the overshoes of your aunt?—O grocer, give me half a piaster's worth of cheese."

"Be careful, Father," said his wife; "you might stumble on the right word all of a sudden. If the rug should stop short, we'd all go over the dashboard into—I suppose that's Lake Michigan down there. I hope it isn't the ocean."

Now Mr. Haweis gave a little grunt of satisfaction. "Ah, here we are, I think. A phrase about going home: *Intalika-ela-al-daar*." Then, having said it tentatively, he said it authoritatively, with the tone he used in the pulpit when he read about Joshua and the sun.

But the rug sailed on.

He tried persuasion. "Please *intalika!*—oblige me by a little *intalika*tion, won't you?"

"Let me have the book, Father," said Arthur. "Ah, I see what's wrong. You were reading the past tense, Father, simply saying 'he went home'—'he went home.' Of course the rug didn't understand you. The imperative is formed by dropping the *a*."

"Then for heaven's sake drop it," said Celia, and Arthur proudly announced, "You should simply say *Intalik!—ela*——"

———! The rug stopped so short that the whole passenger list almost imitated the late Mr. Brodie's greatest feat. The family would have landed with a splash in the hot room of a Turkish bath at Mount Clemens, Michigan, to the great surprise of everybody concerned. But by dint of clutchings and scramblings and mutual interferings they managed to stay aboard.

The lamp, though, was blown out. When they recovered their wits, they could tell by the stars that they were moving in the opposite direction at a most disquieting pace. They turned round and peered into the vast abysm of space.

Presently the slight rocking motion and the sense of immense nothingness beneath

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them began to exert their natural effect on stomachs never initiated into the ways of the sea. They had been too excited before to notice any queasy qualms, but now—

"I—I don't feel at all well," Mother wailed.

"Nor I," Father moaned.

"Me neither," Tom groaned, and Celia sighed: "I hope we don't have to go past the stock yards again— Oh, that must be they."

on their porch. The rug was beneath them, silent, motionless, not even chuffing—a mere rug on a mere porch.

There was a moment of bewilderment. Then the Haweises looked at one another—agape.

"Did you have a funny dream just now, Mother?" said the Reverend Wesley, timidly.

"Yes, I dreamed that this rug——"

"So did I."

IN SUSPENSION IN THE CLOUDS THEREABOUT, WAITING SOME OTHER COMMAND IN ITS NATIVE TONGUE.

It was they. And the passengers enjoyed the luxury of a Channel crossing. After that they felt a certain disdain for any further misery.

"I don't care what happens now," moaned Celia.

Then they grazed something, and Arthur raised his heavy head and groaned: "That's what's left of our steeple."

"Low bridge!" shouted Tom, and they were once more swishing through their own locust tree.

The next they knew, they were standing

"And I."

"Me too."

"It was a remarkable coincidence that we should all dream the same nightmare."

"It must have been the cold canned salmon," said the mother.

They all agreed to this. "I must speak to Deacon Gribley about it," said the father; "and now we'd better go to bed. It is growing quite late."

Under the edge of the screen door they found two cards—"Miss Peppercorn" and "Miss Sarah Peppercorn."

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On one of them was written: "Sorry you were out."

"Every rug has a silver lining," said Celia.

But her father mused: "They were here—and found us out—*ergo*, we couldn't have been here. And, by corollary, Thomas, your chair lies out on the walk—and it seems to be broken!"

"Then we didn't dream—we went——"

"Bully! Let's try it again," cried Tom; but the preacher raised his hand:

"Not to-night, my son; it's far past bedtime for all of us." And with a sigh, the worn-out parson went about locking up the house.

At breakfast they all met again and talked it over with the freedom of speech which is the one great advantage of not keeping servants.

Arthur, who was developing rapidly, spoke in a tone of command: "Not a word about this must be allowed to leak out. This must be placed in the closet with our other family secrets."

"But why, my son?"

"In the first place, we'd get a family ticket to the Ananias Club. You remember, Father, what they said about your black eye. What wouldn't they say if you got up in your pulpit and said: 'Brethren in the Lord, last night your servant and his family went ruggy-riding through the air a thousand miles and back.' No, it won't do. Besides, it is a great chance for this family to do a little real business and get out of poverty. The aëroplane is as yet only a spectacular toy. Everybody is complaining that it has no practical commercial value. But with this rug—well, I'm going to make some experiments. And this is to be strictly a Haweis affair."

At church that day there was no sign of public knowledge of the excursion, though Celia reported that one of the Sunday-school teachers had asked her if she had seen a fire-balloon float across the town the night before.

"That was Mother with the lamp," said Arthur. As he stood on the porch that afternoon with one corner of the rug in his hands, he could not resist the temptation to murmur just one "*Teer-ya-Bessat.*"

The rug shot off on a bee-line, with Arthur hanging on for dear life. He just grazed the front fence as Miss Sarah Peppercorn happened to be passing. She saw him coming and stood fast with amazement. His foot knocked her parasol into the middle of the street. He turned, lifted his hat, and called back, "I beg your pardon"; but Miss Peppercorn went flying down the street at a scandalous speed, not stopping for her parasol.

She flew to Doctor Lucas and asked him to incarcerate her in a private asylum till she was quite restored to reason. He asked why, and she told him that she had seen Arthur Haweis make a forty-foot dive through the air pushing a rug before him, kick her parasol, turn, lift his hat, say, "I beg your pardon," and go on through the air. Whereupon, the doctor quietly arranged for her commitment and asked no further questions.

This indiscretion of Arthur's did not, therefore, publish his secret. He descended in an orchard unobserved, and walked home, resolved to confine his future experiments to the darker hours. That night, after evening service and after the old gentleman had gone to bed, Arthur stole out to the porch. With the tenacious fidelity of younger brothers, Tom promptly joined him from an upper window. Arthur ordered him back to bed, but he began to whimper and threaten to "tell Paw," so Arthur invited him along.

They took their stand on the rug, and Arthur said, "Hold fast." Then he murmured "*Teer-ya-Bessat!*" Instanter, the rug went up like an uncaged lark. Triumph made Arthur amiable.

"Where would you like to go, Tom?" he said.

"You can go to Jerusalem for all I care," Tom sang out. Arthur ransacked his grammar. "The Arabic for Jerusalem is *Bait-el-Makdess!*" And the rug shot east-by-south. But as soon as he heard the ocean mumbling hungrily beneath him, Tom stammered: "Kalamazoo will do!"

So Arthur murmured "*Qalamasou!*" And the rug reverted to the west. For experiment, Arthur tried the power of a silent thought. He merely wished inside his head "*Milouaqi!*" And lo, the metropolis of Wisconsin came leaping toward them out of the night.

"It would be a great lark to drop in on Grampaw and Grammaw in St. Jo," said Tom.

So Arthur thought "St. Jo!" The rug, however, paid not the slightest attention. He thought "Saint Joseph!" and still there

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was no effect. He wished it so hard that he felt as if he had sprained something. He called it in blood-curdling tones, but the rug would not leave the malt-imbued upper air of Milwaukee. Then a light dawned on the ruggineer. Perhaps the Arabic fabric did not understand English wishes. With some difficulty he translated St. Jo into Arabic and distrustfully murmured: "*Al-Nabi-Youssef!*"

Straightway the rug shot off southwest-by-south and Arthur breathed again. As they crossed the high-walled cañon of the Mississippi, the rain began. The rug had no pilot-house or limousine, and they were at the mercy of the storm.

Their velocity, which Arthur, in the absence of a speedometer, roughly estimated at 263 miles an hour, gave the rain the effect of a bayonet charge.

Tom was soon howling for mercy, and Arthur murmured, "Home—*Bait!*" The rug went whizzing back, but at such speed that the rain was still a shower of steel-tipped arrows. He reduced the speed by calling "*Rouwaydan, rouwaydan ya Bessat!*"

And so he guided the carpetoplane safely to the porch, and arrived drenched but so happy that he murmured to the rug, "*Marha!*"—which is to say, "Well done!"

And the rug seemed greatly pleased.

The next morning the hall and stairway were found so wet and the rug lay so soppily in the heap where Arthur had rolled it, that confession was necessary. But the preacher, to whom Monday is a holiday, had been thinking it over after midnight, and all he said was:

"The rug will be a great aid to you in your missionary work, Arthur. It will save the necessity of begging for steamer fares and it will enable you to go about among the Polynesian Islands like a veritable Elijah in a chariot."

"Polynesian nothing!" said Arthur. "Me for home industries. I'll leave religion to you. I'm for business with a capital 'B.' I've got it all framed up."

The Reverend Wesley was so shocked that he choked on his tea. While Mother was pounding him back to life, Arthur was running on with a pronouncedly commercial glibness:

"Now there must be scads of power in that rug, and I bet if I fixed it in a rigid frame, it would carry a regiment. I could add a sleeper effect with upper and lower berths and go Zeppelin' through the country. I could sell it to some nation for a war vessel."

"My son, my son!" gasped the preacher. "Do not devote this wonderful fabric to the cruel usages of human slaughter."

"That's what I say, Pop," said Arthur. "There's more dough in commerce, though I could certainly put a bunch of Dreadnoughts on the junk-heap in five minutes. But there's more rake-off in the rapid transit game. I'm going to do a little more experimenting after dark, and by to-morrow I'll probably have the cutest little layout you ever heard of."

"Arthur is certainly on the mend," said Celia, who had never fancied him as a missionary.

That night Arthur Haweis might have been seen stealing along the railroad tracks of Carthage to a siding where a carload of absolutely fresh eggs had been awaiting an engine for a week.

With the aid of Tom, who had blackmailed him into partnership, he passed the rug under the car, after the manner of a belly-band, and wished the word to rise.

As soon as he said "*Teer!*" the rug *teered* and the freight car stood on its nose, to the great confusion of several thousand eggs.

Arthur hastily gasped "*Iskouny!*" which means "Lie down," and he and Tom and the rug returned to earth again. But the aroma of that enormous omelette was such that they fled across lots and came home over the back fence with the rug under Arthur's arm, leaving a chaos which dumbfounded the freight agent next morning, and which he could explain only on the theory of an earthquake of greatly limited area. Arthur had proved the immense hoisting power of his rug, however, and the tensile strength of the fiber.

The importance of knowing with what force he had to deal led him to consult a local electrician, who had patented a number of intensely ingenious and remarkably useless appliances. He said to this sage:

"Just what is electricity, please?"

The inventor looked at him quizzically and answered:

"Ask your father just what God looks like."

"Don't you know what electricity is?"

"I haven't the faintest idea. Nobody has. Mr. Edison, even, doesn't know whether it's a thing or just a state of affairs.

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We call it 'juice,' but it ain't like any other sap, that's sure."

So Arthur decided to call the mystic magnetism of the carpet "rug juice" and let it go at that.

With the usual cumulative effect of the thirst for wealth, he began to bemoan the fact that he had but one rug to sell for his country. It occurred to him that the other rugs in the Armenian's bundle might possess auto-motive power. He got them out in the yard one night, and, standing on them in turn, "*teered*" till he was hoarse, but never a one of them left the grass so much as an inch.

He wondered if a piece of the magic carpet would have power of its own, and he approached it with timorous shears. But he remembered the word "juice" and feared that if he clipped off ever so little a corner, all the juice might run out and leave the rug dry and impotent.

He gave up this hope and turned to a further test of the lifting power of the rug. He spent a pleasant midnight fishing for the United Presbyterian Church with grappling hooks. He lifted it easily in air, but unfortunately the bottom fell out, and he could not set the church back in place exactly. But then he had never liked United Presbyterians, and he reasoned that all great commercial revolutions are effected only at heavy cost to their environment.

All that he needed now was capital for exploitation. He might have persuaded his father to mortgage the parsonage, but the parsonage belonged to the church. He would have begged his sister to pawn her jewels like another Queen Isabella, but Celia had no jewels except the almost imperceptible and highly dubious diamond in the engagement ring Mr. Chorley had wished on her finger. He might even have robbed the contribution box, but it had never been known to pass the high-water mark of $37.49.

Poor as the family was, its relations were poorer. The only remaining source of income was his sister's Mr. Chorley.

Mr. Chorley was a man who had won Celia by looking like a poet. He was, in fact, traveling man for a harness manufacturer, and his mind ran to throatlatches, winker-straps, breechings, and cruppers. He usually wore red ties, and Arthur had once referred to him flippantly as a red-breasted martingale, but now he turned to him as his last hope of keeping the rug in the family.

Mr. Chorley "made" Carthage every other month, and he was now plainly due, for Celia did not go to the post-office that day, but put on her best and sat around listening for somebody to crank up the doorbell.

Mr. Chorley arrived dressed up like a horse, and Arthur browbeat Celia into retiring early on the ground of a headache. Like every good salesman, Arthur was something of the dramatist. He waited till Mr. Chorley was in the midst of one of his best stories—a traveling man's story, which he was telling in an intensely low tone.

Mr. Chorley's words ran: "But she was a red-headed girl and she says to him—Great Scott, what the—where in the name of—Good Lord preserve us, what's happened?"

"Don't worry," said Arthur. "Sit tight and hold fast."

In any crisis a man thinks of his hat before he thinks of anything else, and Mr. Chorley said almost automatically:

"I left my derby on your front porch."

So Arthur murmured "*Intalik!*" and the rug "*intaliked.*"

In a few moments they were sitting again on the porch, and Arthur observed Mr. Chorley surreptitiously pinching himself.

"You're awake all right, old boy," he said. And then he explained the whole situation. Mr. Chorley came out of his daze when he heard mention of commercial possibilities which he was to be "in on."

He agreed to raise money for exploitation and talked learnedly of treasury stock, paid-up capital, publicity, underwriting, and various other topics which sounded profoundly expert to Arthur.

Mr. Chorley's one idea for raising funds was to mortgage something. He admitted that he had nothing mortgageable of his own, but he left town in haste and came back some days later with $2,786.43 in cash. When Arthur asked how he got it, he said, "Oh, I mortgaged something," and he looked so guilty when he said it that Arthur never asked what or whose it was that he had mortgaged. He was afraid he might find out.

With all this wealth to be spent in improvement and exploitation Celia was quite forgotten. She complained that Mr. Chorley acted as if he were engaged to Arthur instead of to her. But he waved her away and went on developing schemes for giving the rug fame; Arthur was developing schemes for keeping it secret.

The first thing to do was to conceal the

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rug's presence and prowess. He therefore had built for him by the Carthage plumber a structure, largely of gas-pipe, along the general lines of an aëroplane. The propellers and rudder and much other machinery were, however, purely for show. Suspended from the frame was a large passenger coach. The carpetoplane in flight suggested a great mosquito that had carried off a Pullman car.

In the pilot-house was a large map of the world on Mercator's Projection. In the margin were certain words, such as "rise, return, eastward, southward, stop, descend, faster, slower," etc. Over it swung a moving arm with a pointer.

By an ingenious system of leverages, too complicated to describe at length in an untechnical publication such as this, the movements of the lever were electrically transmitted to a secret steel compartment on which was another Mercator's Projection, with the names, however, in Arabic.

Arthur had once spent a night in a New York hotel and had never forgotten the luxury of ordering his breakfast from his bed by moving a pointer here and there on a dial marked with such words as "coffee, tea, cocoa, cocktail, eggs—fried, poached, boiled hard, boiled soft, buckwheat cakes," etc.

Without exactly infringing this patent, he had taken a suggestion from it and so rigged his indicator that it reacted upon a phonograph with a sliding plate. In front of the transmitter was the sacred rug, carefully concealed from discovery.

Without further description, let it be said that a mere child could now run the Haweis Carpetoplane. The child—named, say, Edward—would take his stand in the pilot-house, and set the pointer over the word "rise."

Instantly the phonographic plate revolved till the word "*Teer*" was under the needle. The phonograph uttered it to the rug, and the machine rose at once. Edward would now set the indicator, say, at Vienna, on his map. But the phonograph would murmur "*Viyana.*" If he set it at Constantinople, the phonograph said "*Istambola,*" etc.

The sound of the phonograph was artfully concealed by a ratchet that buzzed whenever the lever was set at a point, and phonograph and rug were hermetically sealed in a steel compartment locked with a combination known only to President Haweis and Secretary and Treasurer Chorley.

Thus safeguarded, Arthur built a car for demonstration and showed it to a number of eminent capitalists whom Mr. Chorley had approached because he had seen their portraits in several magazines devoted to publishing those portions of millionaire pasts which the millionaires would rather have left unsaid.

These men, however, monopolists by instinct and practice, no sooner saw the value of the scheme than they determined to steal it from its promoters. Two of them had succeeded in buying up all the aëroplane patents and then suppressing their manufacture, lest they limit the vogue of the automobile and shock the vested interests.

With the same dastardly purpose, they pretended an interest in Arthur's carpetoplane. He refused to reveal his secret process, but he yielded to a cunningly specious plea that they be allowed to make a trial trip with only themselves on board.

Six of these predatory financiers boarded the ship, which Arthur had gratefully named "The Armenian." They took with them half a dozen chauffeurs and mechanicians disguised as millionaires, by means of top hats and white side whiskers.

Mr. Chorley begged Arthur to insist on going along, and keeping them under observation, but he felt too secure to attempt espionage. The ruggoplane, loaded with monopolists, sailed off into space, doubled on its tracks, and made for Pittsburg, where the monopolists had a factory, their hellish intention being to take the machinery apart and learn its secret.

By a sort of poetic justice, however, the pilot, in swooping to the landing place, carelessly ran the airship into a church—a Methodist church—and impaled one of its planes on the steeple.

There they hung and could not ascend nor descend, for all their frantic workings of the pointer. The rug sustained them in air, but the stout frame of the plane kept it from advancing or retreating. One of the mechanicians, leaving the pointer pointing at France, got out a box of tools concealed in the top of his silk hat and attacked the secret compartment.

It could not long resist his chilled steel implements, and he soon had it open. He gazed in bewilderment at what he revealed, and dared not disturb the incomprehensible mechanism. When he saw the ancient carpet, however, he exclaimed:

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"Ah, here's the trouble. This old rag is fouling the works."

He ripped it out and threw it into the air.

Since the last word of the pointer had been "*Fransa,*" the rug went winging to France, and has since no doubt remained in suspension in the clouds thereabout, waiting some further command in its native tongue.

But the carpetoplane, deprived of all sustaining power, was like a scuttled ship. It careened and dropped, spilling the millionaires and pseudo-plutocrats down the steeple, to the roof of the church. Some of them were spitted on Gothic projections, others rolled down the buttresses to the ground. One of the mechanicians escaped injury by a miracle, and he it was who told Arthur what had happened and disclosed the plot of the heinous conspirators.

Arthur's revenge was complete, but the rug—oh, where was it? He still hopes to devise some scheme for recapturing the carpet-motor, and he desires that any of the aëroplanists fluttering about upper France shall notify him if they happen upon an old aërial rug with no visible means of support.

In the interim, he has resumed his studies for the missionary field, and Mr. Chorley is once more taking orders for a very excellent line of harness highly recommended to those who still rely upon hippomobiles.

CAOCH O'LYNN

By ARTHUR STRINGER

OCH, here I am wid arms and legs,
Wid all me thravellin's far from home!
Wid all me curlin' seas to cross
And all me clamorin' world to roam!

Wid all me jiggin', port to port,
Carousin', rovin', round the earth—
But wanst the thing's been said and done,
What's all me blind philanderin' worth?

For here lies little Caoch O'Lynn,
Who's niver fared from bed nor house;
Wid crooked leg and twisted spine,
As chirpy as a grackle-grouse!

He tells me av the thrips he takes;
The landin' parties wanst he led,
The foreign ports so spiced and fine,
Betwixt the spindles av his bed!

He tells me av Tangier and Fez,
Av Cartagena, Suakim,
And all the flashin', lashin' seas
That iver wait and wave for him!

From Chiny round to Spanish Main
He sings and thravels—in his mind—
A King av Dreams who's clean forgot
The crooked back he's left behind!

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UNDER THE PROPHET IN UTAH

The National Menace of A Political Priestcraft

By Frank J. Cannon

FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM UTAH

In Collaboration with HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

Editor's Note: Mr. Cannon has already told how he came to be sent to Washington, authorized to plead with President Cleveland for clemency to the Mormons who were suffering terribly from the stern, untempered enforcement of the Federal laws. These chapters explain why the anti-polygamy manifesto of 1890 was issued by the Mormon Prophets, and leave no doubt as to its authority, its meaning, and its purpose. The present leaders of the Church, having returned to the practice of polygamy, either repudiate the authority of this "revelation," or willfully misconstrue its meaning, or deny its good faith. Ex-Senator Cannon exposes their treachery by exposing for the first time the secrets of the conclave in which they abandoned the doctrine and practice of polygamy by order of "the Will of God."

CHAPTER III

WITHOUT A COUNTRY

SO I came to Washington. So I entered the capital of the government that commanded my allegiance and inspired my fear. I wonder whether another American ever saw that city with such eyes of envy, of aspiration, of wistful pride, of daunted admiration. Here were all the consecrations of a nation's memories, and they thrilled me, even while they pierced me with the sense that I was not, and might well despair of ever being, a citizen of their glory. Here were the monuments of patriotism in Statuary Hall, erected to the men whose histories had been the inspiration of my boyhood; and I remember how I stood before them, conscious that I was now almost an outlaw from their communion of splendor.

I remember how I saw, with an indescribable conflict of feelings, the ranked graves of the soldiers in the cemetery at Arlington, and recollected that this very ground had been taken from General Lee, that heroic opponent of Federal authority, and read the tablet — "How sleep the brave who sink to rest by all their country's wishes bless'd"—and bowed in spirit to the nation's benediction upon the men who had upheld its power. I was awed by a prodigious sense of the majesty of that power. I saw with fear its immovability to the struggles of our handful of people. And at night, walking under the trees of Lafayette Park, with all the odors of the southern spring among the leaves, I looked at the lighted front of the White House and realized that behind the curtains of those quiet windows sat the ruler who held the almost absolute right of life and death over our community—as if it were the palace of a czar that I must soon enter, with a petition for clemency, which he might refuse to entertain!

When I had been in Washington, four years before, as secretary to Delegate John T. Caine of Utah, I had felt a younger assurance that our resistance would slowly wear out the Federal authority and carry us through to statehood. Four years of disaster had starved out that hope. The proposition had been established that Congress had supreme control over the territories;

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and there was no virtue either in our religious assumption of warrant to speak for God, or in our plea of inherent constitutional right to manage our own affairs. Thirty years earlier, my father had been elected senator from the proposed state of Utah, and he had been rejected. In thirty years so little progress had been made! The way that was yet to travel seemed very long and very dark.

Out of this mood of despondence I had to lift myself by an act of will. There, Washington itself helped me against itself. I made a pilgrimage of courage to its commemorations of courage, and drew an inspiration of hope from its monuments to the achievements of its past. And particularly I went to the house in which my father had lived when he had had his part in the statesman life of the capital, and animated my resolution with the thought that I *must* succeed in order that he might be restored in public honor.

I narrate all this personal incident of emotion in the hope that it may help to explain a success that might otherwise seem inexplicable. The Mormon Church had, for years, employed every art of intrigue and diplomacy to protect itself in Washington. I wish to make plain that it was not by any superior cunning of negotiation that my mission succeeded. I undertook the task almost without instruction; I performed it without falsehood; I had nothing in my mind but an honest loyalty for my own people, a desire to be a citizen of my native country, and a filial devotion to the one man in the world whom I most admired.

INTRODUCED BY WILLIAM C. WHITNEY

When I delivered my letter of introduction from Mr. Hewitt to Mr. William C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, I found him very busy with his work in his department—carrying out the plans that established the modern American navy and entitled him to be called the "father" of it. He withdrew from the men who were discussing designs and figures at a table in his room, and sat with me before a window that looked out upon the White House and its grounds; and he listened to me, interestedly, genially, but with a thought still (as I could see) for the affairs that my arrival had interrupted. He struck me as a man who was used to having many weighty matters together on his mind, without finding his attention crowded by them all, and without being impatient in his consideration of any.

I developed with him an idea which I had been considering: that the President might not only help the Mormons by taking up their case, but might gain political prestige for the coming campaign for reëlection, by adjusting the dissensions in Utah. He heard me with a twinkle. He thought an interview might be arranged. He made an appointment to see me in the afternoon and to have with him Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, the President's secretary, who was then Mr. Cleveland's political "trainer."

My meeting with Colonel Lamont, in the afternoon, began jocularly. "This," Mr. Whitney introduced me, "is the young man who has a plan to use that mooted—and booted—Mormon question to reëlect the President." "Hardly that, Mr. Secretary," I said. "I have a plan to help my father and his colleagues regain their citizenship. If President Cleveland's reëlection is essential to it, I suppose I must submit. You know I'm a Republican."

They laughed. We sat down. And I found at once that Colonel Lamont understood the situation in Utah thoroughly. He had often discussed it, he said, with the Church's agents in Washington. I went over the situation with him, as I had gone over it with Mr. Sandford, in careful detail. He seemed surprised at my assurance that my father and the other proscribed leaders of the Church would submit themselves to the courts if they could do so on the conditions that I proposed; I convinced him of the possibility by referring him to Mr. Richards, the Church's attorney in Washington, for a confirmation of it. I pointed out that if these leaders surrendered, President Cleveland could be made the direct beneficiary, politically, of their composition with the law.

Colonel Lamont was a small, alert man with a conciseness of speech and manner that is associated in my memory with the bristle of his red mustache, cut short and hard across a decisive mouth. He radiated nervous vitality; and I understood, as I studied him, how President Cleveland, with his infinite patience for detail, had survived so well in the multitudinous duties of his office—having as his secretary a man born with the ability to cut away the non-essen-

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tials, and to pass on to a superior only the affairs worthy of his careful deliberation.

I was doubtful whether I should tell Colonel Lamont and Mr. Whitney of my conversation with Mr. Sandford. I decided that their considerateness entitled them to my full confidence, and I told them all—begging them, if I was indiscreet or undiplomatic, to charge the offense to my lack of experience rather than to debit it against my cause.

They passed it off with banter. It was understood that the President should not be told—and that I should not tell him—of my talk with Mr. Sandford. Colonel Lamont undertook to arrange an audience with Mr. Cleveland for me. "You had better wait," he said, "until I can approach him with the suggestion that there's a young man here, from Utah, whom he ought to see."

I knew, then, that I was at least well started on the open road to success. I knew that if Colonel Lamont said he would help me, there would be no difficulties in my way except those that were large in the person of the President himself.

"THE YOUNG MAN FROM UTAH" MEETS THE PRESIDENT

Two days later I received the expected word from Colonel Lamont, and I went to the White House as a man might go to face his own trial. I met the secretary in one of the eastern upstairs rooms of the official apartments; and after the usual crowd had passed out, he led me into the President's office—which then overlooked the Washington monument, the Potomac, and the Virginia shore. Mr. Cleveland was working at his desk. Colonel Lamont introduced me by name, and added "the young man from Utah, of whom I spoke."

The President did not look up. He was signing some papers, bending heavily over his work. It took him a moment or two to finish; then he dropped his pen, pushed aside the papers, turned awkwardly in his swivel chair, and held out his hand to me. It was a cool, firm hand, and its grasp surprised me as much as the expression of his eyes—the steady eyes of complete self-control, composure, intentness.

I had come with a prejudice against him; I was a partisan of Mr. Blaine, whom he had defeated for the Presidency; I believed Mr. Blaine to be the abler man. But there was something in Mr. Cleveland's hand and eyes to warn me that, however slow-moving and even dull he might appear, the energy of a firm will compelled and controlled him. It stiffened me into instant attention.

He made some remark to Colonel Lamont to indicate that our conversation was to occupy about half an hour. He asked me to be seated in a chair at the right-hand side of his desk. He said almost challengingly: "You're the young man they want I should talk to about the Utah question."

The tone was not exactly unkind, but it was not inviting. I said "Yes sir."

He looked at me, as a judge might eye the suspect of circumstantial evidence. "You're the son of one of the Mormon leaders."

I admitted it.

And then he began.

He began with an account of what he had done to compose the differences in Utah. He explained and justified the appointments he had made there—appointments that had been recommended by Southern senators and representatives who, because they were Southerners, were opposed to the undue extension and arbitrary use of Federal power. He had made Caleb W. West, of Kentucky, governor of Utah on the recommendation of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, my father's friend. He had made John W. Judd, of Tennessee, and Henry P. Henderson, of Michigan, district judges, and Frank H. Dyer, originally of Mississippi, United States marshal. He had appointed a district attorney in whom he had every confidence. He had a right to believe that these men, recommended by the statesmen of the South, would execute and adjudicate the laws in Utah according to the most lenient Southern construction of Federal rights. He dwelt upon Governor West's charitable intentions toward the Mormon leaders, went over West's efforts at pacification in accurate detail, and told of West's chagrin at his failure—with an irritation that showed how disappointed he himself was with the continued recurrence of the Mormon troubles.

CLEVELAND ON THE MORMON QUESTION

I had to tell him that the situation had not improved, and his face flushed with an anger that he made no attempt to conceal. He declared that the fault must lie in our obstinate determination to hold ourselves superior to the law. He could not sympa-

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thize with our sufferings, he said, since they were self-inflicted. He admitted that he had once been opposed to the Edmunds-Tucker bill, but felt now that it was justified by the immovability of the Mormons. All palliatives had failed. The patience of Congress had been exhausted. There was no recourse except to make statutes cutting enough to destroy the illegal practices and unlawful leadership in the Mormon community.

"Mr. President," I pleaded, "I've lived in Utah all my life. I know these people from both points of view. You know of the situation only from Federal officeholders who consider it solely with regard to their official responsibility to you and to the country. Why not learn what the Mormons think?"

He replied that it was not within the province of the President—his power or his duty—to consider the mental attitude of men who were opposing the enforcement of the law. It was an inexcusable offense against the general welfare that one community should be rising continually against the Federal authority and occupying the time and attention of Congress with a determined recalcitrance.

For an hour he continued, with vigor and dignity, to describe the situation as he saw it; and he chilled me to the heart with his determination to concede nothing more to a community that had refused to be placated by what he had already conceded. I listened without trying, without even wishing, to interrupt him; for I had been warned by Mr. Whitney and Colonel Lamont that it would be wise to let him deliver himself of his opinion before attempting to influence him to a milder one; and I could not contradict anything that he said, for he made no misstatements of fact.

Colonel Lamont had entered once, and had withdrawn again when he saw that Mr. Cleveland was still talking. At the end of about an hour, the President rose. "Mr. Cannon," he said, "I don't see what more I can do than has already been done. Tell your people to obey the law, as all other citizens are required to obey it, and they'll find that their fellow-citizens of this country will do full justice to their heroism and their other good qualities. If the law seems harsh, tell them that there's an easy way to avoid its cruelty, by simply getting out from under its condemnation."

His manner indicated that the conference was at an end. He reached out his hand as if to drop the subject then and forever, as far as I was concerned.

"Mr. President," I asked, with the composure of desperation, "do you really want to settle the Mormon question?"

He looked at me with the first gleam of humor that had shown in his eyes —and it was a humor of peculiar richness and unction. "Young man," he asked, "what have I been saying to you all this time? What have I been working for, ever since I first took up the consideration of this subject at the beginning of my term?"

"Mr. President," I replied, "if you were traveling in the West, and came to an unbridged stream with your wagon train, and saw tracks leading down into the water where you thought there was a ford, you would naturally expect to cross there, assuming that others had done so before you. But suppose that some man on the bank should say to you: 'I've watched wagon trains go in here for more than twenty years, and I've never yet seen one come out on the other side. Look over at that opposite bank. You see there are no wagon tracks *there*. Now, down the river a piece is a place where I *think* there's a ford. I've never got anybody to try it yet, but certainly it's as good a chance as this one!' Mr. President, what would you do? Would you attempt a crossing where there had been twenty years of failure, or would you try the other place—on the chance that it might take you over?"

He had been regarding me with a slowly fading amusement that gave way to an expression of grave attention.

"I've been watching this situation for several years," I went on, "and it seems to me that there's the possibility of a just, a humane, and a final settlement of it, by getting the Mormon leaders to come voluntarily into court—and it can be done!—with the assurance that the object of the administration is to correct the community evil—not to exterminate the Mormon Church or to persecute its 'prophets,' but to secure obedience to the law and respect for the law, and to lead Utah into a worthy statehood."

I paused. He thought a moment. Then he said: "I can't talk any longer now. Make another appointment with Lamont. I want to hear what you have to say." And he dismissed me.

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Colonel Lamont told me to come back on the following afternoon, and I went away with the dubious relief of feeling that if I had not yet won my case, I had, at least, succeeded in having judgment reserved. I went to work to arrange my arguments for the morrow, to make them as concise as possible and to divide them into brief chapters in case I should have as little opportunity for extended explanations as the President had been giving me. I saw that the whole matter was gloomy and oppressive to him—that his responsibility was as dark on his mind as our sufferings—and I took the hint of his amused interest in order to work out ways of brightening the subject with anecdote and illustration.

I saw Colonel Lamont, on the morrow, and he beamed a congratulation on me. "You've aroused his curiosity," he said. "You've interested him."

He had made an appointment some days ahead; and when I entered the President's office to keep that appointment, I found Mr. Cleveland at his desk, as if he had not moved in the interval, laboriously reading and signing papers as before. It gave me an impression of immovability, of patient and methodical relentlessness that was disheartening.

But as soon as he turned to me, I found him another man. He was interested, receptive, almost genial. He gave me an opportunity to cover the whole ground of my case, and I went over it step by step. He showed no emotion when I recited some of the incidents of pathetic suffering among our people; and at first he seemed doubtful whether he should be amused by the humorous episodes that I narrated. But I did not wish merely to amuse him; I was trying to convey to his mind (without saying so) that so long as a people could suffer and laugh too, they could never be overcome by the mere reduplication of their sufferings. He looked squarely at me, with a most determined front, when I told him that the Mormons would be ground to powder before they would yield.

Photograph by Burgess & Co., Washington, D. C.

GEORGE Q. CANNON.

FIRST COUNCILLOR OF THE MORMON CHURCH DURING THE YEARS OF STRUGGLE FOR STATEHOOD. IT WAS HIS INFLUENCE THAT LIFTED THE CURSE OF POLYGAMY FROM THE MORMON FAITH.

"They *can't* yield," I warned him. "They're like the passengers on a train going with a mad speed down a dangerous grade. For any of them to attempt to jump is simple destruction. They can only pray to Providence to help them. But if that train were to be brought to a stop at some station where they could alight with anything like self-respect, there would be many of them glad to get off—even though the train had *not* arrived at its 'revealed' destination."

I do not remember—and if I did, it would be tedious to relate—the exact sequence and progression of argument in this interview and the *dozen* others that succeeded it. Mr. Cleveland became more and more interested in the Mormon people, their family

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INTERIOR OF THE TABERNACLE AT SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SHOWING THE FAMOUS ORGAN.

life, their religion, and their politics. He was as painstaking in acquiring information about them as he was in performing all the other duties of his office. I might have been discouraged by the number and apparent ineffectiveness of my interviews with him, had not Colonel Lamont kept me informed of the growth of the President's good feeling and of his genuinely paternal interest in the people of Utah. It became more than a personal desire with Mr. Cleveland to benefit politically by a settlement of the Mormon troubles, if indeed he had ever had such a desire. His humanity was enlisted, his conscience appealed to.

He asked me, once, if I knew anything of Mr. Sandford, and I replied that I knew him and believed in him. He told me, at last, that he was going to appoint Mr. Sandford Chief Justice of Utah, and added significantly, "I suppose he will get in touch with the situation." I accepted this remark as a permission to confer with Mr. Sandford, and I journeyed to New York to see him and to renew the understanding I had with him.

He was appointed Chief Justice on the ninth day of July, 1888, and—as the Mormon people expressed it—"the backbone of the raid was broken." On August 26, 1888, he arrived in Salt Lake City. On September 17, my father came before him in court and pleaded guilty to two indictments charging him with "unlawful cohabitation." He was fined $450 and sentenced to the penitentiary for 175 days. His example was followed by a number of prominent Mormons, including Francis Marion Lyman, who is to-day the President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles and next in rank for the Presidency. It is true that not many cases, relatively speaking, came to Justice Sandford; but the leader whom the authorities were most eager to subjugate under Federal power was judged and sentenced; and the effect, both on the country and on the Mormon people, was all that we had expected.

There are memories in a man's life that have a peculiar value. One such, to me, is the picture I have in mind of my father undergoing his penitentiary sentence, wearing his prison clothes with an unconsciousness that makes me still feel a pride in the power of the human soul to rise superior to the deformities of circumstance. Charles Wilcken (whom I have described driving us to Bountiful) was visiting him one day in the prison office, when a guard entered with his hat on. Wilcken snatched it from his head. "Never enter *his* presence," he said, "without taking it off." And the guard never did again. . . . I salute the

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memory. I come to it with my head bare and my back stiffened. I see in that calm face the possibilities of the human spirit. He was *a man!*

He spent his time there as he would have spent it elsewhere, writing, conferring with agents of his authority, planning for his people. I saw he was aware that he would emerge from his imprisonment a free man, personally, but still enslaved by the conditions of the community; and I knew that he would use his freedom to free the others. I knew that he had accepted his sentence with this end in view. In plain words, I knew now—though he never said so—that he was looking toward the necessary recession from the doctrine of polygamy, and that he may have counted on the spectacle of his imprisonment to help prepare his people for a general submission to the law.

With the entry of these leaders into prison, the Mormons felt for them a warmer admiration, a deeper reverence; but it was mingled with a gratitude to the nation for the leniency of the court and an awed sense, too, of the power of the civil law. President Woodruff secretly and tentatively withdrew his necessary permission, as head of the Church, to the solemnization of any more plural marriages; and he ordered the demolition of the Endowment House in which such marriages had been chiefly celebrated. Many of the non-Mormons, who had despaired of any solution of the troubles in Utah, now began to hope. The country had been impoverished; the Mormons had been deprived of much of their substance and financial vigor; and reasons of business prudence among the Gentiles weighed against a continuance of proscription. Some of them distrusted the motives of their own leaders more than they did the Mormon people. Some were weary of the quarrel. For humane reasons, for business reasons, for the sake of young Utah, it was argued that the persecution should end.

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AMELIA PALACE, THE LAST OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, SALT LAKE CITY.

But in the years 1888 and 1889, thousands of newcomers arrived in Utah with a strong antagonism to the religion and the political authority of the Mormon Church; and, with the growth of Gentile population, there came a natural determination on their part to obtain control of the local governments of cities and counties. In opposing this movement, the power of the Church was again solidified. By 1889, the Gentiles had taken the city governments of Ogden and Salt Lake City, had elected members of the legislature in Salt Lake County, and had carried the passage of a Public School Bill, against the timid and secret opposition of

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the Church. President Cleveland had been defeated and succeeded by President Harrison; and Chief Justice Sandford had been removed and Chief Justice Zane reinstated. (He did not adjudicate with his previous rigor, however—because of the success of Justice Sandford's policy of leniency.) The Church made no move publicly to repudiate polygamy, and its silent attitude of defiance, in this regard, gave a battle cry to all its enemies.

The crisis was precipitated by a movement that had begun in the territory of Idaho, where the Mormons had been disfranchised by means of a test oath—a provision still remaining in the Idaho state constitution, but now nullified by the political power of the Mormon leaders in Salt Lake City. A bill, known as the Cullom-Struble bill, was introduced at Washington, to do in Utah what had been done in Idaho.

Photographs by Shipler's Commercial Photographers, Salt Lake City.

TYPICAL OLD-TIME ADOBE HOUSE OF THE WEALTHIER MORMON IN SALT LAKE CITY.

The Church was then directed by President Woodruff and his two Councillors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith. But President Woodruff was as helpless in the political world as a nun. He was a gentle, earnest old man, patiently ingenuous and simple-minded, with a faith in the guidance of Heaven that was only greater than my father's because it was unmixed with any earthly sagacity. He had the mind, and the appearance, of a country preacher, and even when he was "on the underground" he used to do his daily "stint" of farm labor, secretly, either at night or in the very early morning. He was a successful farmer (born in Connecticut), of a Yankee shrewdness and industry. He recognized that in order to get a crop of wheat it was necessary to do something more than trust in the Lord. But in administering the affairs of the Church he seemed to have no such sophistication.

I can see him yet, at the meetings of the Presidency, opening his mild blue eyes in surprised horror at a report of some new danger threatening us. "My conscience! My conscience!" he would cry. "Is that so, brother!" When he was assured that it was so, he would say, resignedly: "The Lord will look after us!" And then, after a

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silence, turning to his First Councillor, he would ask: "What do you think we ought to do, Brother George Q.?"

The Second Councillor, Joseph F. Smith, sat at these meetings in a saturnine reserve and silence, either nursing his concealed thought or having none. When a decision had been suggested, he was appealed to and added his assent. It always seemed to me that he was sulkily sleepy; but this impression may have come from the contrast of the First Councillor's mental alertness and the bright cheerfulness of the President—who never, to my knowledge, showed the slightest bitterness against anybody. President Woodruff believed that all the persecutions of the Mormons were due to the Devil's envy of the Lord's power as it showed itself in the establishment of the Mormon Church, and he assumed that the Gentiles did the work they were tempted to do against us because the Holy Spirit had not yet ousted the evil from their souls. He had no fear of the ultimate triumph of the Church, because he had no fear of the ultimate triumph of God. Whenever he could escape for a day from the worldly duties of his office, he went fishing!

When the progress of the Cullom-Struble bill began to make its threatening advance, my father went secretly to Washington; and a short time afterward, word came to me in Ogden, through the Presidency, that he wished me to arrange my business affairs for a long absence from Utah, and follow him to the capital.

I found him there, in the office of Delegate John T. Caine of Utah—the cluttered office of a busy man—and he explained, composedly, why he had sent for me. The Cullom-Struble bill had been favorably considered by the Senate Committee on Territories, and the disfranchisement of all the Mormons of Utah seemed imminent. Every argument, political or legal, had been used against the measure, in vain. Since I, as a non-polygamous Mormon, would be disfranchised if the bill became a law, he thought I might be a good advocate against it. He said: "I have not appeared in the

Photograph by Shipler's Commercial Photographers, Salt Lake City.

TEMPLE SQUARE, SALT LAKE CITY.

TO THE RIGHT IS THE TEMPLE, AND THE DOME-SHAPED BUILDING TO THE LEFT OF IT IS THE TABERNACLE.

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matter. None of our friends knows that I am here. If it were known, it might only increase our difficulties. Say nothing of it. We have been at a disadvantage with a Republican administration because most of our prominent men are Democrats. You were so effective with the Democrats, let us see what you can do now with your own party friends."

After taking his advice, I went to see Senator Henry M. Teller, of Colorado, who was a friend of my father and of the Mormon people. He admitted that the situation was desperate. He proposed that I should speak before the committees of both houses; they might listen to *me* as a Republican who had no official rank in the Church and no political authority. He offered to introduce me to any of the senators and members of Congress, but advised that I should rather go unintroduced, without influence, and make my appeal as a private citizen.

This sounded to me depressingly like the call to lead a forlorn hope. I reported to my father again, and was not altogether reassured by a tranquillity which he seemed to be able to maintain in the face of any desperation. Other agencies of the Church had reached the end of their resources. There was no help in sight. And I went, at last, to throw our case upon the mercy of the Secretary of State, Mr. James G. Blaine, for years my father's friend, the friend of our people, the statesman whom I—in common with millions of other Americans—regarded with a reverence that approached idolatry.

He received me in the long room of the Secretary's apartments, standing, a striking figure in black, against the rich and heavy background of the official furnishing. He was very pale—unhealthily so—perhaps with the progress of the disease of which he was to die in so short a time. In contrast with his usual brilliancy of mind, he seemed to me, at first, depressed and quiet—with a kindly serenity of manner, at once gracious and intimate, but masterful.

He was instantly and deeply interested in what I had to say; he seated himself—on a sofa, near the embrasure of a window—motioned me to bring a chair to his side, and heard me in an erect attitude of thoughtful attention, reassuring me now and then by reaching out to lay a hand on my knee when he saw from my hesitancy that I feared I might be too candid in my confidences; and the look of his eye and the touch of his hand were as if he said: "I'm your friend. Anything you may say is perfectly safe with me."

I told him of my father's imprisonment. "It is dreadful," he said. "You shock me to the soul." He spoke of their friendship, of his admiration for my father's work in Congress, of his personal regard for the man himself. "Of course," he said, "I have no sympathy with your peculiar marriage system, and I'll never be able to understand how a man like your father could enter it." I reminded him that my father believed it a system revealed and ordained by God. "I know," he replied. "That is what they say. And I suppose they have Scriptural warrant for polygamy. But it's a thing that would be 'more honored in the breach than the observance.' Tell me, is the rule of the Church absolute over you younger men?"

I told him that it *was*, in respect of political control; that the situation in Utah had placed us where there was no possibility of compromise; that we must be of, with, and for our own people, or against them.

He asked me whether I intended to address myself to the President. I replied "Not yet"—since the bills were still pending in Congress and were not being urged from the White House. He seemed pleased. As I afterward learned, there was a strong rivalry between the President and the Secretary of State; and though I knew that Mr. Blaine's interest in Utah was almost wholly one of responsible statesmanship, warmed by a personal kindliness for our people, still it remains a fact that he expected the support of the Utah Republican delegation in the convention of 1892, and that it had been promised him by national Republicans who were now laboring at Washington in our behalf.

He encouraged me with an almost intimate emotion of pity and friendliness; and I felt the largeness of the man as much in the warmth of his humanity as in the breadth of his view. He approved of my appearing before the committees. "Go and tell them your own story, yourself," he said. "Make your plea independently of all the formal and official arguments that have been used. These have been exhausted. They have been ineffective. We must use the personal and"—he added it

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significantly—"the political appeal. If you find difficulty, let me know. I shall not be idle in your behalf. If you meet any insuperable obstacle, I'll see if I can't help you run over it."

He rose to terminate the interview. He looked at me with a smile. "'The Lord giveth,'" he said "'and the Lord taketh away.' Wouldn't it be possible for your people to find some way—without disobedience to the commands of God—to bring themselves into harmony with the law and institutions of this country? Believe me, it is *not* possible for any people as weak in numbers as yours, to set themselves up as superior to the majesty of a nation like this. We may succeed, this time, in preventing the disfranchisement of your people; but nothing permanent can be done until you 'get into line.'"

He accompanied me toward the door, giving me friendly messages of regard to deliver to my father. He put his arm around my shoulders, as we parted, and said deliberately: "You may tell your father for me—as I tell you, young man—you shall not be harmed, *this* time."

I parted from him with an almost speechless relief and gratitude, and hurried to my father with the news of hope. I had not told Mr. Blaine that he was in Washington; for, without feeling that he saw himself marked by his imprisonment, I was aware that his friends might pity him for it, if they did not condemn him; and neither sentiment, I knew, was he of the personal temper to encounter.

I told him every detail of my talk with the Secretary of State; he heard me, silently, meditatively. When I concluded with Mr. Blaine's assurance that we should not be harmed "this time" but must "get into line," he looked up at me with a significant steadiness of eye. "President Woodruff," he said, "has been praying. . . . He thinks he sees some light. . . . You are authorized to say that something will be done."

I asked no question. His gaze conveyed assurance, but forbade inquiry. I had to understand, without being told, that the Church was preparing to concede a recession from the doctrine of polygamy.

FRANCIS M. LYMAN,
PRESIDENT OF THE QUORUM OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

Photograph by Fox & Symons, Salt Lake City, Utah.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

BRIGHAM YOUNG,
WHO LED THE MORMON PEOPLE INTO UTAH.

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With this assurance to aid me, I began the work of reaching the committees—warm work in a Washington summer, but hopeful in the new prospect of a lasting success. The bill for disfranchisement had been reported out by the committees and was on the calendar for passage. It was necessary to have the question reopened before the committees for argument. In soliciting the opportunity of a rehearing, from the Chairman of the Senate committee, Senator Orville H. Platt, of Connecticut, I made my argument in a private conversation with him in his rooms in the Arlington Hotel. When I had done, he chewed his cigar a moment, looked at me quizzically, and asked: "Do you know Abbot R. Heywood, of Ogden?"—and, as he asked it, he drew a letter from his pocket.

I replied that I knew Mr. Heywood well.

"I have a letter here from him, on this same subject," he said. "Tell me. What kind of man is he? And to what extent do you think I ought to depend on his views?"

I was never more tempted in my life to tell a lie. I knew Mr. Heywood to be a man of truth and high ideals; but he had been Chairman of the Anti-Church party in Weber County, and he had been one of the Gentile leaders for several years. I knew the intensity of his feeling against the rule of the Church in politics and the Mormon attitude of defiance to the law. I was sure that he would be strong in his demand for the passage of the disfranchisement act.

I hesitated a moment. Senator Platt was watching me. Then, with a resolve that our cause must stand or fall by the truth, I said: "Mr. Heywood is a man of integrity. I think he would write exactly what he believed to be true. But you know, Senator, intense feeling in politics sometimes sways a man's judgment. In view of Mr. Heywood's long controversy, I hope that, if he has taken a view adverse to mine, his antagonism may be mitigated in your mind by your own knowledge of human feelings."

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LOOKING SOUTHEAST ALONG MAIN STREET, IN SALT LAKE CITY.

Senator Platt held out the letter to me. "You've won your motion for a rehearing," he said. "I think we may be able to get the truth out of *you*. We have not always had it in this Utah question. Read that."

I read it. It was Mr. Heywood's solemn protest, as an American citizen—on behalf of himself and the other members of the perfunctory Republican committee of his county—against the wholesale disfranchisement of the Mormons, on the ground that it would only delay a progressive American settlement of the territory!

Then I went to the other members of the Senate committee privately, and told them that the Mormon Church was about to make a concession concerning its doctrine of polygamy. I told them so in confidence, pointing out the necessity of secrecy, since to make

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public the news of such a recession, in advance, would be to prevent the Church from authorizing it. Not one of the senators betrayed the trust. I was less confidential with the members of the House committee, because I realized that nothing could be done against us unless the bill passed the Senate. But I gave the news of the Church's reconsideration of its attitude to Colonel G. W. R. Dorsey, the member from Nebraska, and he used his influence to get me a rehearing from the House Committee. Finally I appeared once before each committee, and argued our case at length. The bills did not become law. Aided by Mr. Blaine's powerful friendship, we were saved "for the time."

It remained to make our safety permanent, and I took train for Utah, on my father's counsel, to see President Woodruff. I had given my word that "something was to be done." I went to plead that it *should* be done—and done speedily.

CHAPTER IV

THE MANIFESTO

I FOUND him in the office of the Presidency—in the little one-story house that I have described in my early interview with Joseph F. Smith—and he received me with the gracious affectionateness of a fatherly old man. He asked me, almost at once: "What are they going to do to us in Washington?"

"President Woodruff," I replied, "we've been spared—temporarily. The axe will not fall for a few moments. It depends on ourselves whether it shall fall or not."

"Come into the other room," he said, under his voice, in an eager confidentiality, like a child with a secret. And pattering along ahead of me, quick on his feet, he signed to me to follow him into the retiring room where I had talked with Smith.

There he sat down, on the edge of his chair, his elbows supported on the broad arms, leaning forward, partly bowed with his age and partly with an intentness of curiosity that glittered innocently in his guileless eyes. A dear old character! Sweet in his sentiments, sweet in his language, sweet in the expression of his face.

I told him, in detail, of the events in Washington, and of the men who had helped us in them. I warned him that the passage of the measure of disfranchisement had been no more than retarded. I pointed out the fatal consequences for the community if the bill should ever become law—the fatal consequences for the leaders of the Church if the non-polygamous Mormons, deprived of their votes, were ever left unable to control the administration of local government. I repeated the promise that my father had authorized me to carry to the senators and congressmen who still had the Cullom-Struble bill in hand; and I emphasized the fact that because of this promise the bill had been held back—with the certainty that it would never become law if we met the nation half way.

I was watching him to see if he sensed the point I wished him to get. When I touched the matter of my father's promise, his face became softly reverent; and when I had done—looking at me without a trace of cunning in his benignity, with an expression, rather, of exalted innocence and faith—he said: "Brother Frank, I have been making it a matter of prayer. I have wrestled mightily with the Lord. And I think I see some light."

In order that there might be no misunderstanding, I put into plainer words what I meant and what the prominent men in Washington had been led to look for: since, by a "revelation" of the Church, we were ordered to give obedience to the government of the nation, and since we had exhausted all our legal defenses, it was hoped that the Prophet, Seer, and Revelator of the Church would find a way, under the guidance of God, to bring our people into conformity with the law.

As he accepted this calmly, I added: "To be very plain with you, President Woodruff, our friends expect, and the country will insist, that the Church shall yield the practice of plural marriage."

His eyelids quivered a little, but he showed no other sign of flinching. I saw that the counsels of his advisers and the comfort that he had derived from his prayers had prepared him for an immolation that was more serious to him than any personal sacrifice that he could make. He said sadly: "I had hoped we wouldn't have to meet this trouble this way. You know what it means to our people. I had hoped that the Lord might open the minds of the people of this nation to the truth, so that they might be converted to the everlasting covenant. Our prophets have suffered like those of old,

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and I thought that the persecutions of Zion were enough—that they would bring some other reward than this." If I had been the bearer of a new edict of proscription, I think he could not have been more profoundly oppressed by the sense of his responsibility. "Did your father tell you," he asked, "that I had been seeking the mind of the Lord?"

I replied that he had.

He reflected silently. "I shall talk with you again about it," he said, at last. "I hope the Lord will make the way plain."

THE "CELESTIAL" MARRIAGE SYSTEM

I do not wish to idealize the polygamous relation—but in monogamy a man is not persecuted for his marriage, and sometimes he does not appreciate the tie. In polygamy, the men and women alike had been compelled to suffer on its account by the grim trials of the life itself and by the hatred of all civilization arrayed against it. They had grown to value their marriage system by what it had cost them. They had been driven by the contempt of the world to argue for its sanctity, to live up to their declarations, and to raise it in their esteem to what it professed to be, the celestial order that prevailed in the heavens! I knew, as well as President Woodruff did, the wrench it would give their hearts to have to abandon, at last, what they had so long suffered for.

In the days of anxious waiting that followed, I saw Joseph F. Smith and sounded him for any hint of progress. He said: "I'm sure I don't know what can be done. Your father talked with President Woodruff and me before he went to Washington, but I'm sure I can't see how *we* can do anything." When my father returned home, I went to him many times—without, however, learning anything definite. I knew that the men in Washington would demand some tangible evidence of our good faith before Congress should reconvene; and I repeatedly urged the necessity of action.

At length he sent me word, in Ogden, that President Woodruff wished to confer with me, and he suggested that it would be permissible for me to speak my opinions freely. I hastened to Salt Lake City, to the offices of the Presidency. President Woodruff took me into a private room and read me his "manifesto."

It was the same that was issued on September 24, 1890, and ratified by a General Conference of the Mormon Church on October 6, following. It was the proclamation that freed the oppressed of Utah; for, by the subsequent "covenant"—and its acceptance by the Federal government—the nation did but confirm their freedom and accord them their constitutional rights. Here, shaking in the hand of age, was a sheet of paper by which the future of a half million people was to be directed; and that simple old man was to speak through it, to them, with the awful authority of the voice of God.

He told me he had written it himself, and it certainly appeared to me to be in his handwriting. Its authorship has since been variously attributed. Some of the present-day polygamists say that it was I who wrote it. Charles W. Penrose and George Reynolds have claimed that they edited it. I presume that as Mormons, "in good standing," believing in the inspiration of the Prophet, they appreciate the blasphemy of their claim!

I found it disappointingly mild. It denied that the Church had been solemnizing any plural marriages of late, and advised the faithful "to refrain from contracting any marriages forbidden by the law of the land." In spite of this mildness, President Woodruff asked me whether I thought the Mormons would accept the revelation.

I replied that there could be no proper anxiety on that point. The majority of the Mormon people were ready for such a message. It might be very much stronger without arousing resistance. With the exception of the comparatively few men and women who were living in polygamy, the community would accept it gratefully. Rather, I made bold to say, my anxiety was as to whether the nation would believe that such an equivocally worded document meant an absolute recession from the practice of plural marriage.

It was plain that his advisers had not pointed out this danger to him. He asked me how I thought the nation would take it.

I asked him, point-blank, whether it meant an absolute recession from polygamy.

He answered that it did.

Then, I said, with such an interpretation of it, and a formal and public acceptance of it by the Church authorities, I did not doubt that we could convince the nation of its sufficiency. I reminded him—as I am now

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glad to remember—that the word of the Mormon people had passed current in the political and commercial circles of the country; that I had several times been the bearer of messages from them to prominent men; that we had been taken on faith and the faith had been always vindicated. Finally, in order that I might carry away no misapprehension, nor convey any, I asked him if it was the intention of the manifesto to inhibit any further plural marriage living.

He answered, quaintly: "Why, of course, Frank—because that's what they've been persecuting us for." There was not even a shrewdness in his voice when he added: "You know they didn't get our brethren in prison for polygamy, but for living with their plural wives."

Perhaps no other man in Utah could have said such a thing without sarcasm. The fact was that the United States authorities had been practically unable to prove a case of polygamy (which was a felony) because the marriage records were concealed by the Church; but they could prove plural marriage living (a mere misdemeanor) by repute and circumstance. It was part of President Woodruff's unworldliness that he did not see the satire of his words; and I was the more convinced of his good faith.

I was convinced also, by several of his remarks, that he had consulted with the Church's attorney, Mr. Franklin S. Richards; and while I trusted the President's unworldly faith, I trusted more the sagacity of his more worldly advisers. I began to see, with a sure hope, the beginning of the end of all our miseries.

Some days later I was summoned to attend a meeting of the Church authorities in the President's offices; and I knew that the test had come. The Church was governed by the Presidency, composed of President Woodruff and his two Councillors, with the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, the Presidents of the Seventies, and the Presiding Bishopric, composed of three members. These quorums aggregate twenty-five men; and to their number may be added the Chief Patriarch of the Church, making a body of twenty-six general authorities—the Hierarchy. It was from these latter men, polygamists and (I feared) parochial in their ignorance of the nation and their trust in the protection of their followers—it was from them (and the other practicers of polygamy) that any opposition would come to the acceptance and publication of the manifesto.

They met—something less than a score of them, with two or three of their most trusted advisers—in one of the general offices of the Presidency, sitting in leather chairs along its walls, with a sort of central skylight illuminating subduedly the anxiety of their silent faces. President Woodruff and his two Councillors entered to them; and this insignificant-looking apartment—of such tremendous community significance, because of the memories of its past—seemed to take on the gravity of another momentous crisis in the destiny of its people. The portraits in oil of the dead presidents, martyrs, and prophets of the Church looked down on us from the façade of a little gallery, and caught my eyes almost hypnotically with the imperturbability of their gaze. No word from them! In the midst of the broken utterance of emotion—when the tears were wet on faces to whose manliness tears were the very sweat of martyrdom—I saw those immovable countenances as placid as the features of the dead.

ANNOUNCING THE "REVELATION"

President Woodruff stood under them, so old and other-worldly that he seemed already of their circle rather than ours; and he spoke in a voice of feeling for us, but with a simple and courageous finality that sounded the very note of fate. He had called the brethren together, he said, to submit a decision to their consideration, and he desired from them an expression of their willingness to accept and abide by it. He knew what a trial it would be to the "whole household of Israel." "We have sought," he said, "to live our religion—to harm no one—to perform our mission in this world for the salvation of the living and the dead. We have obeyed the principle of celestial marriage because it came to us from God. We have suffered under the rage of the wicked; we were driven from our homes into the desert; our prophets have been slain, our holy ones persecuted—and it *did* seem to me that we were entitled to the constitutional protection of the courts in the practice of our religion."

But the courts had decided "against us." The great men of the nation were determined to show us no mercy. Legislation was impending that would put us "in the

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power of the wicked." Brother George Q. Cannon, Brother John T. Caine, and the other brethren who had been in Washington had found that the situation of the Church was critical. Brother Franklin S. Richards had advised him that our last legal defense had fallen. "In broken and contrite spirit" he had sought the will of the Lord, and the Holy Spirit had revealed to him that it was necessary for the Church to relinquish the practice of that principle for which the brethren had been willing to lay down their lives.

A sort of ghastly stillness accepted what he said as a confirmation of the worst fears of the men who had evidently come there with some knowledge of what they were to hear. I glanced at the faces of those opposite me. A set and staring pallor held them motionless. I was conscious of a chill of heart that seemed communicated to me from them. My brother Abraham was sitting beside me; I knew his deep affection for his family; I knew with what a clutch of misery this edict of separation was crushing his hope; I felt myself growing as pale and tense as he.

The silence was broken by President Woodruff's asking one of the brethren to read the manifesto. When it was concluded, he said: "The matter is now before you. I want you to speak as the Spirit moves you."

There was no reply, except a sort of general gasp of low-voiced interjections and a little buzz of whisperings that sounded like emotion taking its breath. He called on my father to speak. The First Councillor rose to make a statesmanlike review of the crisis; and I understood that with his usual diplomacy he was putting aside from him the authority of leadership until he could see whether an opposition was to develop that should make it necessary for him to front it.

That opposition made a rustle of stirring in the pause that followed. I saw it in the changed expressions of some of the faces. Several of the men—including my brother Abraham, and Joseph F. Smith—asked whether the manifesto meant a cessation of plural marriages: whether no more such marriages were to be allowed.

President Woodruff answered that it did; that the Lord had taken back the principle from the children of men and that we would have no power to restore it.

Then they asked whether it meant a cessation of plural marriage living—whether they would be required to separate from the wives whom they had taken in the holy covenant.

He answered, firmly, that it did; that the brethren in Washington found it imperative; that it was the will of the Lord.

I saw their faces flush and then slowly pale again—and the storm broke. One after another they rose and protested, hoarsely, in the voice of tears, that they were willing to suffer "persecution unto death" rather than to violate the covenants which they had made "in holy places" with the women who had trusted them. And a manlier lot of men never spoke in a manlier way. Not a petty word was uttered. Their thought was not for themselves. Their grief was not selfish. Their protests had a dignity in pathos that shook me in spite of myself.

When they had done, my father rose again with a face that seemed to bear the marks of *their* grief while it repressed his own. He dwelt anew on the long efforts of our attorney and our friends in Congress to resist what we believed to be unconstitutional measures to repress our practice of a religious faith. But we were citizens of a nation. We were required to obey its laws. And when we found, by the highest judicial interpretation of statute and constitution, that we were without grounds for our plea of religious immunity, we had but the alternative either of defying the power of the whole nation or of submitting ourselves to its authority. For his part, he was willing to do the will of the Lord. And since the Prophet of God, after a long season of prayer, had submitted this revelation as the will of the Lord, he was ready for the sacrifice. The leaders of the Church had no right to think of themselves. They must remember how loyally the people had sacrificed their substance and risked their safety to guard their brethren who were living in plural marriage. Those brethren must not be ungrateful now. They must not now refuse to make their sacrifice, in answer to the sacrifices that had been made for them so often.

Under the commanding persuasion of his voice I saw the determination of their resistance begin to falter and relax. President Woodruff called on me to speak, and I felt that it was my duty to represent the needs, the hopes, and the opportunities of the hundreds of thousands of the undistin-

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guished mass who would make no decision for themselves but whose fate was trembling on the event. I rose to speak for them, with my hand on my brother's shoulder, knowing that my every word would be a stab at his heart, and hoping that my grasp might be a touch of sympathy to him—knowing that I must urge these elders to sacrifice themselves and their families for a redemption of which I was to share the benefits—but sustained by the remembrance of the solemn pledge which I had been authorized to give in Washington to honorable men who had trusted in our honor.

I described the situation as I had seen it in Washington and as I knew it in Utah from a more intimate personal experience than these leaders could have of the sufferings of the people. I told them how cheerfully and bravely the non-polygamists had borne the brunt of protecting them in the practice of their faith, and yet how patient a hope had been always with us that the final demand might not be made upon us for the sacrifice of a citizenship which we valued more because it shielded them than because it armed us.

Encouraged by the face of President Woodruff, I reminded them that the sorrow and the parting, at which they rebelled, could only be for a little breath of time, according to their faith; that by the celestial covenant, into which they had entered, they were assured that they should have their wives and children with them throughout the endless ages of eternity. The people had given much to them. Surely *they* could yield the domestic happiness of the little remaining day of life in this world, in order to save and prosper those who were not to enjoy *their* supreme exaltation of beatitude in the world to come.

I had felt my brother strong under my hand. He rose, when I concluded. And with a manful brevity he replied that he submitted because it was the will of the Lord, and because he had no right to interpose his selfish love and yearnings between the people of God and their worldly opportunity. The others followed. Not one referred to the equivocal language of the manifesto or questioned it. They accepted it—as it was then and afterward interpreted—as a revelation from God made through the Prophet of the Church; and they subscribed to it as a solemn covenant, before God, with the people of the nation.

Joseph F. Smith was one of the last to speak. With a face like wax, his hands outstretched, in an intensity of passion that seemed as if it must sweep the assembly, he declared that he had covenanted, at the altar of God's house, in the presence of his Father, to cherish the wives and children whom the Lord had given him. They were more to him than life. They were dearer to him than happiness. He would rather choose to stand, with them, alone—persecuted—proscribed—outlawed—to wait until God in his anger should break the nation with His avenging stroke. But——

He dropped his arms. He seemed to shrink in his commanding stature like a man stricken with a paralysis of despair. The tears came to the pained constriction of his eyelids.

"I have never disobeyed a revelation from God," he said. "I cannot—I dare not—now."

He announced—with his head up, though his body swayed—that he would accept and abide by the revelation. When he sank in his chair and covered his face with his hands, there was a gasp of sympathy and relief, as if we had been hearing the pain of a man in agony. And my heart gave a great leap; for, in these supreme moments of feeling, things come to us that are larger than our knowledge, more splendid than our hopes; and I saw, as if in the blinding glisten of the tears in my eyes, a radiant vision of our future, an unselfish people freed from a burden of persecution, a nation's forgiveness born, a grateful state created. I saw it—and I looked at Smith and loved him for it.

I knew then, as I know now, that he and those others were at this moment sincere. I knew that they had relinquished what was more dear to them than the breath of life. I knew the appalling significance, to them, of the promise which they were making to the nation. And in all the degraded after-years, when so many of them were guilty of breach of covenant and base violation of trust, I tried never to forget that, in the hour of their greatest trial, they had sacrificed themselves for their people; they had suffered for the happiness of others; they had said, sincerely: "Not my will, O Lord, but Thine, be done!"

The next instalment of "**Under the Prophet in Utah**" will appear in the February number.

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HANS SCHMELZ

by Edwin Lefèvre

AUTHOR OF "WALL STREET STORIES," "THE GOLDEN FLOOD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT LEVERING

AMITYVILLE JUNCTION is forty miles from the Modern Athens where the Best Sellers come from. Native poets near by drip honey in dialect. Moreover, when the Muses doze, the corn grows. The state produces enough maize to feed this world. Transmuted into hogs, the same maize would keep the German army in sausage for thirty-two years, fully allowing for German appetite. Envious Easterners said that was the reason why Prince Henry of Prussia decided to visit the Corn Belt on his American tour.

The special train was to change engines at Amityville Junction, and another railroad there would take charge of the royal freight. The division superintendent, being of the modern school, had in mind the newspaper items: "Pulled by a powerful Mogul of the C. X. & W. Railway, the train in charge of Superintendent John H. Glover, Prince Henry of Prussia and his suite arrived at the Union Station," etc. Wherefore Glover tipped off the Modern Athenian newspapers. The *Banner* sent Billy Bedloe, as Special Commissioner, to Amityville Junction—to greet His Royal Highness and, if possible, obtain an interview.

News of the coming of the Royal Party had gone ahead, and farmers for miles around drove to the Junction to catch a glimpse of His Highness. Bill described them as scholarly-looking men of varying degrees of erudition and all shapes and hues of whiskers; patriots who "worthily represented" the township whenever a Distinguished Man from another state stopped at the Junction to change cars. They were there now, in their everyday clothes because they thought well of their intellects.

But the dramatic instinct that has made the state famous in Literature and Congress was not asleep here. As the first fanfare of toots came from the approaching locomotive, there poured out of the red-brick Odd Fellows' Hall on Main Street sixteen G. A. R. veterans and twenty-nine Odd Fellows, all in full regalia, bent on doing honor to the royal brother of the War Lord of Europe. The spectators at the railroad station turned to watch the martial aristocracy of this democracy of ours—all except a short, squatty man, stoop-shouldered, gray-haired, and gray-bearded, who continued to stare intently up the still empty railroad track.

The man's utter insignificance of person was amazingly intensified by his clothes. They not only were obviously his Sunday best but it was equally plain that they had been his best for at least five-and-twenty years, having been worn probably not more than six times in the twenty-five. Every other second he took off his stiff black hat and wiped the sweat-band nervously. It was an uncomfortable operation, for his collar, stiff and too high for his necklessness, made it impossible for him to look directly down at the headgear. On his breast he wore a brown, cross-shaped medal.

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"Who is that chap?" Bedloe asked a famous poet in overalls.

"That's Schmelz."

"The little old chap with the Dutch comedian face?"

"Well, that's him; I mean *he*," replied the poet. "He farms somewhere out near Fayette, about nine miles away."

"German, isn't he?"

"Yes. There are not many of them around here; in fact, he's about the only real German we've got. Quiet, hard-working cuss; good farmer; with a family, so I've heard, of nineteen children—a great tribute to the civic ideals and salubrious——"

"Yes; the county ought to have his picture published in the *Farmers' Guide*, with his rations, mode of living, religious beliefs, and other stunts. German, hey?"

After his habit of seeing headlines in everything, Bedloe now saw little Schmelz framed in words: "The German population to a man turned out in honor of their Prince," etc. He approached the solid Teutonic delegation.

"How do you do, Mr. Schmelz?"

"How d'ye do!" Schmelz had mild blue eyes. They gazed at Bedloe in placid wonder.

"You've come a long way to see the Prince."

"For vhy I should not come a long vays to see?" He was asking a question that required no answer; there was none.

"Did you drive?"

"No; der team vas busy; I valk."

"Oh, yes. It's about nine miles to your place, isn't it?"

"No, ten."

"Do you know him?"

"Not to shpeak," answered Schmelz gravely. "But I see him vhen he vas, ach, *so* high!" He leaned lopsidedly to put his hand down to within twenty inches of the ground.

"Where did you see him?"

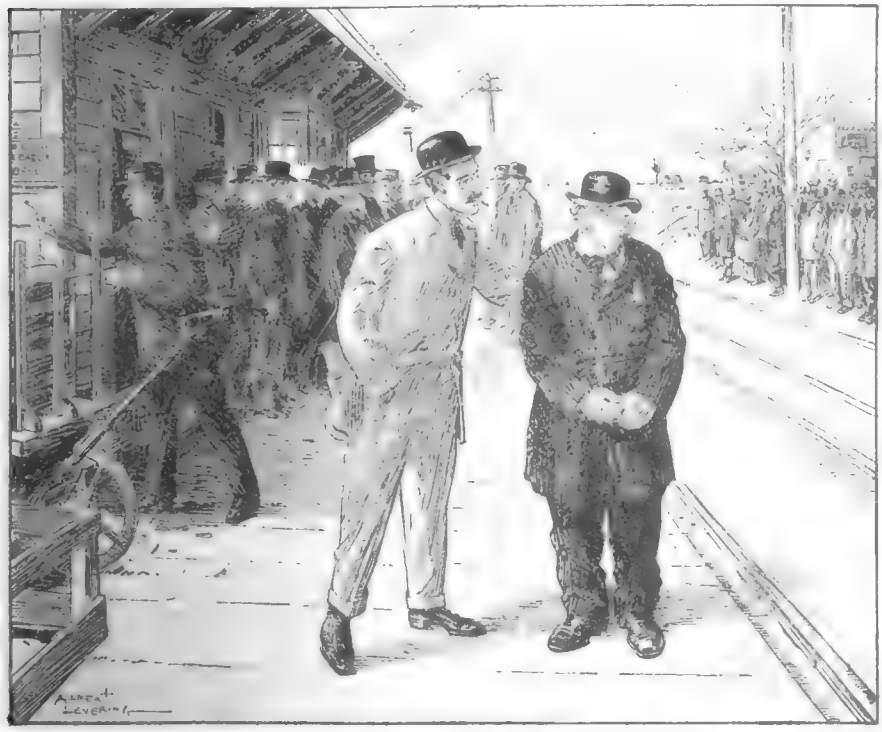
"In d' Old Country."

"Ever see the Kaiser?"

"Yes; he vas *so* high." He paused, then he said confidingly: "I vould come a huntret miles to see der Prinz."

"Do you love him as much as all that?"

"Lofe? Ach, you don't understand. He's der Prinz. His fader, he vas *my* Prinz."



"I VOULD COME A HUNTRET MILES TO SEE DER PRINZ."

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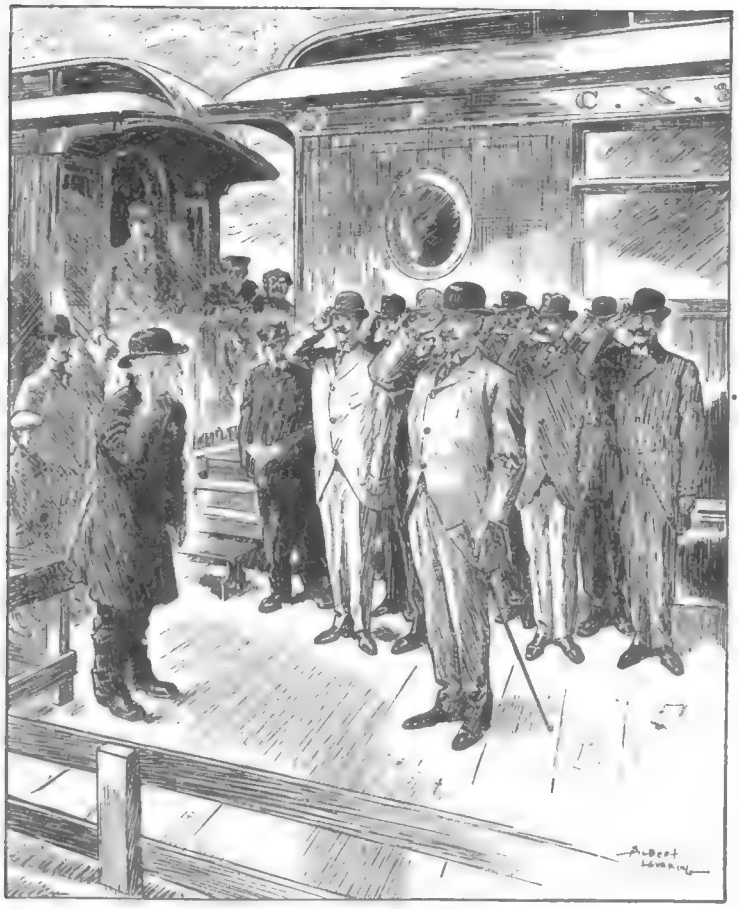

"FOR THE FATHERLAND!"

"Unser Fritz?"

"Yah; Unser Fritz!" Schmelz answered quickly. He looked infantilely pleased and added: "I vas soldier mit Unser Fritz." Schmelz did not look at all martial.

"Were you in the army?"

"All Germans go to de Army. I go, too."

"How long have you lived here?"

"Twenty-seven years."

"What's that medal?"

"De Iron Cross."

"The dickens you say!" Bedloe looked at it closely.

"Yah; sure."

"How did you get it?"

"De old Kaiser gave it to me. He vas de grandfader of der Prinz."

"In the Franco-Prussian unpleasantness?"

"Vhat?"

"In the war with France?"

"Yah, sure. De Old Kaiser took it from his coat, so, and he says: 'Vhat's your name?' and I says: 'Hans Schmelz!' and he says: 'For you, Schmelz!' and he puts it on here; so. I vas in der fighting in France—" He ceased abruptly as the train rumbled stationward. It stopped. The G. A. R. contingent limped into a scraggly line and, every man of them using a hobbling stick sword-fashion, stood at attention, pathetic in their decay, inspiring in their history. Behind them stood a delegation of Junction's leading citizens, uncomfortable in their Sunday best. The cultured farmers drew together like bubbles in a coffee-cup.

Schmelz stood stock-still, his mild blue eyes on the Pullman's windows, oblivious of everything else. Not so the *Banner's* Special Commissioner, who took Schmelz's right arm in his and, before the little old chap could think of resisting, quickly dragged him to the very edge of the station platform, as near to the Prince as it was possible to be. The station agent, in his shirt sleeves to show how busy he was, bustled about importantly, making excited and wholly unnecessary dashes in and out of the telegraph office.

Presently, a well-built, sun-tanned man with a beard came out of the car and stood on the rear platform. He surveyed incuriously the gaping crowd. Somebody in a stage whisper asked somebody else to welcome His Royal Highness to this Minor Athens of America, and some one else asked back what in hell could *he* say to the Prince, hey?

Presently the man with the beard jumped

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down from the car-steps and began to stroll leisurely up and down the track, never straying very far from the Pullman. Two tall, fair-haired men came out and stood on the platform, respectfully watching the Prince stretch his royal legs.

The Prince looked bored. Of a sudden, just as the *Banner's* Special Commissioner was planning to yell to his Royal Highness that the German veterans of the Franco-Prussian war were out *en masse*, the Prince's eyes rested on little Schmelz. He took four long strides—Billy counted 'em—and looked at the medal on Schmelz's coat at close range.

"—— ——— —— —— —— ———!" said the Prince, gutturally.

Bedloe didn't know German and couldn't report the colloquy. But he didn't like the tone of voice, which was harsh, nor the manner, which was arrogant. This was America, where one man was as good as another.

The stoop left Schmelz's shoulders. His feet came together. His hand went up to his hat brim stiffly but quickly. He answered:

"Yah, mein Prinz."

Another string of gutturals evidently meant for human speech came from the Prince's throat.

"*Gravelottel*" said Schmelz. He stood rigid, his feet together, his hand at his hat-brim, his eyes fixed unblinkingly on the Prince's. The twenty-seven years of ploughing had gone from his shoulders.

Something more from the Prince.

And Schmelz spoke again, the only recognizable words being: "*Wörth*, *Fröschweiler*, *Mars-la-Tour*, *Gravelotte*, *Sedan*, *Paris*"—names of battles.

Then the Prince turned and shouted execrations at the two men on the rear platform; like a flash they dived into the car and presently emerged on the run, followed by five others. The Prince said something to them that somehow sounded like a succession of rifle shots, short and sharp, whereupon they hastily ranged themselves into line behind their chief, who turned sharply and faced Schmelz. His heels and the heels of his suite came together with one click. At another word from him, the eight men brought their right hands smartly to their hats; their faces set, stern; their eyes unblinkingly fixed on the face of the petrified Schmelz.

And then Prince Henry, his face as the face of a man who worships, said in a voice in which the respect was felt even by Bedloe:

"It is our high privilege as Germans to salute a soldier thus honored for heroism on the field of battle. For the Fatherland!"

They stood there, the stalwart Prince and the seven Germans behind him, stiff as ramrods, their hands raised to their hat-brims, grim-faced, stern-eyed, looking into the face of the little old German farmer there in Indiana, four thousand miles from the battlefield of Gravelotte where the old Kaiser for unusual bravery had pinned the Iron Cross on the coat of Hans Schmelz, a private in the ranks, fighting for the Fatherland. The old man's uplifted right hand began to tremble, and the mild blue eyes blinked.

The engine whistled. The Prince again spoke, and the seven men behind him echoed the same word in chorus. Turning, he climbed aboard, followed by his suite.

The train creaked and moved. It pulled out of Amityville Junction. And, standing on the rear platform of the last car, His Royal Highness, Prince Henry of Prussia, and seven highborn Germans took off their hats and remained bareheaded as long as Hans Schmelz was in their sight. And little Schmelz, his hand trembling but still uplifted, gazed after the diminishing Pullman through tears that could not be blinked away.

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The New Confidence Game

by

WILLIAM BROWN MELONEY

THERE'S a new confidence game, and it's a big one, for it takes whole communities to play it. Within the next few years every municipal community with an ounce of progressiveness in its cosmos will be playing it. That doesn't mean cities in the United States alone. Municipalities like old Amsterdam and London and Vienna and Berlin, and even Christiania under the Northern Lights, are already alive to it, and asking New York please to teach them the rules. Among a score of our own cities which, in all likelihood, will enter the play this year are Philadelphia, Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Detroit, and St. Paul. It is not going too far to predict that in a decade many a state will be forced to take it up.

The City of New York—the greatest of all municipal proving grounds—started this confidence game in October last by taking its taxpayers into its confidence. That is the new game in a nutshell: Taking the taxpayers—the people who make a city and who pay all of its bills—into the city's confidence, telling them why their money is spent; showing them how it is spent; letting them see whether they are getting real wool or Baxter Street shoddy; treating them as genuine Missourians!

Budget Exhibit is the name of the new game. That word budget sounds forbidding. When the average citizen hears it he usually shudders. He sees a mountain of figures toppling over on him and he takes to his heels. In a vague way he knows that a budget is an estimate of the proposed expenses of conducting his city or state government or the nation for an ensuing year, and that upon the total is based the tax levy. But when a man can look a budget squarely in the face and see what lies behind its apparently forbidding columns of figures and involved tables of percentages, it becomes a great big human proposition. It puts a taxpayer in a position to say to a public official or a whole set of them:

"Stop! I don't like the way you're spending my money. How is it the city is paying eighteen dollars a ton for hay? I pay only sixteen in my business for better hay." Or, "I'm a manufacturer. I'm getting better steam coal for a dollar less a ton than the city pays. Why?"

New York's Budget Exhibit brought the taxpayers face to face with the municipality as it is, with all of its shortcomings, its hopes, and its great attainments. It was a school for taxpayers where they were taught that it costs more to carry on the government of their city than of any state. It was demonstrated to them that this is so because it is a community of almost five million souls, and constantly growing.

Next they were made to understand that, although tax rates have gone on climbing in the past ten years, graft and extravagance are not to be held wholly responsible. Rather it is that the present taxpayers are building for new generations, as they are bound to do, and just as past generations builded for them; and that this is an expense which increases in proportion to the growth of the community. They were taught that as citizens they have a common heritage. They were taught that though 540,000,000 gallons of water a day are sufficient for the city's needs now, the time is not far off when it will not be so, and that it is part of their duty to arm the city against drought. The public works responsible for increased taxation were analyzed. The taxpayers were shown how to analyze them for themselves.

For instance, it was shown that where the Department of Education used but

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16 per cent. of the city's income three years ago, it required 19 per cent. this year. Again, it was shown that while the interest charges on the city's debt incurred for public improvements had increased from 18 to 29 per cent. in twelve years, the cost of protecting life and property had been reduced from 23 to 18 per cent. of the annual income. If a taxpayer asked why the Department of Health's appropriation was mounting steadily, his answer lay in the reduced mortality records and the reduction of disease.

Not a taxpayer could have attended the exhibit and gone away without being better equipped to weigh his own responsibilities and those of the men whom his vote had put or may put in office.

The exhibit was the result of attempts by the Bureau of Municipal Research to hold civic shows in 1908 and 1909. The government of the city then was largely in the hands of men who suspected the Bureau's purposes. The Bureau is a non-official organization supported by private subscriptions. With a new set of men in charge of the city's affairs last year, the Bureau's efforts produced an appropriation of $25,000 for a genuine budget exhibit, and every department of the municipality was compelled to participate.

Instead of the group of men directing the Bureau of Municipal Research as the critics, the whole body of taxpayers sat in judgment. All of the facts were submitted to them, and they were presented, not in staggering columns of figures, but in physical form and tagged with the purchase price and cost of maintenance—from the old fire horse, Brentwood, which has been serving the city for twenty-one years and is still in harness, down to the strapful of books necessary to start a six-year-old boy or girl in the public schools.

Wherever one looked it was to see a vivid chapter or picture of progress—life, health, public comfort subordinating all else. There were models of the old style, disease-breeding tenements, carrying legends of shattered life and of death. There were models of the new, bearing tabulations of lowered death-rates. The price of one good cigar added to each taxpayer's bill in a year saves a human life.

The extension of New York's water system is under projection at an estimated cost exceeding $160,000,000. The exhibit visitors were enabled to visualize this tremendous project—touch it. A segment of the water tunnel which is to pierce Manhattan Island from end to end was one of the gateways of the show.

What was impossible of presentation in a physical way was exhibited in pictorial form, with the heads of departments to explain the illustrations and to be heckled, too, by anybody who desired to heckle.

Between 200,000 and 300,000 school children went to that budget exhibit, and to-day they have a more comprehensive grasp of the government under which they are living and of things as they really are than a good many university graduates. Among the disenchanting things they learned was that the biggest and finest fire-engine doesn't cost $1,000,000, but only $6,500. Still, they were able to go home and tell their parents how the family could so burn gas as to obtain two-thirds more light at one-half the present cost.

Exclusive of children, there were 554,000 men and women who saw the exhibit in the thirty days and eight nights it lasted. Among these were foreign consuls and journalists to send reports abroad which have awakened cities across the sea. There were Westerners and Southerners and Northerners and Canadians to take home seed for planting. There were mayors and councilmen and educational bodies from all of the large cities and towns around New York.

Essentially it was a genuine city show, even to the advertising. Seven hundred thousand cards of invitation were sent to homes through school children, without cost save for the printing. Two hundred and fifty thousand similar notices were inclosed in bills and notices of personal taxes sent through the mails to taxpayers. The newspapers printed things about the show because the show was news, and that was more advertising. When the doors were closed, $4,000 of the appropriation for expenses remained on hand—an exhibit in itself that those who were in charge of the show had also taken a lesson in economy.

There is an appropriation of $25,000 in this year's budget for another exhibit in September or October next. The exhibit will be an annual event in New York unless, as has been suggested, a permanent municipal museum is established.

The new confidence game is here to stay. It can stand publicity.

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FURS · *from the* FAR · PLACES

by E. Alexander Powell, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS THROUGH THE COURTESY OF REVILLON FRÈRES

ON hands and knees, the Somali crept cautiously through the jungle. The sun, its fierceness softened by the interlacing branches, fell in splotches on his black and shining body, on his breech-clout of scarlet cotton, and on the shovel-bladed assegai in his hand. Ahead of him the jungle dwindled and thinned into a clearing, and toward this, silently as a snake, he wriggled. In the clearing, illumined by the unobstructed sun as with a spot-light, a leopard stood over the bleeding carcass of a goat. Big as half a hundred house-cats, every cord and sinew and muscle-band stood out in bold relief under the mottled silk-and-velvet skin.

Under the foot of the hunter a twig crackled. Instantly the great cat became rigid; the lips drew back in a snarl, baring the white teeth to the molars; the long tail stiffened; the dark hair rose along the spine. In the bush there was another crackle. This time the animal, noiselessly as though treading on velvet, slipped into the encircling jungle. With a grunt of disgust the Somali pushed his way through the thorn-thicket into the clearing. Head thrown forward, eyes scrutinizing the earth and the forest, moving on the balls of his feet as though on springs, he darted forward on the trail like some grim specter. As he passed under an overhanging bough, a lithe body, black and yellow, hurtled downward; there was a fierce snarl drowned in a scream of terror and pain. Shortening his spear-haft, the hunter plunged it again and again into the tawny hide, but not until they had torn him horribly did the savage claws relax. Though blinded by his own blood, with a final effort the Somali drove the great spear home. Then, staggering into the shadow of a tree, he died. . . .

That night, with much beating of tom-toms and waving of torches, his fellow-villagers came out to find him. Of the mangled corpse they were quite careless, for in Africa there are many hunters, and one more or less is of small matter; but the body of the leopard they skinned carefully, for in that far corner of the world the spotted robe is synonymous with royal ermine, and the white trader will give at least two yards of colored cotton for a single skin. Going back through the forest, they chanted some savage pæan, and on the black tree trunks the shadows thrown by the torches flickered drunkenly.

The long caravan wound slowly through the forest. On the ebony faces of the bearers, staggering under their loads, the sweat-drops gleamed like diamonds. From the reeking jungle the miasma rose in vapors like curling smoke. Now and again the line of blacks would halt and drop their burdens, while those ahead unslung their axes to cut through the barrier of creepers which had sprung up since man had last passed that way. And whenever one of these delays occurred, a man in a hammock carried by half a dozen sweating bearers, a man whose cheeks were gaunt and yellow with fever, would raise himself on his elbow and curse until he gasped painfully for breath.

"Hurry! hurry! Oh, my God, why *can't* those niggers hurry? I don't want to die out here in the bush. . . . I want to see a white face again. And the skins must get through . . . they must . . . they're all the life insurance I've got to leave the missis and the kids. Damn those niggers . . . why don't they hurry?"

After a time the line of blacks, in obedience to a whistle, would raise their burdens and resume their march. Finally the day came when, topping a rise, they saw the sea and, later on, a strip of yellow beach, a cluster of houses, white plaster and corrugated iron, and in the roadstead a steamer flying a flag, a French flag.

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"Get the skins aboard the steamer," the trader whispered, as they carried him into the grateful coolness of the little hospital. "Get 'em aboard quick. Bill 'em to the Leipsic house *via* Marseilles. There's a market for leopard skins if you can get 'em through quick. And write 'em to send the money to the missis; they know her address. . . . London . . . the Wandsworth Road. . . . I won't need it. They'll bring good money . . . they're good skins . . . but get 'em on the steamer . . . quick . . . quick . . . before the fashion changes."

And, turning his face toward the wall, the trader set out on his last trek.

If you will take the long and somber street which starts just back of the Leipsic station and follow it to the end, you will come to a large and gloomy building, which, so forbidding is its aspect, you will probably mistake for a prison—an impression which will be strengthened when you notice that no one is permitted to leave it without being searched. Within this building, the thick walls and barred windows of which guard the trade-secrets of one of the world's great fur-dressers, is a long, low-ceilinged room, and along one side of this room stands a row of giant hogsheads, and in each hogshead stands a naked man. And each man tramps, tramps, tramps on the skins in the bottom of the cask. Into the stifling atmosphere of the room, reeking with the fumes of perspiration and mahogany sawdust and rancid butter, hurries a man in his shirt-sleeves, the blue paper of a telegram in his hand.

"You've got to hurry up those leopard skins, Hocheimer," he bawls. "That New York house has just wired us that they can't use them unless they can get delivery in thirty days. They say the fashion shows signs of swinging back to long-haired furs. Damn the fashion, say I. Just the same, you'd better hurry 'em up."

It was a very large and very luxurious motor-car that drew up in front of a Fifth Avenue furrier's, panting, and a very fashionable young woman who swept into the store. "I wish to see a motor-coat," she said, in a quiet, well-bred voice, to the bowing salesman. "Something novel and different, that has not been worn to death."

"I understand perfectly what madam desires," said the salesman respectfully. "Mr. Jacobs, will you please get out those leopard-skin motor-coats which came in this morning from Leipsic."

"Oh, dear, no," interrupted the lady. "Leopard won't do at all. It is really too *passé*. I've seen no less than a dozen on the Avenue in the past few days. Still . . . they are rather chic. What is the price of this one, please? Two hundred dollars? Really, I do not see how you have the effrontery to ask such a price for such a fur. It is difficult to get good skins, you say? Well, I do not consider them worth any such price—and, besides, they have become common, absolutely common. Really, I think you had better show me a garment in some fur which is not so easy to get."

If only those furs which you wear so carelessly and so becomingly could talk, dear lady, what tales they would unfold! How little you think, as you fasten your lambskin coat, or slip your hands into the depths of your ermine muff, or pull your otter-trimmed opera-cloak closely about you, of the distant lands, and the strange peoples, and the devious ways through which those furs have come. You are willing to take for granted everything that preceded the purchase of that coat or muff or cloak, yet romance and tragedy and perhaps some little comedy lie back of that transaction. Do you appreciate, my lady, that each separate skin means that an animal has given its life that you may be fashionable and warm? Nor is it at all unlikely that they have cost the life of some lonely trapper in the frozen North or of a native hunter in the Andes or the Urals or the Pamirs; certain it is that they have cost these men untold privations.

And for it all those humble fellows in those faraway lands who lured the animals into their traps, or met them face to face and killed them with spear or club or rifle, carrying the pelts many a weary mile through trackless forests or across ice-bound rivers or over sun-scorched deserts, received but an infinitesimal part of the sum you paid to the immaculately tailored and manicured gentleman behind the counter. Talk about the romance of the diamond! Why, there is more real romance in any one of your fur garments than there is in the Kohinoor.

Spare me a short half-hour from your motoring or your bridge and I promise that before I finish you will value those furs of

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yours by some other standard than the crisp banknotes with which you paid for them. And it may happen, moreover, that I can tell you which furs are good to buy and which are not, and that I can set you on your guard, perhaps, against frauds and imitations.

That coat of Persian lambskin, for example. It is a fine one, I admit, but no matter what its cost or what the furrier told you, not the finest, for the simple reason that the Central Asian rulers set too much store by the ultra-finest quality of lambskin to permit the export of such little as is produced. They and their ministers of state have the pick of the skins made into those high black caps which you see in pictures, bedecking them, on occasions of ceremony, with osprey aigrettes held in place by clasps of diamonds. This bit of knowledge it took me eight thousand miles of journeying and many days spent in Turcoman bazaars to learn. The Emir of Bokhara once showed me one of these lambskin caps of such an exquisite quality that even when I had it in my hands I could scarcely believe it was of other than the finest uncut velvet.

The dealer from whom you bought the coat doubtless told you that the skins of which it is made came from Persia—a picturesque fabrication. The best quality of the fur known variously as "astrakhan" (doubtless because Astrakhan was formerly its port of entry into Russia), as "Persian lamb," and, to those who produce it, as *karakul*, comes from Afghanistan, its prohibitive cost being due to the heavy export duty which the emir of that forbidden country places upon it and which his subjects regularly try to evade by smuggling. For those smugglers who are caught, the emir has invented some ingenious but most unpleasant punishments—but that is another story. In Bokhara, where one of the great French fur-houses has established a Persian sheep-farm, the Afghan skins are mixed in parcels of ten with inferior local skins and go thence to Novgorod, to Moscow, and especially to the great annual fur-fair at Leipsic.

Another of the fallacies almost universally credited is that the curliest and glossiest "Persian lamb" is obtained by killing the mother to get the unborn lamb. This is the sheerest nonsense. What owner of a herd of these Afghan sheep would be so short-sighted as to kill a ewe that produced these finest black lambs? It is to his interest, on the contrary, to keep her alive that she may produce more. When the summer heat forces the Afghan herders to drive their flocks from the valleys on to the cooler mountains, it sometimes happens that a ewe dies of exhaustion, in which case, of course, the herders take the pelts of both mother and lamb; but this comparatively rare occurrence is the sole basis for the widely circulated delusion.

The finest of the *karakul* which does reach this country is, for some unexplainable reason, known as "broadtail." It is so perishable that it is impracticable for all ordinary purposes and, I might add, brings prices which will make the average woman sit up and gasp in sheer amazement. The American dealers have, strangely enough, applied the Afghan word *karakul* to a comparatively cheap substitute made from the skins of sheep, goats, and, in some cases, of dogs. From Shiraz, in the south of Persia (the home, you know, of Hafiz and Omar Khayyam) comes a curly but coarser pelt, more like wool than fur, which is known to the trade as "half-Persian lamb." Still another lambskin, soft as silk and white as snow, comes from the mountains of Tibet, but, owing to its exquisite quality as well as to the obstacles, both political and geographical, to any regular commerce with that well-nigh unknown land, its use is confined almost wholly to the Dalai Lama and his priests. Better than any of the last mentioned, so far as wearing qualities are concerned, is a lambskin from the south of Russia, also known as "astrakhan," a really excellent quality of which I have bought at Tiflis, in the Caucasus, at the rate of fourteen dollars for ten. "Gray Persian lamb," as it is called, a fur which most Russians associate with Cossack headgear and most Americans with children's winter garments, comes from no nearer Persia than the Crimea.

You must travel far to find a fiercer crew than the Central Asian tribesmen—Afghans, Turcomans, Tartars, Cossacks—who make their livelihoods by the raising and herding of these much-prized sheep. Fierce-faced, hawk-nosed, and lithe as leopards, ready to fight, to gamble, or to race at the drop of one of their sheepskin caps, they stand in much the same picturesque relation to Russian Asia that the cowboys of an earlier day did to our own West. As reckless in peace as in war, their favorite amusement is a sort of football played on horseback, with a sheep for the ball. The beheaded

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carcass of a black sheep is placed in the center of a *meidan*, as the sun-baked public commons which lie without the walls of most Asiatic towns are called, the players reining their horses into line, like jockeys at the start of a race, to await the signal to begin the game. At the crack of a pistol they spur madly toward the sheep, the player who seizes it, of course without dismounting, placing it under one leg and riding his hardest for the boundary which has been marked out for the purpose. Close on his heels gallop the others, endeavoring to wrest the prize from him before he can get out of bounds, and the sheep at times passes from leg to leg for hours before any one succeeds in carrying it across the line and thus making the pelt his own.

You are doubtless aware that the ermine of which your muff is made has been the emblem of royalty almost since royalty began—in Russia, until very recent years, its use being forbidden to those not of noble birth. But I wonder if you are likewise aware that it is brother, or at least first cousin, to the weasel. Ermine, as a matter of fact, is nothing more than the weasel or common stoat in its northern coat, for, like other arctic and sub-arctic animals, the weasel turns white in winter in order that it may be as inconspicuous as possible in its environment of ice and snow. Yet so abnormally keen of sight are the Canadian and Siberian trappers that they can distinguish at almost incredible distances the little black tip of the ermine's tail as it whisks across the dazzling plains.

It is very shy, is the ermine, and special snares must be devised by the trapper to avoid injuring the delicate skin. Even the smallest of the steel traps are too heavy for such tiny animals as these, and here it is that the trapper's fertility of resource is most strikingly displayed. Smearing a little grease on his hunting-knife, he lays it across the succession of dots and dashes which show that an ermine has passed that way. Along comes the tiny white form on its erratic course again, the grease appeals to it, and it begins to lick the knife-blade, which, in those far northern lands, where the mercury drops to twenty, thirty, forty degrees below zero, is inconceivably cold. Did you never as a child, on a winter's morning, put your tongue to some piece of metal only to find that it did not easily come away? So it is, then, with the ermine, whose tiny red tongue is instantly frozen to the steel as though with glue. The knife being too heavy for the little animal to carry off, it can only wait until the trapper comes upon his rounds—and you, my lady, have a muff of snowy, unmarred skins.

It is difficult to believe that these timorous and tiny animals could under any circumstances prove dangerous to a man, yet there is a Russian landowner in Finland who will show you scars on his neck and face and hands to prove that it is so. Returning to his shooting-lodge one day from a stroll in the forest, he saw a pair of ermine in his path. Picking up a stone, he carelessly threw it, knocking one of them over. Instead of disappearing, the other ermine uttered a shrill cry, which was immediately answered by the appearance of a score or more of its mates. Despite the Russian's attempts to scare them away, the little animals came boldly on, running up his legs and back to get at his throat. Appreciating the extreme danger of his position, he drew his coat-collar close about his neck in an effort to protect his throat, and, taking to his heels, ran more than a mile through the forest to his hunting lodge with a dozen of the infuriated animals clinging to him. Gasping, frightened, and exhausted, his hands, face, and neck covered with wounds where he had been bitten, he stumbled into a party of his *moujiks*, who killed five of the ermine, which still clung to him vindictively.

You have good reason to be proud of that cloak trimmed with sea-otter, my lady, for it is made from the rarest of all furs. So difficult to obtain has sea-otter become that Russian sable, long a synonym for all that is expensive and luxurious, is now almost plebeian in comparison. But exclusive, expensive, and exquisite as you know your cloak to be, there, I fancy, your knowledge of it ends. Yet in all the long list of furs, none is so redolent of romance. When the survivors of Vitus Bering's ill-fated expedition found their way back to Siberian shores with a new fur that was neither beaver nor otter, but larger than either and of a finer sheen than sable, and sold the pelts to Chinese merchants for five hundred rubles each, the effect was as startling as the discovery of a gold-mine. The new fur was the sea-otter, as peculiar to the Pacific as the seal, and destined to lead Russian, Cossack, and Siberian adventurers in a wild stampede to the Aleutians.

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Imagine a sea-animal the size of a Newfoundland dog, with a skin larger than a seal and more beautiful than any sable, the supply of which cannot fill even a fraction of the demand, and it is not difficult to understand why the slaughter of the sea-otter has become so indiscriminate and relentless that the annual catch has dwindled from 150,000 to scarce four hundred skins a year. So great is the demand among Russian nobles and Chinese mandarins for this rare fur, and so fabulous are the prices they are willing to pay, that, so I was told in Moscow, scarce fourscore of the skins reach the United States each year. In the days when the sea-otter were plentiful, they could be shot by still-hunting in calm weather, as they showed their heads above the surface of the sea to breathe; but to-day they must be hunted in the wildest Alaskan gale. Waiting until the violence of the storm has driven the animals to seek refuge among the rocks, the Aleutian hunter, plying his double-bladed paddle from where he sits in the manhole of his fragile, skin-covered *kayak*, rides at express-train speed on the crests of the seething rollers to those barren, reef-girt islands where the otters hide from their pursuers with their heads buried in the tossing, wave-washed seaweed. Beaching his skiff, the hunter darts from rock to rock, slipping on the ice, beaten by the wind, in constant danger of being caught by the waves and hurled to death, until, with a blow of his gaff-pole, he has won for you, out of the tempest, that marvelous opera-cloak.

As the sea-otter has been ruthlessly destroyed, just so surely, unless the governments concerned adopt at once the most drastic measures of prevention, will the fur-seal disappear. Hidden by the thick-as-wool Alaskan fogs, the poachers—Japanese, Canadian, and American alike—slip in under the very noses of the patrolling gunboats and pillage the seal-islands, slaughtering the females as well as the males, or, in their mad haste, often merely stunning the poor animals and skinning them alive. Hence the alarming depletion of the seal-herd, which in thirty years has dwindled from upward of five millions to a scant 150,000; hence the doubling and even quadrupling in value of that always good, if somewhat old-fashioned garment, the seal-skin coat.

There is no denying that the seal, the sea-otter, and indeed several other of our native fur-bearing animals, promise to disappear as completely as the buffalo. No country was ever blessed with an animal of value for such manifold purposes as the buffalo, and no country was ever so criminally negligent in permitting the extinction of a species. To-day all that is left of those once vast herds beneath whose hoofs the earth trembled day and night, is a few score head of mangy bison carefully tended in zoölogical gardens and national parks.

Twenty years ago no Western man was so poor that he could not afford a buffalo coat; to-day those coats are so rare that a perfect one would bring its weight in silver. An order for a set of perfect buffalo robes is one at which the greatest of the world's furriers would have to balk.

The extinction of the buffalo and the depletion of the fur-seal notwithstanding, the fur-trade of America is greater to-day than ever before in its history, though it has seen many changes since the "company of gentleman adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay" was supreme in the Canadian wilds and, on this side of the line, the forefathers of the living Astors commenced to build on a foundation of skins that family's colossal fortune. The Hudson's Bay Company, which for three hundred years held despotic sway north of the fiftieth parallel, now has no privileges not accorded to others. Yet, strangely enough, it sells more furs than in the days when it held monopoly over all Canada, and this in spite of the fact that it is now opposed by a French company which is as powerful as itself and does as large a business, to say nothing of the hosts of smaller companies and of the independent buyers known as "free traders."

But it will astonish most of you, I doubt not, to learn that on the American side of the border the volume of the fur-trade is the largest ever known in the United States—larger than in the days when the buffalo and the beaver, the seal and the sea-otter, were in their prime. For the furs of other, if humbler, animals have taken their place. More money is going to trappers to-day for mink and skunk and fox and muskrat than was ever made out of the rare furs. The swamps of New Jersey and Delaware alone yield more than three million muskrats a year, and for them the furriers pay from four to forty cents a skin. So great is the demand for skunk skins—for use in making muffs and neck-pieces of "genuine

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FUR-HUNTERS' CAMP IN THE WOODS OF NORTHERN SASKATCHEWAN, BETWEEN THE SOURIS RIVER AND LAC LA RONGE.

black fox" and "guaranteed black lynx" —that men in the West are running skunk-farms, receiving for the skins the same price that used to be paid for beaver.

The market for fox-skins, be they red, blue, gray, or silver, increases yearly, the trappers getting all the way from a dollar for a common gray fox to a hundred dollars for a silver one. So great has become the vogue of the finer qualities of fox-skins that the great French house of Revillon Frères found it worth their while to establish a blue-fox farm on one of the Aleutians and a farm for silver foxes on a rocky islet off the coast of Labrador. Though the commonest of silver-fox skins will bring the trapper fifty dollars, while a particularly fine specimen sold in London not long ago for $3,000, the experiment of raising them has thus far proved unsuccessful —they are so ferocious and so given to killing their own young.

The fur-trade of the world is practically controlled by four great concerns: the Hudson's Bay Company, a historic British institution with headquarters in London and Montreal, and with more than a score of trading-posts or "factories" scattered through the Canadian wilderness; the great French house of Revillon Frères, with offices in Paris and New York and agents in every corner of the fur-producing globe; the Russian-American Fur Company, the powerful Moscow concern which holds in its hands the fur-trade of Siberia and Russian Central Asia and the sealeries of the Commander Islands; and the Royal Fur Company of Greenland, a wealthy Danish corporation with its head offices in Copenhagen.

Scarcely have the autumn leaves begun to change from scarlet into yellow before the fur brigades set out from the various outposts of the two great companies operating in Canada, for their distant winter hunting grounds on the shores of James Bay, northward along the Mackenzie from Great Slave Lake or in the unmapped forests of Ungava, Alberta, and Saskatchewan. The most northerly of these starting points

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MINK COAT COSTING THIRTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS—AND MINK IS CONSIDERED ONLY A SEMI-PRECIOUS FUR.

is Fort McPherson, a Hudson's Bay post, three thousand miles to the northward from Vancouver and a hundred and fifty miles above the Arctic Circle. The roads which lead northward from these outposts of civilization are old, old roads. Men packed provisions or poled canoes on them before George Washington was born. Some of them have resounded to the war-whoop of raiding bands of Indians, and few of them

ESKIMOS BRINGING PELTS TO A SHIP AT ETAH.

indeed have not known the moccasined tread of the lean French *couriers du bois*. They are long roads, too—days' journeys going down and weeks' journeys coming back, and the men who travel these roads come to have extended acquaintances. When two canoes meet, as likely as not the men will shake hands and recall a former meeting, a thousand miles away, on another of the long trails which lead into the fur-lands, exactly as though the whole vast North were a little

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neighborhood in which every one knew every one else.

Ceded to the Indians by treaty "as long as the sun shall rise or the rivers flow," the hunting grounds in the Great Northern Forest have for centuries been divided and subdivided and allotted by bargain or by battle among the factions and families of each tribe. These family hunting grounds usually take the form of wedge-shaped tracts

SOME OF THE STREAMS ARE TOO SWIFT FOR EVEN A MOTOR-DRIVEN BOAT.

radiating from a common center, the hubs making convenient camping places after the arduous winter and being also used as tribal burying grounds. Some of the Indians in the more northerly districts, where the furs are the finest because of the greater cold, remain in the woods from year's end to year's end, cacheing the pelts which they gather, until, in the spring, they are collected by the half-breed agents of the great fur-houses, who follow the trails and settle

A FIFTEEN-HUNDRED DOLLAR WRAP OF "BROADTAIL"—THE MOST EXPENSIVE OF THE CENTRAL ASIAN FURS.

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accounts with the trappers whenever opportunity offers. For such of these men as work alone in the bitter cold of the wilderness, an accident with gun or axe, sickness or the capsizing of a canoe, means almost certain death, for there is no human being to know, or offer aid. Sometimes, again, the unthinkable loneliness of these frozen solitudes brings madness.

All through the long and dreary winter they hunt and trap on snowshoes, dragging their heavy-laden sleds behind them, depending for fresh meat on such moose and caribou as they can shoot, constantly moving their wigwams as the marten "roads" play out, and so, as the short days of that long season pass, gradually adding to their store of skins. At last the days lengthen, the snow begins to melt, the lakes open, and the rivers once more run free. Sleds are cast aside, canoes are mended and loaded, and to the click of the shod canoe-poles and the *chants des voyageurs* the long journey to the posts begins.

When the trapper brings in his furs to the trading-post, which he usually does twice a year, in October and in March, he is taken to the trading-room, where the factor carefully examines, classifies, and values each skin, and, when the whole pack has been gone over, hands to the Indian a number of small metal or wooden tallies, each of them representing the value of one "skin" or, as it is more often called, "made-beaver," a token which is equivalent to one dollar in the Hudson's Bay country but represents only half that sum in the Athabasca region. This standard of value was years ago adopted by mutual consent as fair to all concerned, in order to obviate the use of money and to make the exchanges on an intelligent and equitable basis, for the Indians invariably take their pay in weapons, supplies, and tawdry trinkets.

The weighing-beam scales, the collapsible mold, and the giant fur-press do their work, and soon the canvas wrappers cover the skins of beaver, otter, fisher, fox, marten,

A FUR-TRADER'S WAREHOUSE IN THE HUDSON'S BAY COUNTRY.

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ARCTIC OR WHITE FOX, READY TO BE MANUFACTURED—PART OF ONE OF THE MOST VALUABLE SHIPMENTS EVER MADE TO THIS COUNTRY.

mink, ermine, skunk, musquash, raccoon, wolf, wolverine, and bear. Then they are put aboard the lake or river boat for the first stage of the six thousand mile journey by rail and steamer which will end in a London salesroom. The great annual fur sales held in London draw buyers from every corner of the civilized world, a silent nod of the head from one of the fur-brokers or dealers serving to confirm a bid of thousands of dollars. Far more picturesque than these prosaic gatherings were the old-time "sales by inch of candle." These were usually held in some well-known coffee-house with the classified pelts stacked up along the wall. At the conclusion of a more or less riotous dinner, a lighted candle, with pins stuck in at intervals of an inch, was placed in full view on the table, and the bidding began. The bids were received as the candle burned from pin to pin—quick work, for the candle was no thicker than a pencil—the last bidder before the flame went out taking the furs.

From the salesrooms three quarters of the furs go to Leipsic to be dyed and dressed, for Germany, though not a producer of furs, is famous as a manufacturer, some of her fur houses having for centuries jealously guarded their secrets of dyeing and dressing. Sometimes the secret is in getting the oil out of the pelts of white furs, such as ermine, white fox, or polar bear, without tingeing them yellow. Other dressers, again, polish the furs with inferior grease instead of butter, or deodorize them imperfectly instead of tramping with mahogany sawdust. A white fur tinged with yellow, a fur that is lustrous only in spots, or a fur that retains the animal odor, all stand for inferior workmanship.

Tubbing the pelts is, perhaps, the strangest stage in the whole operation of fur-dressing. The tubs resemble half-hogsheads or huge butter-churns, slightly inclined backward from the floor and placed in a row along one side of a room. In the bottom of each tub is placed a number of skins sprinkled with hot mahogany sawdust. A workman, naked from his waist downward, enters the tub, a heavy cloth tied about his waist and over the chimb of the cask so as to retain

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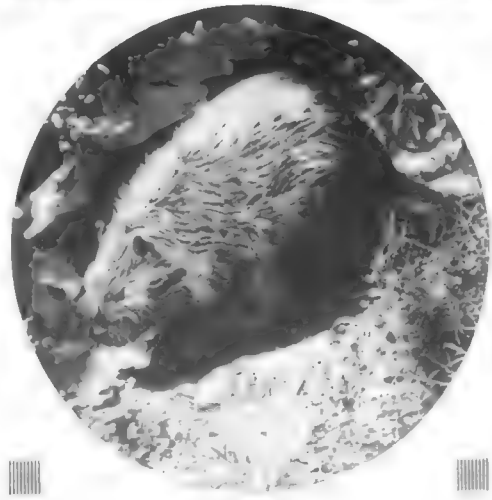
the moisture of his body. By treading and twisting movements with his feet he works the skin over and over for several hours until the pelt is thoroughly softened, or, in furrier's parlance, "leathered." I know of few stranger sights than to see a score or more of these men, their bodies protruding from their barrels like Ali Baba's Forty Thieves from their jars, treading, shuffling, and swaying—silently, solemnly, and monotonously.

The fur-seal alone excepted, the choicest furs are rarely dyed. Indeed, their degree of excellence is chiefly determined by the nearness of their approach in the natural color to the most desirable shade for that species. In the case of the fur-seal, however, fashion has decided that the color shall be changed to a lustrous blackish-brown, a shade resembling nothing whatever in the animal kingdom. Some skins, such as beaver and otter, are "silvered" by passing lightly over them a solution of sulphuric acid, while still others are made a golden yellow by means of peroxide of hydrogen. Dyed furs, however, are rarely if ever as durable as those left in the natural state, the artificial color eventually fading and leaving the garment with an old and worn appearance. The number of successful dyers in the world is very small, and as their prosperity is contingent on the elimination of competition, the compositions of their dyes, usually the results of long and costly experiments, are jealously guarded.

The grading of skins is an accomplishment demanding the finest discrimination, especially where such rare furs as sable, otter, and ermine are concerned. In grading sables every imperfection in color, luster, and coat is given careful consideration, many points which no layman could discern commanding a high premium. The finest sables, usually designated as "Russian crown," come from Kamchatka, Yakutsk, and North China, the fur of one of these little animals, barely nine inches long, including the tail, and scarcely larger than one's finger, readily bringing from $15 to $150 a skin. Experts will tell you, I might add, that they prefer a first-class American marten to any sable except the finest.

Cleaned, prepared, and sorted, the skins come at last into the hands of the cutter, and when a manufacturer is cutting up skins he is literally cutting up so much money. I wonder if you know that to prepare a sable or a mink, for example, the skin must be slashed into strings, narrow pieces more or less irregular in shape, which are afterward sewed together. There may be a thousand pieces in a single cloak, the new and beautiful skin being literally cut to pieces, in order to obtain greater length, before it is manufactured. A sable, for example, say ten inches long, will be drawn out to two feet and its markings so perfectly preserved that it looks like a very long but well-proportioned skin. That superior judgment and the most skilled workmanship are imperative for the successful performance of this operation needs no saying, and this goes far to explain the great difference in price between the raw skins and the completed garment.



BECAUSE OF THE WHOLESALE SLAUGHTER OF THE BEAVER, A "CLOSE LAW" HAS PROTECTED IT FOR A NUMBER OF YEARS PAST.

Once manufactured into garments—cloaks, jackets, stoles, muffs, hats, and Heaven knows what besides—the furs are scattered as broadcast over the world as the lands from which they came: the ermine from Athabasca hangs, perhaps, from the shoulders of a Balkan sovereign; the sea-otter from the Aleutians guards a grand duchess from a Russian winter's cold; the chinchilla from the Bolivian Andes encircles the slender neck of the

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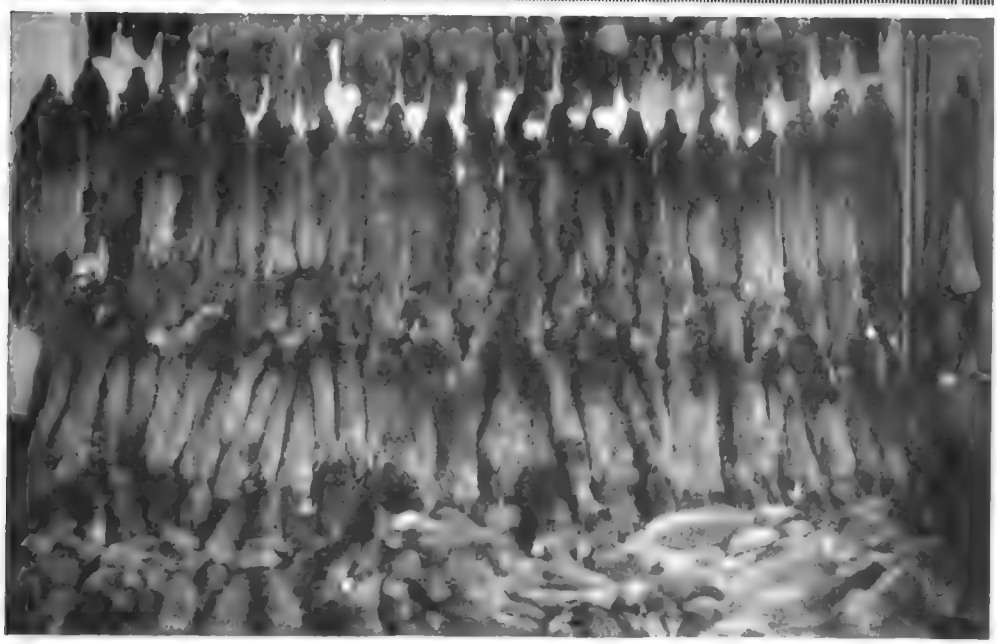

DESPITE THE PROHIBITIVE PRICE, SILVER FOX REMAINS ALMOST WITHOUT A RIVAL IN THE WORLD OF FASHION.

greatest beauty of the London season; the sable that once frisked over the Siberian steppes lines the overcoat of a Wall Street money-lord, and the broadtail that was smuggled across the Afghan border now serves as coat-collar to a theatrical manager on Broadway.

Somewhere below these furs of the first water are the "semi-precious" skins with which most of us are quite willing to content ourselves: velvety sealskin; rich, brown mink; good, honest otter, marten, lynx, fox, and all the rest. Below these, again, comes a whole horde of dishonest furs—make-believes, copies, imitations—masquerading under aliases and "trade names" because, for some inexplicable reason, those who sell or those who buy them are ashamed to use their real ones. Some of these make-believes have much to recommend them, as the Russian muskrat, for example, which can be dyed to a perfect imitation of marten and wears even better than its prototype. Then again there is beaver pointed in imitation of sea-otter or silver fox—a harmless enough imitation, for wig-makers are employed to sew into the pelt the hairs of the badger, the rabbit, or the white fox—a little trick which does not interfere with the beaver's serviceability or warmth.

But, everything considered, there is more fraud and deception practiced in the retail fur business than in any other branch of commerce, not even jewels and paintings excepted. As a people we are rather fond of fraud—let us admit it frankly. Until some of the wholesome restrictions of the pure food law are applied to furs, or until those sections of the penal code relating to misleading statements about goods and obtaining money under false pretenses are more rigidly enforced, or until the reputable American furriers form a Vigilance Committee, as their fellows were recently forced to do in London, Mrs. American Woman stands a very excellent chance of being cheated.

The dodges and devices practiced by the unscrupulous dealers for the undoing of the ignorant or the careless are past enumera-

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tion. A favorite trick is to label a low-priced fur with a name so similar to a high-priced one that only the expert would notice the difference. A set of genuine black lynx costs anywhere from $100 to $150, but at many stores the shopper will see what is apparently the self-same fur marked "Russian lynx" and priced at $25. The latter is nothing more valuable than the skins of the Belgian hare dyed black, but it is only after the inexpert purchaser has given it a few months' wear that she finds out the difference—to her cost.

A really fine set of silver fox will bring as high as $7,000, but in another store you will see displayed a set of black furs sprinkled with white hairs and placarded "silvered fox," and the price is only fifty dollars. But even fifty dollars is a good round price to pay for dogskin dyed black and touched up by the insertion of white badger hairs. The sulphur-colored Japanese mink constantly sells for the genuine American mink, though its color has to be changed to make it do duty for our native article. A set of real mink will sell for anywhere from $100 to $500, but a muff and stole of the Japanese variety can be had for from fifty to seventy-five dollars.

The chinchilla is a small South American animal which resembles a cross between a rabbit and a rat. A dozen years ago their fluffy gray skins could be bought for four dollars a dozen; now a dozen of them costs $260 in the open market. Desiring to obtain a cheap substitute for this high-priced fur, the dealers chose Australian opossum as a makeshift, and to-day you can see in many windows cards bearing the legend "Australian chinchilla," though an Australian would not recognize such an animal if he saw it.

"Hudson seal" is merely a trade name for muskrat furs. A coat of genuine muskrat is worth $250, but many dealers advertise rabbitskin coats as being of Hudson seal. "Electric seal" is the result of treating the skins of Paris sewer rats with electricity, and "near-seal" results from much the same process applied to the skins of cats. A coat of "Persian lamb" is produced from Chinese sheepskins at about a fifth of what the real article should cost, while calfskins, tanned and dyed, have deceived many a woman into believing that she is wearing Russian pony.

All in all, the fur-trade is a strange and interesting and romantic business, and though there is in it much deception and fraud, I like to let my thoughts dwell, rather, on those hardy, honest, humble fellows who start the furs from the forest on that devious road which leads eventually to the shoulders of the fair.

COUNTLESS HARDSHIPS AND UNTOLD PRIVATIONS LIE BEHIND EVERY EXPENSIVE SET OF FURS IN THE CITY SHOPS.

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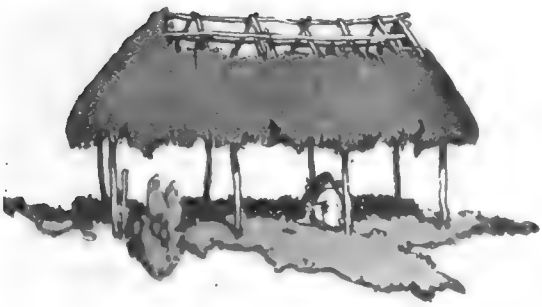

THE NIGHT'S WORK

by James Hopper

AUTHOR OF "CAYBIGAN," "THE TURNING OF GOOSIE," ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. B. FALLS

AT the question the captain's cigar cut the darkness in a falling arc of fire, and then was still at the end of his invisible arm, a red pin-prick of light, very low, almost upon the veranda's polished floor. There was a silence. We could not see him, though we could divine, vaguely, the whiteness of his suit along the low reclining chair. From out the bay, far, there came a single wailing cry, and then a soft tattoo of paddle upon gunwale—a fisherman out there in the obscurity, luring the fish to his nets. The captain's voice boomed out suddenly. It was as if the Night were speaking; but the words were human and familiar.

"We who fight," he said, "are just like you—who fight in other ways. Just as you, Price, who buy and sell; you, Carson, who wind and unwind—and knot—red tape; just as you, Wright, who make laws, and you, lawyer over there, who unmake them; just as Jones here, who mends broken bones, and Cole there, who patches up damaged souls—so do I, at times, get almighty sick of my job. But never have I had the nausea of it so acutely as one morning, in the Batangas hills, two years ago. It was a bright morning, too, and the sun was rising. It rose upon a nipa hut on the high platform of which, framed by the open door, stood a man holding up high and triumphantly a newborn babe. And as I watched this man, this half-savage brown man, raising thus to the sun, like a host, this child, there enveloped me suddenly a disgust vast and heavy as the night which had fled, weak and wan as a breakfastless dawn."

He was silent, and we, also silent, watched with curiosity the light of his cigar, motionless still, a tiny red beacon just above the polished floor. It rose abruptly; in its pulsing glow we caught for a moment a rapid glimpse of his hatchet-carved features. The light fell again toward the floor. "I must admit," said the captain, "that I had been up all night."

There was a vague movement along the veranda; a relaxing, a snuggling into chairs of men now assured of the story:

It was this way. The evening before, at dinner (we were in Lipa), the Colonel had said to me: "Hello, Smith; if you want another chance at that devil Montale, here it is! We have the tip that to-night he crosses with his band from such-and-such a mountain to such-and-such a mountain. Take the Macabebes, go to such-and-such a *barrio*, ambush the trail near there—and you may get him!"

There was a jocular growl to his voice, and a light in his green eyes, my passion for Montale hunting being, throughout the service, a byword and a jest. For sixteen months I had been after this bandit (he called himself patriot!); and in these sixteen months, twelve times had I just missed walking in on him in his camp, by the breadth of a hair. But what the Colonel did not know was that it was not Montale himself who was my main passion. True enough, I did want to catch that torturing devil. But I had another obsession.

It was a member of his band. I had never seen this fellow, and I wanted to see him.

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Yes, really, just to see him! See him and ask him one question.

For this man, ladrone and outlaw as he was, fleeing, fighting, harassed, was tormented—I had ascertained it in my unsuccessful raids—by an intimate and singular desire, an ambition at once useless, hopeless, and immensely stubborn. I had picked up the evidences of it twelve times in sixteen months. The first time, in a clearing up in the hills, the evidence consisted of an old Spanish copybook. Straying loosely across its soiled and wrinkled pages were line upon line of touching and shaky "sticks," then line upon line of cramped little loops, then a sprinkle of contorted letters, and then, finally, toward the end, in a heavy, vacillant hand, the strokes wavering like the reflection of trees in a ripply lake, a name, repeated over and over again—*Emilio Balthazar*.

Afterward, there was no copybook; we were hot upon the trail, and it was a period of poverty and meager living. But at each surprise, as I rummaged, on hill, plain, in paddy or forest, among the rubbish of a dead camp, I found again the traces of my man. On pieces of wrapping paper, on scraps of all kinds, once, even, scratched with a knife on a broad banana leaf, the ingenuous and patient sticks and loops, and then, shaky but triumphant at the end, running a bit upward in an uplift symbolical of his desire, the name—Emilio Balthazar, Emilio Balthazar, Emilio Balthazar!

From thus being always on this man's tracks, delving, as it were, among the indications of his individuality, I had acquired of him, I might say, at once a curiosity and a familiarity. I wanted to see him, and yet I knew him. I viewed his efforts with growing interest, with a sneaking sympathy. I kept the results of his steady toiling; when I came upon a new one, I compared, marking the progress. I can't say there was much. There was something inexorably inelastic about the hand which, with such ponderous persistence, traced little sticks and little loops and Emilio Balthazars; some racial incapacity, I suppose. But always the Emilio Balthazars, starting low, ended high; deployed here like bold skirmishers, huddled there in momentary panic, the letters of that sonorous name mounted ever upward in chaotic assault. I began to give him mental pushes; such as one gives, from the bleachers, to a team in a football game. I would catch myself, of idle moments, tracing in the air, with my index finger, perfect, impeccable Emilio Balthazars. I arrived at the point when I could see him, clearly, in my mind's eye—a young, slender fellow with a big shock of blue-black hair; when he wrote—huddled against a rock or a tree, in the glittering silence of the siesta hours, or by a smudge beneath the moon—this hair tumbled down over his eyes, his bare toes twitched, and his tongue bulged his right cheek.

So that I wanted to catch Emilio Balthazar, sometime, and to ask him a question—why he wanted to learn to write!

"You'll go?" repeated the Colonel jocosely. I suppose I had been silent a moment, thinking of this thing.

"Watch me," I said, waking up; and went out to get the Macabebes ready.

We marched out at dusk; we had some three hours' tramp before us. We went along the highway for a mile, then turned into a sunken road that rose gradually into the hills. In an hour we had left the day's heat pooled in the lowlands, and drops of dew, like diamonds, began to glitter on our guns. We marched steadily; dogs barked in the distance; I thought of Emilio Balthazar. I wondered if I should see him this time, if I should be able at last to ask him why he wanted to write. I had no great expectations. "Tips" such as that on which we were off were unreliable.

Still, I could not help hoping. We tramped on, making good progress. We passed sleeping *barrios*, barred and shuttered, silent except, perhaps, for the sudden wail of a child, or behind a partition, close to our ears, an old man's guarded cough. We streamed down a gully, rose out of the other side, and emerged slap-bang into the little *barrio* which was our destination. To my surprise, we found ourselves in a humming of disturbed humanity. This *barrio* was not asleep; it was up and alive. From the shutters, open askew, sputtering glows fell to the ground; the grassy lanes seemed filled with people; and upon the swaying platform at the door of one of the huts, upon the rickety ladder leading up to it, women were perched like geese. I asked for the *teniente*.

He came; from out the hut, pressing through the women—a little old man with head bent to the right. I questioned him. It seemed that all this hubbub was over the

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HUDDLED AGAINST A TREE, IN THE GLITTERING SILENCE OF THE SIESTA HOURS, OR BENEATH THE MOON—HIS BARE TOES TWITCHING, AND HIS TONGUE BULGING HIS RIGHT CHEEK.

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birth of a child. "It is Constancia Perez," he said. "She is having a child, but she cannot bring it forth. She is suffering very hard—an *angustia*—and every one is very anxious and cannot sleep."

A bit suspicious, I asked to see this Constancia Perez. I went up after him, up the shaky ladder, through the chattering women. They hung on the ladder, they crouched upon the platform, they peered within, some silent and awed, others whispering stridently, others discussing, with shrill voices and vigorous gestures, points, I suppose, in primitive surgery. I slipped within, and saw right away that the *teniente* had told me the truth.

Within this small room, with its sagging floor, stood a massive mahogany bed, incongruously large, large as a monument, as an altar, and upon this she lay. The interior of the room, of nipa and bamboo smoked by the open fireplace, was dull of tone; in that dullness, its one bright note, the pillow upon which rested her head had a bursting quality of light, was like a halo; and across it her heavy tresses, immobile and yet contorted, were very black. She lay there, upon the pillow, with a slightly weary reëntrant position of her chin; her eyes, shadowy beneath the long lashes, were closed; and she had the face of a child, of a little child that suffers, and does not know why it should suffer, and yet bears that suffering with patience. A small lamp shed triangles of light upon her arm, upon her breast, gilding the golden skin to brighter gold; but her face was very pale.

At times she parted her lips a bit, and for a long moment groaned gently with each exhaling breath. It was a little groan, a piteous little groan, and held no revolt, no protest. Then a convulsion shook her body and, seeming to listen intently, she frowned with an air concentrated and tragic. An old crone squatted simian-like on a chair at the head of the bed; she rose at intervals and passed a cloth across the blanched brow. And at the door a young Tagalog huddled miserably. A feeling that I did not belong there sent me out in a hurry. I had my own work to do.

"Tell all your people," I said to the *teniente*, "to go to bed and be quiet. Tell them that every one to-night must stay within the *barrio*. Tell them that any one attempting to go out will be shot. We stay very near."

"*Opo*," he salaamed. "As you command."

Martin, my second lieutenant, had been reconnoitering meanwhile. "I've got the place," he said. "A clump of bamboo. It commands the whole pass."

We went down to his "place." Not more than two hundred yards from the *barrio*, it afforded an admirable ambush. A quarter of a mile ahead, the path down which Montale and his band were supposed to come tumbled out of the hills upon a small, bare plateau; it kept on, unsheltered, across this clearing for four hundred yards, and then plunged into a thick bamboo *bosque*. We occupied the *bosque*, squatting right across the trail, and from its interwoven vegetation commanded the clearing and the mouth of the path. It was simple as a game of hide and seek. In a few moments we had our men posted, on their bellies in the bush, rifles loaded. I stepped out and looked back with the feelings of a stage-manager. The thing was perfect; not a spot of khaki showed, not a glint of barrel. I slid back within, and the vigil began.

To the left, toward the *barrio*, the buzzing was ceasing. The *teniente*, evidently, was carrying out my orders. A flight of black bats passed silken overhead, and then the moon rose behind us. It sent, tentatively, a few gleaming sword-thrusts through the thicket, and then, mounting higher, poured upon the clearing its luminous cascade. Under the light, the long *cogón* grass seemed to take on a glow, a phosphorescence of its own; at the same time, a slight breeze from the west agitated it; and from the far and indistinct extremity of the plateau it came running silently to us in opalescent and ghostly waves.

I felt at my throat that slight tightening which comes with the imminence of action; that slight tightening of the throat which, I sometimes think, is the lure of the life—and its reward. The reward of hardships and wounds and starvation and thirst. And I thought of Emilio Balthazar. I could see him, young and dark, squatting by the side of the trail awaiting the start, a bit of paper on his knee, his tongue bulging his cheek, his hair in his eyes. But more likely he was already on the march, coming toward us, toward me—and my question——

I relaxed after a while, for nothing was coming, and I realized that we had before us a long period of waiting—perhaps sterile at the end. About me the whisperings of

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the Macabebes were gradually dying; there were vague nestling movements, sighs; one man began a snore abruptly broken by a comrade's whacking slap. A silence fell upon the *bosque*, upon the clearing; and from the invisible extremity of the plateau, as from a far horizon, the grasses came undulating toward us without a rustle, without a sound, in long, lustrous waves opalescent with moon. I thought of Emilio Balthazar; my hand, rising unconsciously in the darkness, wrote against the clearing's luminous and shifting background, impeccably, his name——

And then suddenly I felt Martin's hand upon my arm, gripping to the bone, and simultaneously a pricking of the hair upon my head. In the profound silence, coming from the left as if very near, a quavering moan had sounded; and now it was sliding up chromatically to a cry—to a cry that kept on rising; to a cry that rose and rose and rose and rose, till it seemed impossible, till it ceased to be a voice, till it seemed to come from the earth, from the trees, from the sky, from nowhere, till it seemed the vault itself of the firmament above us. And there it remained, incredibly sustained, drilling our bones to the marrow, for a time long as infinity; then abruptly broke, collapsed in one note that fell back down the long octaves up which it had so torturingly risen, and ended again in the moan that seemed almost at our feet.

"What is it?" gasped Martin. He is a big man, and in the obscurity I could feel him pant. "What is it? What is it?"

And then I remembered. "It is the woman," I said. "The girl. The girl in the *barrio*—giving birth."

"My God!" he whispered.

And we remained standing, side by side, immobile in the darkness. Gradually the startled silence was flowing back in long, sweet ripples. We relaxed; breathing easily, we looked across the clearing, undulating beneath the moon, and farther, toward the indistinct masses of hill out of which tumbled the path, the path along which, even now perhaps, Montale and his band were coming toward us; Montale and his band and Emilio Balthazar——

And then again from the left came the cry—at first the low moan, crawling to us along the ground; then, superimposed upon it, a high, shrill note; then, superimposed upon that, a higher, shriller note; and upon that, one still higher, still more shrill; then just one note, rising, rising, rising, rising, till it seemed to spring from the body emitting it and, wandering, bereft of anything human, to flit about the trees, about the sky, the voice of Pain itself, of Pain mad and delirious.

"My God!" whispered Martin, when again the cry had ended in a low moan at our feet—and I caught in the shadow the movement of his hand across his brow—"My God! Are we to hear this, like that, all night!"

"I don't know," I said. "I don't know; I don't know."

But we were. We were to hear it, thus, all night. Regularly, now, at intervals ever closer, we heard the cry, the cry of the girl in the poor hut of that lamentable *barrio*, starting low, then swiftly rising; rising, rising, rising impossibly, incredibly, till it seemed to leap from her, no longer a voice, but Pain itself, a red, flayed thing, flitting, screaming, among the trees. And, standing close in the darkness, we watched. At our feet, stolid, the Macabebes slept in the grass; at times one of them stretched, or groaned, or sighed; and we looked across the clearing, undulating impassively beneath the moon, and waited.

Two hours after midnight, unable to be still any longer, I left Martin in charge and walked toward the *barrio*.

A subdued buzzing as I drew near told me that my orders had not been well obeyed. Many were up; half the population of the place seemed to be in the lanes; and upon the ladder of the suffering hut hung whole clusters of women. I called again the *teniente*. "What does all this mean?" I scolded. "Get them all to bed. There is too much noise."

He stood before me, small, his head twisted to one side, and looked at the big toes of his bare feet with a strange intensity. Suddenly he raised his eyes to me, and they were like a dog's. "She cannot," he said miserably. "She cannot bring forth the child, Señor Comandante!"

I was staggered. "She is—she is a relative?" I asked lamely.

"She is my daughter," he said, "my youngest daughter. And she cannot bring forth the child, Señor Comandante!"

I walked around that hut, that humble abode of Pain, once, twice, three times, tormented with a desire to enter and to help.

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But, of course, there was nothing I could do. And I belonged elsewhere. I went back to my men and my work.

They lay like logs, shadowy among the roots. But Martin was up against a trunk; I could divine his big face, drenched with sweat.

"What's up?" he asked, in a tone that sought to be unconcerned. "Will it be over soon?"

I shrugged my shoulders; I shook my head. And we crouched down side by side, miserably, with that cry now almost constant in our ears, and watched the shimmering grasses come running to us beneath the moon.

The hours passed. Like an invisible and impalpable shroud falling from above, a damp coldness settled about our limbs. The moon whitened. In the clearing, a pale haze formed, hiding and stilling at last the *cogón's* eternal flowing. The cries from the hut had become weaker; suddenly they burst forth again in one terrible, unearthly shriek. We threw our hands to our ears; the cry passed red overhead—then all was still. And Martin, raising himself cautiously on one knee, whispered: "Here comes some one. Across the clearing. Look!"

I looked, and, sure enough, some one was coming; from the indistinct limit of the plateau, a man was coming toward us beneath the whitening sky. The haze along the ground cut off his legs, now to the knee, now to the waist; but we could see plainly, gliding above, his broad shoulders and wide pagoda hat. He seemed alone—so far. I called Rosario, my first-sergeant, and told him to awaken the men.

Rosario went crawling off. I heard about me whisperings, stirrings, guarded cockings of guns. The man was still coming on, unsuspecting. The haze played strange tricks with the lower part of his anatomy, and the shoulders, above, to the movement of the invisible legs seemed to advance in little, short tacks.

"He's alone," I said to Martin.

"There's no telling," he warned.

But he came on, still alone; I could see him clearly now. He was broad and humped. He wore a white *camisa*. He seemed to have no gun.

"Hold on," I said to Martin; "let's go slow. He looks like a common *tao*. I don't believe he belongs to the band. Rosario," I called guardedly, "take four men——"

But a detonation right under my feet left my order unfinished. One of the Macabebes, too abruptly wakened, had let go his Springfield. "Cease firing," I shouted, and started forward. But by this time the guns of the command were all popping like a string of firecrackers. I saw the man in the clearing stop, throw his hands to his big hat like a boy in a sudden breeze, and then sink abruptly out of sight in the haze at his feet.

The last, slow shot trailed away into a silence. The Macabebes, astounded, were looking at one another, crestfallen in the shining dawn. Rosario was cursing. We knew, Martin and I, that the game was up; that if Montale had been within ten miles of us before the discharge, he was now eleven—and increasing the distance. We walked out—to view the results of the night.

We found him in the wet *cogón*. He was dead. He lay there in the grass with both arms outstretched, as if crucified. His hat had rolled off and lay away from him, baring his head. The hair was gray, the face seamed and wrinkled, and his mouth, not quite closed, showed a bit of gum which was smooth. "Why, he's an old man," I said bitterly; "a toothless old man. I don't believe he belonged to the band——"

"Wait a minute," said Martin. He bent down, straightened up, and passed me a bolo he had found in the grass. It was old and it was nicked, but still a bolo. Martin was kneeling now, searching the white *camisa*. "Here, look at this," he muttered, handing up what seemed a stick of wood. It was a stick of wood; but on one side, which had been whittled smooth, was drawn in blood a death's head between two carabao horns—the seal of Montale. It meant that the man bore from Montale to some lieutenant a message; an oral message forever undeliverable now. But Martin was still searching. "Here's something else," he said.

It was a curious object. A tube made of hollow bamboo and closed with the marrow of some willow. Within it were an old penholder, a dozen rusty pens, and at the bottom, carefully corked, a little bottle of ink.

"And that's all," said Martin, rising triumphantly and placing in my hand the last of his loot—a sheaf of loose, dirty pieces of paper. I looked at them, and right away

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ONE TERRIBLE, UNEARTHLY SHRIEK. WE THREW OUR HANDS TO OUR EARS; THE CRY PASSED RED OVERHEAD—THEN ALL WAS STILL.

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I knew them! The first sheet was filled with sticks; the second sheet with loops; and on the third, repeated over and over again, each slanting upward in ingenuous triumph, sprawled the name Emilio Balthazar, Emilio Balthazar, Emilio Balthazar!

A heavy stupefaction was upon me. I looked from the papers to the dead man, from the dead man to the papers, from the papers to the dead man, and could not rearrange my faculties to the new knowledge. So this was Emilio Balthazar, here at my feet! I could not realize it. For, you see, right along I had thought of Emilio Balthazar as a youth. I *knew* him as a youth. Often, thus, in a mind picture I had seen him, leaning in some clearing of the hills against a rock, and, as he wrote, his tongue bulged slightly his right cheek, and his long, black hair fell over his eyes. But that, it seemed now, was not Emilio Balthazar. Here was Emilio Balthazar, right here, dead at my feet. And he was an old man!

He lay there—gray, seamed, gnarled. My eyes, falling upon his right arm, followed it to the hand. It was a huge hand, thickly calloused; the knuckles were like knots, and the nails were incredibly marred, black, and broken. And suddenly, at the sight of this hand, I was able to reconstruct, and rightly this time, my vision. I saw Emilio Balthazar again, against a rock, against a stump in the noonday torpor of the camp, or beneath the moon at night, an old man, a mahogany-hued, twisted old peasant; and across the paper on his knee I saw the big hand crawling, his big, stiff, hopeless old hand crawling, with labor, with effort, with pain, making sticks and loops and Emilio Balthazars, striving with an immense persistence, impelled by what desire, what ambition, what obscure ideal? Ah, yes, moved by what? Here he was, now, at last, Emilio Balthazar! I could ask him my question. But he could not answer it; he could never answer it. He lay beneath me. His eyes were only half-closed; his old, toothless mouth was only half-closed; but as far as I was concerned, they were hermetic as the tomb. And in his lower jaw, a bit swollen now, lay an immense stubbornness—the stubbornness of the dead.

"Why did you want to write, Emilio?" I could ask. But he would not answer; he would never answer!

I called Rosario. "Take six men and bury him," I said. And then, giving him the bamboo tube with its holder, its ink, and its rusty pens, I added: "And bury these with him, upon his breast."

While they worked, I wandered back to the *barrio*. Everything was quiet now, and the lanes were deserted. But upon the platform of the hut stood a man—the young Tagalog whom I had seen, during the night, crouched miserably at the door. He was bolt upright now, and in his arms he raised to the morning a newborn child. The sun was rising. It shed its rays upon the hut, upon the man; and as, with the movement of a priest elevating the host, he raised to the light the babe, there came upon me for the moment, overpoweringly, the disgust of which I have spoken—a sickness as I thought of what we had done in the night, and of what she had done in the night.

The man was reëntering the hut. I called after him, and followed him within. He placed the child back by her side, and at first this is all I saw—the beauty of the curve, the tender and holy beauty of the curve which she placed about the babe as she drew it to her breast. She lay there, upon the great bed, as if upon an altar. The pillow was very white, and upon it her tresses were very black. Her eyes were closed in heavy weariness; her features were swollen with the past agony; but they were composed in an expression of celestial peace, an expression at once divine and earthly, of satisfaction, of pride at work well done. And her short upper lip was curled up a bit like a child's. And again I thought of what we had done in the night and of what she had borne in the night, and, stooping, I kissed her, kissed the brow so serene and so calm, between the long-lashed eyes.

* * * *

Along the veranda lay only the darkness. The cigars were out; no tiny pin-prick of light pierced now the night. A little wave, below, broke with a small, sad, fluid sound. But no one spoke.

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The NE'ER-DO-WELL

by

REX · BEACH

AUTHOR OF "THE SPOILERS," "THE SILVER HORDE," "GOING SOME," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY AND ANDRE CASTAIGNE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

"All the young fellow's good for is to spend money": This is the opinion of Kirk Anthony held by the public and his own father at the opening of the story. The son of a millionaire railway man, young Anthony had elected, upon his graduation from Yale, to remain there as football coach rather than to accept the career his father offered him.

After a great football victory he starts out, with the boon companions whom his father so dislikes, for an all-night celebration in New York restaurants. When the group has thinned down to half a dozen, Higgins—Anthony's closest friend—introduces one Jefferson Locke, from Missouri. Locke, claiming that he is being followed for his money, offers to play host to the company if they will stay with him till he sails, the following morning. When things are at their gayest, a waiter tells Locke that there is a man outside who wants to borrow coat and apron in order to get into the room in disguise. Anthony immediately proposes to impersonate Locke, and when the pseudo-waiter enters, Anthony and the rest jump on him. In the midst of the struggle, Higgins, half drunk by this time, fells the intruder with a bottle—and the group is sobered by the shock of the discovery that he is a plain-clothes man. The proprietor, in response to certain yellow-backed bills of Locke's, agrees to "fix" things, and the celebrators continue their restaurant rounds. At dawn Locke persuades Higgins, now quite irresponsible, to help him put through, as a practical joke, a plan for sending Anthony off, penniless, on a steamer bound for Panama—the point of the joke being to make Anthony work, and the point of the plot apparently being to divert pursuit and suspicion from Locke. Higgins agrees, and, as a result, the next day Anthony wakes up, very sick and bewildered, on a ship, where he finds himself known as Jefferson Locke. In the course of a day or two Kirk meets the Cortlandts, who are in the diplomatic service in Panama, and a friendship grows up between him and Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman of charm and intellectual power, some years Kirk's senior. She talks to him, among other things, of work and of the Canal, and gives his mind a new bent. When they land at Colon, the purser refuses to let Kirk stay on the ship, the cable office refuses to send a collect message, and Kirk finds himself forced to appeal to Weeks, the American consul. Weeks cables Kirk's father, and takes care of him for a week. But the elder Anthony's message, when it comes, pronounces Kirk an impostor, and Weeks, furious, throws his guest out. That evening, in a public park, Kirk comes upon a young Jamaican negro, Allan Allan, who is also homeless, and the two start out together in search of food. On the way they are involved in the excited commotion of a fire, and Kirk, impatient at the incompetence of the firemen, takes a hand. In an attempt to resist interference, he turns a hose on an official who, it happens, is the commandant of police. Thereupon, both Kirk and Allan are arrested, thrown into jail, brutally treated, and refused communication with their friends.

CHAPTER VIII—*Continued*

EVENTUALLY Kirk and Allan were given food, but still no one came to their relief. Apparently no message had been delivered. This treatment was so atrocious, so at variance with Anthony's ideas of his own importance, that he felt he must be suffering from nightmare. How dared they treat an American so, no matter what the charge? Why didn't they try him, or give him a hearing? These insolent, overbearing Panamaniacs had no regard for law or humanity, and this was no longer a question of petty injustice; it was a grave infraction of civilized equity.

But the afternoon wore on without an encouraging sign, till Kirk began to think that Weeks had refused to intercede for him and intended to leave him to the mercies of his enemies. With difficulty he managed to convey to a guard his desire to notify some of the other Americans in the city, but as usual no heed was paid to his request.

It was considerably after dark when a visitor was at last admitted. He proved to be the English consul, whom Anthony had never met.

"What are you doing here?" the newcomer inquired. Then, when the facts had been laid before him, he exclaimed: "Why, I heard that a Jamaican negro had been arrested, but I heard nothing about mistreatment of a white man."

"Doesn't anybody know I'm here?"

"I'm sure no one does. Those heathens lied to you—they never communicated with Weeks, nor anybody. They're afraid. This

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THOUGH THE WHOLE VAST WORK OF THE CANAL LAY SPREAD OUT BENEATH THEM IN WHAT LOOKED LIKE A HOPELESS CONFUSION, YET, AS THEIR EYES FOLLOWED IT, A GREAT AND MAGIC SYSTEM BECAME MANIFEST.

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is an old trick of theirs—manhandling a prisoner, then keeping him hidden until he recovers. If he doesn't recover, they get out of it on some excuse or other, as best they can. Why, they killed a white sailor not long ago—just plain clubbed him to death without excuse, then asserted that he resisted arrest. They did the same to one of our negroes. He died in the jail before I got wind of it, and when I started an investigation they showed his signed statement declaring that he had not been abused at all, and had been given the kindest treatment. The matter isn't settled yet. It's infamous! Why, I had hard work to get in at all just now. But I'll have Allan here out in two hours, or I'll know the reason. England protects her subjects, Mr. Anthony, and these people know it. If they don't come to time, I'll have a gunboat in the harbor in twenty-four hours. Color doesn't amount to a damn with us, sir; it's the flag."

"I guess Uncle Sam is strong enough to command respect," said Anthony.

"Well, I know the circumstances now, and I'll go straight to Weeks. He can arrange your release without trouble. If you were an Englishman, I'd have you out in no time, and you'd collect handsome damages, too. This boy will."

True to the consul's prediction, a little later the Jamaican was led out of the cell, and from the fact that he was not brought back Kirk judged that the British intervention had been effectual. But it was not until the next morning, the second of his imprisonment, that the cell door opened once more, this time to admit the portly figure of John Weeks, and the spruce person of Señor Ramón Alfarez.

"What's all this trouble about?" inquired the former in none too amiable a tone.

Kirk told his story as briefly and convincingly as he could. But when he had finished, the consul shook his head.

"I don't see what I can do for you," he said. "According to your own declaration you resisted a police officer. You'll have to take your medicine."

Alfarez nodded agreement. "Quite right!" said he. "'E did terrible 'avoc with my men, t'ree of which is now on the 'ospital."

"But why don't they try me or let me get bail? I want to get out."

"You'll be tried as soon as they get around to it."

"Look here!" Kirk showed the marks his assailants had left upon him. "Will you stand for that? I've been here two nights now without medical attention."

"How about that, Alfarez?"

The commandant shrugged his shoulders. "If 'e require a doctor, one shall be secure', but 'e is not severely injure'. I 'ave explain the frightful indignity to the honor of my person, yes? As for me, pooh! It is forget." He waved his hand gracefully and smiled sweetly upon his fat visitor. "It does not exist. But the brave soldiers of mine! Ah! Señor Wick, they lofe me, they cannot forget the honor of *el comandante*. So! When the prisoner is decide to insurrect, 'oo can say those gallant soldier don' be too strong? 'Oo can blame for making roff'ouse?"

"I guess you ain't hurt much," said Weeks, eyeing his countryman coldly. "You didn't get any more than was coming to you."

"I won't stand for this," cried the prisoner hotly. "The English consul got that nigger boy out, and I want you to do the same for me."

"You don't understand. I've got business interests in this country, and I can't dash about creating international issues every time an American gets locked up for disorderly conduct. How long do you think I'd last with these people if I did that?"

"Are you really afraid to do anything?" Kirk inquired slowly. "Or is it because of our row?"

"Oh, there's nothing personal about it! I can't afford personal feelings in my position. Really, I don't see where you're so much abused. You assaulted a Government officer and resisted arrest. If you got hurt it's your own fault. Of course, I'll see that you have a fair trial."

The commandant spoke up with ingratiating politeness: "The prisoner say 'e is reech man's son. Now of course it is too bad 'e is injure' wit' the clob of the policeman; but those officer is ver' polite, señor, and if 'e is explain biffore—"

Weeks snorted indignantly. "He gave you that fairy tale, eh? He said his name was Anthony and his father was a railroad president, didn't he? Well, he imposed on me, too, but his name is Locke, and, as near as I can learn, he practically stowed away on the *Santa Cruz*."

"Ah-h!" The officer's eyes widened as he turned them upon his prisoner. "'E is then a w'at you call tramp."

"All I know is, he stuck me for a lot of

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bills. I'll have to see that he gets fair treatment, I suppose, because he's an American; but that ends my duty."

"Is this the best you'll do for me?" Kirk inquired, as Weeks made ready to go.

"Yes."

"Will you tell some of the men at the Wayfarers' that I'm here?"

"Oh, that won't do any good. You're in for it, Locke, so don't holler. I'll be on hand at your hearing."

"Will you cable my father?"

"At twenty-five cents a word? Hardly!" The speaker mopped his face, exclaiming: "There's no use of talking, I've got to get out in the air; it's too hot in here for me." Then he waddled out ahead of Señor Alfarez, who slammed the door behind him as he followed to escort his caller to the street.

But a half-hour later the commandant returned to the cell, and this time he brought with him a number of his little policemen, each armed with a club.

Feeling some menace in their coming, Kirk, who had seated himself dejectedly, arose to ask: "What's coming off?"

Alfarez merely issued some directions in Spanish, and chain handcuffs were once more snapped upon the prisoner's wrists.

"So! you're going to hold my trial, eh?" cried Kirk.

But the other snarled: "Señor Locke, you 'ave force' the water of the 'ose wagon upon my body for to make the people laugh. *Bueno!* Now I shall laugh." He seated himself, then nodded at his men to begin.

CHAPTER IX

SPANISH LAW

MRS. CORTLANDT answered her telephone for the second time, repeating with some impatience: "Tell the man I can't see him."

"But he refuses to leave—says he must see you at once; it's important," came the voice of the clerk.

"Oh, very well. I'll come down." She hung up the receiver with a snap.

"Why don't they send him up?" queried her husband from the sitting-room.

"It's a negro, and the clerk says he'd rather not allow him upstairs. Another sick family, I suppose."

"They're beginning to impose on you. It's usually that way with charities," said Cortlandt.

With unfeminine neglect of the chance for petty discussion, his wife left the room without replying, and descended to the hotel lobby. Here she was directed toward a very ragged, very woe-begone young black on the rear porch, who, at sight of her, began to fumble his hat and run his words together so excitedly that she was forced to calm him.

"Now, now! I can't understand a word. Who are you?"

"H'Allan, mistress."

"You say some one is ill?"

"Oh, yes, he is very h'ill h'indeed, mistress—h'all covered with blood and his poor 'ands h'all cut."

"Who——?"

"And his 'ead—oh, Lard! His 'ead is cut, too, and he suffers a fever."

"*Who is it?*"

"Mr. H'Auntony——"

"Anthony!" Mrs. Cortlandt started. "What has happened? Quick!"

Seeing that at last he had found a friend, the Jamaican began to sob with relief, wailing extravagant praises to God and apparently endeavoring to kiss Mrs. Cortlandt's hand, whereat she seized him by the shoulders and shook him, crying:

"Stop that! Behave yourself and tell me what is the trouble, quickly now, from the beginning."

Without drying his tears, Allan launched himself into the full violence of his recital, stumbling recklessly over his figures of speech, lapsing into idioms that it taxed his hearer to follow. Had she been less acquainted with the Caribbean dialects, she would have missed much of the story, but as it was she followed him closely, urging him on with sharp expressions of amazement and nods of understanding. Rapidly she gathered the facts of the case, while her cheeks whitened and her eyes grew dark with indignation. The sight renewed Allan's emotion. His voice broke, his black hands shook, he began to sob once more, and great tears stole down his ebony cheeks. But he managed to answer her terse, shocked questions with some degree of intelligence, calling upon his vivid imagination for such details as his memory had lost.

"I wait an' wait for him to h'emerge, but he does not come. Perhaps they 'ave killed the poor mon once more."

"How did you get here?"

"With my feet, mistress. Sometimes rode I on the train, but the train people are very

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"HE'S A LIAR. HE ORDERED IT, THEN SAT THERE AND ENJOYED IT."

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common; they h'addressed me rudely and threw me by the wayside."

"Couldn't you telephone?"

"I do not h'understand 'ow."

"Why didn't he notify me at once? If I had only known——"

"Those 'artless Spiggoties would not h'allow it. Oh, you will h'assist the poor mon! Say it. Praise be to God, he is bleeding in the prison——"

"Yes, yes, certainly."

Allan reached clumsily this time to kiss the hem of her skirt, but she stepped aside quickly, fumbling meanwhile in her purse for a banknote, while he exclaimed:

"God bless you, good mistress. He told me to find you and present his recital."

"Here, take this money and go back to Colon by the first train. We may need you. Now go! I'll be there ahead of you."

She picked up her white shirts and ran up the hotel stairs as if pursued, bursting in upon her husband so impetuously that he rose in surprise, inquiring:

"What is it?"

"Young Anthony is in jail in Colon," she panted. "He's been locked up for three days, and they won't let him out."

"The devil! You said he'd gone back to New York. What is it about?"

"I thought he had. They arrested him for some silly thing, and he's hurt." She hurriedly recounted Allan's story, adding in conclusion: "That black boy came all the way across the Isthmus to tell us!"

"I'll get the American consul by 'phone——"

But Mrs. Cortlandt interrupted. "Weeks is a fool! He wouldn't do anything. Wait!" She stepped to the instrument and rang violently. "Give me Colonel Jolson's office, quickly. If he is not there, find him. I don't care where he is, find him; it is important. This is Mrs. Cortlandt speaking."

"What do you mean to do?" said Cortlandt.

"Go to Colon at once. This is young Alfarez's doing—the whipper-snapper—you must lay him out for this. How dare he!"

"Better go carefully. Remember General Alfarez is his father."

"I understand. But we are bound to come to a breach sooner or later."

"I hardly think so. I believe we can bring him around all right—anyhow, I haven't lost hope." Then, as his wife made an impatient gesture, "Well, if we precipitate a quarrel now, that will end it." He paced the room feverishly. "Good heavens, Edith! Anthony chose the worst possible time for this escapade. I suppose it will mean diplomatic difficulties and all that, and once we lose old Alfarez——"

"We will lose him anyhow," snapped the woman. "I've seen it coming, although you could not. I'll break Ramón for this."

"Then you'll break us." Cortlandt stared gloomily at his wife, who met his gaze squarely. "Do you think Anthony is worth it?"

"My dear Stephen, they nearly killed that poor boy, and I sha'n't allow it. Don Anibal Alfarez is not the only presidential timber in the Republic. If he breaks with us, it will cost him dearly. You think he is friendly, but I know that deep down in his crafty old heart he despises all us Americans and is only waiting a chance to gratify his spleen. The moment he dares, he'll turn against us."

Cortlandt's frosty countenance showed signs of unusual agitation as he answered: "You're mad! You threaten to ruin everything. You understand perfectly—there's no use of my explaining. Let me call on him this afternoon. He will instruct his son."

"No! He would procrastinate, as usual. There would be the customary delays and excuses, and meanwhile Anthony would be in jail at Colon. They would have a defense all prepared. Besides, if it's to be a fight we must have all the weapons possible—and this affair may prove a good one. Anyhow, you mustn't ask a favor of him at this time; he must ask, not you."

The telephone rang, and the speaker snatched the receiver from its hook.

"Hello! Colonel Jolson, I'm very glad I caught you. This is Mrs. Cortlandt. Colonel Jolson, young Ramón Alfarez has arrested Kirk Anthony, of whom I spoke to you. They have maltreated him, as usual, and have hidden him for three days. Yes, yes! I discovered it quite by accident, while Mr. Cortlandt was down-town. Oh, this is serious, and I'm furious. . . . That will do no good; I have reasons for preferring to handle it myself. . . . Thank you for the compliment. We must go to Colon at once, and I thought you might give us a special." There was a slight pause, then: "Good, that will do quite as well. In fifteen minutes. Thank you. Good-by."

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Turning to her husband, she explained swiftly: "The colonel's automobile will be waiting at the station in fifteen minutes. Are you ready?"

"I think you are going about this in the wrong way," he said coldly.

"When will you learn——?" she checked her crisp words at the flush that leaped to his cheeks. "I beg your pardon, Stephen. Please do as Colonel Jolson has done and trust me to manage this affair."

He bowed and left her, saying, "I will have a coach waiting at the door."

Fifteen minutes later, a gasoline railroad motor car with two passengers in addition to its driver and flagman rolled out of the yards at Panama City and took the main line, running under orders like a special train. As it clanked over the switches with ever-increasing speed, Mrs. Cortlandt leaned forward and spoke to the driver.

"We will have a clear track, and you may go as fast as you like."

The next moment the machine was reeling drunkenly around curves and a fifty-mile gale was roaring past.

Señor Ramón Alfarez was considerably nonplused when his two distinguished visitors made known the nature of their errand. Cortlandt did most of the talking, his cold hauteur serving a good purpose and contrasting strongly with the suppressed excitement of his wife.

"Pardon me, there is no necessity for delay," he said, as the commandant endeavored to formulate an excuse. "I trust I need not insist upon seeing the prisoner?" He raised his brows with a stare of inquiry that caused the other to reply hastily:

"Of a certainly not, señor."

"Then take us to him."

"I will spare your lady the painful sight of the prison-house. The prisoner shall be fetch' with all despatch."

"We will see him alone."

Again the commandant hesitated, while his bright eyes searched their faces with a sudden uneasy curiosity. "I am fear soch t'ing is not permit."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Cortlandt, unable longer to restrain herself. "We know the law quite as well or perhaps better than you, Señor Alfarez. If you wish, Mr. Cortlandt will get permission from the President. You have a telephone?"

"Oh, soch is farthes' remove' from my thoughts," quickly interposed the commandant, with his most graceful bow. "If it is in my power to oblige, w'at matter the law? Pouf! W'at I mean is this: Our prisoner is not what you call seek nor is he ver' well. He is resis' the officer by force an' he is injure' —oh, but only a leetle—it is not'ing. One is truly foolish for resis' the policemans, yes?" He shook his dark head sadly. "I am desolate to 'ear of soch t'ing; it is so useless to stroggle wit' the officer in disbursement of duty; but you Americans are so brave! I am force' to admire this prisoner; he is soch a strong fellow."

"I think we understand the circumstances."

Instead of ringing for an orderly, the commandant excused himself, then, after a seemingly interminable delay, returned with Anthony and several policemen.

At sight of his friends the young man made for them eagerly, crying: "Jove, I'm glad you came! I'd about given you up."

"Allan only found us to-day," Mrs. Cortlandt replied. "Did he tell the truth? Have you been abused?"

The young man turned a pair of smoldering eyes upon his enemies. He looked ill and haggard, although, except for the wound half concealed beneath his hair, he showed no marks. Then he held out his hands with a grim smile, and the woman uttered a low cry at what she saw. "They gave me another good beating yesterday," he said.

"While you were in jail?" Cortlandt queried incredulously. "God!"

"That's the fellow yonder." Kirk pointed to Alfarez, whose smile had disappeared.

"Oh, the man is mistake," he hastened to aver. "'E is crazee."

"I gave you a wetting in public, and——"

"*Sí, sí!* That is correc', Señor Cortlan'. He insolt my person an' fight my soldiers. He is ver' toff person."

"Did you know he had been maltreated in prison?" Cortlandt demanded.

"Oh, señor!" Alfarez raised his hands in horrified disclaimer of the very thought, but his victim said quietly:

"He's a liar. He ordered it, then sat there and enjoyed it."

The Panamanian's face was yellow as he managed to enunciate:

"Eempossible! It is terrible to conceive!"

Kirk made a threatening movement in the Spaniard's direction, despite the half-dozen soldiers, but Edith Cortlandt checked him.

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"AFTER ALL," SHE SAID AT LAST, "IF WORST COMES TO WORST, YOU CAN PROVE YOUR INNOCENCE."

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"Wait, please," she said. Then to the commandant, "This is a serious matter, and if what he says is true, your government will find itself in trouble."

"But we 'ave no idea 'e is frien' of yours. If he should only spik your 'osban's name all would be different. For my part, I can prove he is treat with the 'ighes' courtesy an' kindness in my presence. Every man in the prison will testify to those fac'. If soch indignity 'ave be shown, there shall be investigations." The unhappy officer's excitement was increasing, and he turned upon his men as if to make good his word, when Cortlandt interposed:

"Why did you keep him locked up so long? Why didn't you try him?"

"Ah! For that I shall inquire also. I shall conduct investigations in that respect as well. I am inform', 'owever, that the w'at you call judge is seeck."

"We'll look into that later. We're here now to arrange for Mr. Anthony's release."

"The *alcalde* will be please' to accommodate at the earlies'. I myself shall see to it. To-morrow——"

"There will be no to-morrow about it," Mrs. Cortlandt exclaimed positively. "If you cannot arrange the bail yourself, my husband will take up the matter with the Zone Government, and Colonel Jolson will call upon the President of the Republic within an hour. He is waiting word from us now."

Señor Ramón Alfarez became suddenly galvanized. He broke into effusive apologies for even so small a delay as had already occurred. He had not understood the matter to be so urgent, it seemed; but the wishes of his distinguished guests were his law, and perhaps he might hasten the wheels of progress if he tried. While, to be sure, no power was vested in him, and his willing hands were most miserably tied, nevertheless he would so far exceed his authority as to promise instant freedom to the prisoner. There were, of course, certain details to be observed, the necessity of which filled him with unspeakable regret; but if he might be excused— He hastened forth to set in motion the proper machinery, and while he was absent Kirk told his story. It left the woman white-lipped and incoherent, and roused even the icy Cortlandt to genuine wrath.

"Of course," the latter said, "Alfarez will prove by his men that it's all imagination on your part, and that your injuries were sustained at the time of your arrest. He'll assume a righteous indignation and start a Spiggoty investigation. You see, his father is the Governor of Panama Province and one of the strongest men in the Republic, so Ramón will probably make good his position. Even so, you may recover damages."

"I don't want damages," Kirk replied. "I want to get that Dago out alone sometime."

"For Heaven's sake, don't think of it!" Mrs. Cortlandt exclaimed. "All the American influence on the Isthmus wouldn't help you then. Fifty men would perjure themselves to convict you, and if you succeeded in getting our Government to interfere in time, Ramón has fifty other men who would lie to any extent to injure an American."

"No. That method doesn't work here," her husband agreed. "You're lucky to escape so easily. He will arrange bail, never fear, and you will probably not come to trial. I doubt if you will ever hear anything more of the matter, provided you keep from further trouble. He'll never forgive you, of course, but that won't matter to you."

The first part of Mr. Cortlandt's prediction was soon proved true, for the sick *alcalde* recovered sufficiently to appear on the scene within half an hour. Then, after much signing of official documents and certain other formalities, Kirk Anthony walked out of the Colon jail in company with his friends.

Allan was waiting at a safe distance from the municipal building, and on seeing his late companion at large, he broke into the wildest rejoicing. He conjured a flow of tears, he fondled Kirk's hand in his own, he laughed, he sobbed, he sang.

"Praise be to God!" he cried loudly. "Free man you, Master H'Auntony. Glory, glory! My soul was in 'ell, sar. On my knees I h'implored that fa-ast wretch to release you."

His emotion appeared so genuine, his service had been so great, that the object of his adoration felt himself choke up. Of all the people Kirk had met since leaving home, this one had most occasion to blame him; yet the boy was in perfect transports of delight at his delivery.

"Don't carry on so," Kirk laughed awkwardly.

"Oh, boss, I feared they would h'assassinate you again."

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Anthony nodded grimly. "They did."

"Oh, oh!" Allan gave himself over to a shrill frenzy and shook his clenched fists at the jail in a splendidly tragic attitude. "Wretches! Murderers! 'Ell-ca-ats!"

"Sh-h! Don't make a scene on the street," Mrs. Cortlandt cautioned. But the Jamaican would not allow the fine effect of his rage to be lost. He clashed his white teeth, he rolled his eyes fearfully, and twisted his black features into the wildest expressions of ferocity, crying:

"H'Allan will best them for that! Let 'im tear h'out their 'earts by his fingers. So!" He made an eloquent gesture. "Blood! Blood!"

"Not so loud. A little *pianissimo* on the blood," smiled Kirk.

"H'Allan would die and kill himself for you," the excited negro ran on in an excess of loyalty. "Master H'Auntony fought those wretches for I; I shall fight them for he."

When he had finally been prevailed upon to exchange his martial threats for a fresh pæan of rejoicing, he fell in behind, declaring firmly that he intended to follow his newfound hero wherever he might go, though the course laid were straight for those infernal regions that played so large a part in his fancy.

In the midst of Kirk's expressions of gratitude for the timely intercession of Cortlandt and his wife, the former surprised him by saying in a genuinely hearty tone:

"My wife has told me all about you, Anthony, and I want you to come over to Panama as my guest until you hear from your father."

When Kirk informed him of the cablegram that had cast him adrift in Panama, leading indirectly to his entanglement with the dignity of Ramón Alfarez and the Spanish Law, Cortlandt replied reassuringly:

"Oh, well, your father doesn't understand the facts in the case, that's all. You sit down like a sensible person and write him fully. It will be a great pleasure for us to have you at the Tivoli in the meantime."

Seeing a warm second to this invitation in Mrs. Cortlandt's eyes, Kirk accepted gracefully, explaining: "You know this is the first time I was ever up against hard luck, and I don't know just how to act."

"We've missed the four thirty-five, so we will have to return the way we came," said Cortlandt. "I'd like to stop at Gatun on a business matter of some importance, and if you don't mind a half-hour's delay, we'll do so."

Kirk expressed entire acquiescence in any plans that suited the convenience of his rescuers, and the three pursued their way to the station. But here an unexpected embarrassment arose. As they made ready to board Colonel Jolson's motor-car, they were annoyed to find that Allan insisted on going, too. He insisted, moreover, in such extravagant fashion that Mrs. Cortlandt at last was moved to say: "For Heaven's sake, let the poor thing come along." And thereafter the Jamaican boy sat on the step of the machine, his hat in hand, his eyes rolled worshipfully upon the person of his hero, his shining face ever ready to break into a grin at a glance from Kirk.

Once more the little automobile took on the dignity of a regular train and sped out of the network of tracks behind Colon. As it gained speed, Mrs. Cortlandt, to divert her guest's mind from his recent ordeal, began to explain the points of interest as they passed. She showed him the old French workings where a nation's hopes lay buried, the mechanical ruins that had cost a king's ransom, the Mount Hope Cemetery, whither daily trains had borne the sacrifice before science had robbed the fever of its terrors. She told him, also, something of the railroad's history, how it had been built to bridge the gap in the route to the Golden West, the manifold difficulties overcome in its construction, and the stupendous profits it had made. Having the blood of a railroad-builder in his veins, Anthony could not but feel the interest of all this, though it failed to take his attention wholly from the wonders of the landscape that slipped by on either side. It was his first glimpse of tropic vegetation, and he used his eyes to good advantage, while he listened politely to his informant.

The matted thickets, interlaced with vine and creeper, were all ablaze with blossoms, for this was the wet season, in which nature runs riot. Great trees of strange character rose out of the tangle, their branches looped with giant cables and burdened with flowering orchids or half hidden beneath other parasites. On every hand a vegetable warfare was in progress—a struggle for existence in which the strong overbore the weak—and every trunk was distorted by the scars of the battle. Birds of bright plumage

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flashed in the glades, giant five-foot lizards scuttled away into the marshes or stared down from the overhanging branches. A vivid odor of growing, blooming herbage reached the nostrils.

Just as Kirk had made up his mind that he could sit and watch this brilliant panorama forever, the jungle suddenly fell away, and the car sped up through low, grass-clad hills into a scattered city flung against the side of a wide valley. There was no sign here of Latin America; this was Yankeeland through and through. The houses, hundreds upon hundreds of them, were of the typical Canal Zone architecture, double-galleried and screened from foundation to eaves, and they rambled over the undulating pasture land in a magnificent disregard of distance. Smooth macadam roads wound back and forth, over which Government wagons rolled, drawn by sleek army mules; flower gardens blazed forth in gorgeous colors; women and children, all clean and white and American, were sitting upon the porches or playing in the yards. Everywhere was a military neatness; the town was like the officers' quarters of a fort, the whole place spick and span and neatly groomed.

Colon had been surprisingly clean, but it was an unnatural cleanliness, as if the municipality had been scrubbed against its will. Gatun was to the manner born.

"Yonder are the locks." Cortlandt pointed to the west, and Kirk saw below him an impressive array of pyramidal steel towers, from the pinnacles of which stretched a spider's web of cables. Beneath this, he had a glimpse of some great activity, but his view was quickly cut off as the motor-car rumbled into a modern railway station.

"I'd like to have a look at what's going on over yonder," he said.

"You will have time," Cortlandt answered. "Edith will show you about, while I run in on Colonel Bland."

Out through the station-shed Kirk's hostess led him, then across a level sward, pausing at length upon the brink of a mighty chasm. It took him a moment to grasp the sheer magnitude of the thing; then he broke into his first real expression of wonder:

"Why, I had no idea— Really, this is tremendous."

At his feet the earth opened in a giant, man-made cañon, running from the valley above, through the low ridge and out below. Within it an army was at work. Along the margins of the excavation ran steel tracks, upon which were mounted the movable towers he had seen from a distance. These tapering structures bore aloft long, tautly-drawn wire cables, spanning the gorge and supporting great buckets which soared at regular intervals back and forth, bearing concrete for the work below. Up and out of the depths tremendous walls were growing like the massive ramparts of a mediaeval city; tremendous steel forms, braced and trussed and reënforced to withstand the weight of the countless tons, stood in regular patterns. In the floor of the chasm were mysterious pits, black tunnel mouths, in and out of which men crept like ants. Far across on the opposite lip of the hill, little electric trains sped to and fro, apparently without the aid of human hands. Everywhere was a steady, feverish activity.

From the commanding eminence where the sight-seers stood, the spectacle was awe-inspiring; for though the whole vast work lay spread out beneath them in what looked like a hopeless confusion, yet as their eyes followed it a great and magic system became manifest. The whole organism seemed animate with some slow, intricate intelligence. The metal skips careening across those dizzy heights regulated their courses to a hand's-breadth, deposited their burdens carefully, then hurried back for more; the shuttle trains that dodged about so feverishly, untended and unguided, performed each some vital function. The great conglomerate body was dead, yet it pulsated with a life of its own. Its effect of being governed by a single indwelling mind, of superhuman capacity, was overpowering.

Kirk heard Mrs. Cortlandt explaining: "The ships will steam up from the sea through the dredged channel you see over yonder, then they will be raised to the level of the lake."

"What lake?"

"That valley"—she indicated the tropical plain between the hills, wherein floating dredges were at work—"will be an inland sea. Those forests will be under water."

"Where is the Gatun dam I've heard so much about?"

She pointed out a low, broad ridge or hog-back linking the hills together.

"That is it. It doesn't look much like

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a dam, does it? But it is all hand-made. Those are rock trains out there, from Culebra."

"Oh, now I understand. Gee whiz, but this job is a whopper! Say, this is great!"

Mrs. Cortlandt smiled. "It does wake up your patriotism, doesn't it? I'm glad to have a hand in building it."

"Are you helping to dig this Canal?" Anthony regarded the woman curiously. She seemed very cool and well-dressed and independent for one engaged in actual work.

"Of course! Even though I don't happen to run a steam-shovel."

"Will they really finish it? Won't something happen?"

"It is already dug. The rest is merely a matter of excavation and concrete. The engineering difficulties have all been solved, and the big human machine has been built up. What is more important, the country is livable at last. Over at Ancon Hospital there is a quiet, hard-working medical man who has made this thing possible. When the two oceans are joined together, and the job is finished, his will be the name most highly honored."

"It must be nice to do something worth while," Anthony mused vaguely.

"To do anything," his companion observed, with a shade of meaning; then: "It is amusing to look back on the old Spanish statement that it would be impious to unite two oceans which the Creator of the world had separated."

Noting that the sun was setting beyond the distant jungles and the cañon at his feet was filling with shadows, Kirk remarked, "It must be nearly time they quit work."

"This work doesn't stop. When it grows dark the whole place is lit by electricity, and the concrete continues to pour in just the same. It is wonderful then—like the mouth of a volcano. Batteries of searchlights play upon the men; the whole sky is like a furnace. You can see it for miles. Now I think we had better go back to the car."

In spite of his bodily misery, that night ride impressed itself strongly upon Anthony's mind. The black mystery of the jungles, the half-suggested glimpses of river and hill, the towns that flashed past in an incandescent blaze and were buried again in the velvet blackness, the strange odors of a new land riotous in its time of growth, all combined to excite his curiosity and desire for closer knowledge. And then the crowning luxury of a bath, clean clothes, and a good meal on white linen and china! As he dropped asleep that night he reflected contentedly that, after all, things have a way of coming right in this world for those who accept them cheerfully as they come.

CHAPTER X

A CHANGE OF PLAN

On the following morning Kirk despatched a long letter to his father, explaining, as well as he could, how he came to be in Panama, and giving a detailed account of the events that had befallen him since his arrival. He would have preferred to cable this message collect, but Mrs. Cortlandt convinced him that he owed a fuller explanation than could well be sent over the wires. Although he took this means of relieving his father's anxiety, he was far from resigning himself to a further delay of his return. On the contrary, he at once began an inquiry as to sailing dates, discovering to his intense disgust that no ship was scheduled to leave for New York within several days. He planned to borrow the passage money from his friends, when the time came, and accompany his letter northward. Meanwhile he devoted his time to sight-seeing with his hostess.

The city was old, there were many places of historic interest, and, although Kirk cared little for such things, he found it easy to assume the virtue he did not possess. Moreover, there was something contagious in his companion's enthusiasm. Almost against his will he felt his appreciation growing, as he listened to her casual comments on the scenes they visited. Her husband, who seemed busily engaged in work that barely allowed him time for his meals, seldom accompanied them on their excursions, and the two were thrown much into each other's society.

Edith Cortlandt was a woman very sure of herself in most things. A situation that might have proved embarrassing to one less tactful she accepted quite as a matter of course, rather enjoying the exercise of her influence, and never doubting her power to keep the friendship on any footing she chose. Kirk's frank, boyish gratitude for the favors he had received made it easy for her to encourage the growth of an intimacy that she acknowledged charming, while she sincerely believed that he would be helped by it.

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Finding him responsive, she deliberately set herself to please him. She studied him covertly and set her moods to match his—not a difficult task, since he was merely a normal, healthy young man. Always faultless in her attire, she took even more than ordinary pains with her appearance, and it was not long before Kirk was naïvely surprised to find that she no longer seemed older than he—that she was, in fact, an exceedingly handsome woman. This gradual metamorphosis depended more than anything else, perhaps, upon the girlish humor that now possessed her. She was no longer brilliant and chilly, but gay, smiling, and unaffected.

Daytimes, they rambled about the crooked streets, bargain-hunting in the Chinese shops, or drove beneath the stately royal palms of Ancon; evenings, they loitered about the cool verandas of the Tivoli or strolled down into the town to watch the crowds in the plazas. Once in a while Cortlandt went with them, but he was usually uncommunicative, and they scarcely felt his presence. On the few occasions when he gave himself rein, Kirk was compelled to feel for him a surprised and half-grudging respect. Unlike most silent men, when he did talk, he talked easily and well.

Several days passed thus, during which Anthony fully recovered from his experience at Colon. Then a ship arrived from New York, but before he had summoned courage to ask his friends for a loan he received a letter forwarded from Colon by the American consul, a perusal of which not only dumbfounded him but entirely altered his plans.

It was typewritten, on plain stationery; there was neither heading nor signature, yet he knew quite well from whom it came. It read as follows:

> Don't cable again, or the stupidity of the police may fail to protect you. The others got away safely and you would be mad to return alone. I can't and won't help you now. This time you went too far. You have made your bed, now lie in it. I don't believe in miracles, but if you can straighten up and make a man of yourself, I'll help you face this trouble; otherwise don't call on me for anything. I'm through.

Kirk reread this amazing epistle several times before its full significance struck him; then, when he realized what it meant, he felt himself break into a sweat of apprehension. That plain-clothes man had died! The police were looking for him. There could be no other explanation, else why had Higgins and the rest fled the country? Why had his father been so cautious in communicating with him? If it came to a trial, undoubtedly a jury would find him equally guilty with Higgins, for he had held the poor fellow's hands; it was he who had engineered the whole episode. Perhaps he was already indicted. Kirk saw himself accused of manslaughter, arrested, and tried. What could he do if his father refused to help? With money, almost anything could be achieved; without it, and particularly without his father's influence, what would happen? Evidently the Governor believed him guilty. In that case the young man knew that explanations would be futile. Even the letter he had sent would do no good. When Darwin K. Anthony said he was through, he was through.

Finding a secluded corner of the veranda, he sat down to think this matter out; but the more he reflected on it the more serious it appeared. Of one thing he became quickly convinced: New York at present was no place for him. A moment ago it seemed far away and extremely desirable, now it was altogether too close at hand and most undesirable. His father's reference to the stupidity of the police persuaded him finally that his whereabouts were unknown, but how long they would remain so was of course a question. It was useless to attempt further concealment. In the first place, he lacked means of moving, nor could he conceal his identity under an assumed name while he remained in Panama, for he had already advertised himself too well for that. Besides, the idea of hiding did not appeal to him. He decided to face it out, therefore, hoping sometime to get to the bottom of the affair. If he were arrested meanwhile, he would have to locate Ringgold or Higgins or some of the others and prove that he had not run away from punishment. It would be difficult to verify the extravagant story of his kidnapping, of course, but—there was nothing else to do. He rose quickly and entered the hotel, where he bought all the latest New York papers. It was not long before he found the thing he was seeking. There it was, a story headed:

SALOON KEEPER TO LOSE LICENSE

Owner of Notorious Austrian Village in Trouble.

There followed an account of Mr. Padden's efforts to disprove his connection with

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an assault upon the person of a detective named Williams, who had come from St. Louis; but nowhere was there a word about the present condition of the plain-clothes man, nor the slightest hint toward explaining the conduct of the mysterious Jefferson Locke for whom he had been searching. Who the devil was Locke anyhow? The article did not even state the charge upon which he was to be arrested. In another paper Kirk found something that relieved his mind a bit; evidently Williams had not died prior to the time of going to press, although he was reported in a critical condition. Kirk was interested to read that the police had a clue to the identity of the criminals and were confident of soon rounding them up. What mystified him most was the lack of detail. Evidently much had been printed previously, but he had no means of ascertaining what it was.

He spent an hour in serious thought, perhaps the first full hour he had ever passed so profitably. At the end of that time he had arrived at little save a vague feeling of offense toward the father who had been so ready to condemn him. In one way he did not blame the old gentleman for refusing aid. This episode was the culmination of a long series of reckless exploits. Mr. Anthony had argued, threatened, even implored with tears in his eyes, all to no purpose. Just the same, it hurt to have one's father so willing to believe the worst. The two had never understood each other; they did not understand each other now. And they might have been such good pals! Darwin K. did not believe in miracles—Well, perhaps Kirk was hopelessly bad. The young man did not care much, one way or the other; but he shut his teeth grimly and wagered he could make good if he really chose to try. He half decided to make the experiment just to show what he could do, but he was at a loss where to begin. Anybody could be successful who really wanted to—every book said that; the hard part was to get started.

One thing was clear, at least: he could stay here no longer as the Cortlandts' guest—he had already incurred an obligation which he would have difficulty in discharging. Yet how could he explain his change of front? Mrs. Cortlandt, he felt sure, would understand and come to his assistance with good advice, but he shrank instinctively from laying the facts before her husband. It was a deuced unpleasant necessity, and he detested unpleasant necessities—necessities of any sort, in fact. Still, there was nothing else for it, so, conquering his sense of humiliation as best he could, he called up the Cortlandts' suite.

Edith answered, saying that her husband was out; then in response to his request she came down herself.

"What has gone wrong? Why this face of tragedy?" she inquired, as she seated herself beside him.

"I've received my Declaration of Independence. I've heard from my dad."

A look of quick understanding drove away the smile she had brought him, and her manner was one of grave sympathy as she took the letter he handed her.

She was clad in a crisp morning gown he had never seen, and he thought it became her extremely well. She looked very cool, very fresh, very much the fine lady. All in all, she seemed a person whose friendly interest might compensate for many woes.

"Well!" she remarked. "You do seem to be in trouble. What does it mean?"

Kirk told her everything without reserve, then showed her the newspapers in his hand. She scrutinized them with a quiet seriousness that seemed to make his trouble her own. "After all," she said at last, "if worst comes to worst, you can prove your innocence."

"I'm not so sure."

"Nonsense! Those boys can be found. What puzzles me is that Locke person. Who is he? Why was he followed? What has become of him?"

"I wish I knew."

"I can have inquiries made, but it will take time. Meanwhile, it seems you are safe, so the one important fact for the moment is that you are cast off." Turning her bright eyes upon him, she inquired, "How does it feel to be disinherited?"

"Blamed uncomfortable! I must tell Mr. Cortlandt at once."

"Let me," she offered quickly. "I would not show any one that letter, if I were you, nor advertise the fact that you are in danger of arrest. It will be quite enough if I tell him that you have quarreled with your father—he is a peculiar man."

Kirk signified his agreement.

"Now what do you intend doing?" she asked him.

"I'm going to work."

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"Good! Good!" She clapped her hands gleefully.

"Oh, I don't *want* to," he protested, "but the old gentleman thinks I'm no good, and I'd like to show him he's wrong. After I've done that, I intend to loaf again—yes, and I'll know how to loaf by that time. Of course, I'll have to pay my debts, too."

"Poor Mr. Weeks!"

"Why poor?"

"He is terribly agitated to learn that we came to your rescue. He knows now that he really entertained an angel unaware, and his grief of soul is comical."

"Weeks isn't such a bad sort."

But her eyes showed a sudden flash of anger as she returned: "He deserves to be forced out of the service."

"That wouldn't do any good. His successor might be worse."

"Haven't you any resentment? I dislike placid people."

"Plenty! If I get a crack at Alfarez——"

"Now don't allow your mind to dwell on that," she cautioned. "I think he is riding to a fall, as it is. What do you want to do?"

"Anything. I'm going to hunt a job this afternoon."

"What sort?"

"Something with big pay and no responsibility."

"Those positions are taken—by the army," she laughed. "What can you do?"

"I can take an automobile apart."

"And put it together again?"

"Oh, no! I can sail a boat; I shoot pretty well; I waltz nicely; I row, swim, and box indifferently; and I play an atrocious hand at poker."

Mrs. Cortlandt nodded gravely. "You are also good company, you dress well, and you are an ornament to any hotel porch."

"Naturally, I refrained from mentioning those things, but in addition I smoke, drink, and swear. I am unsteady in my habits, and require a great deal of sleep. I think that completes the inventory."

"Of course, you will live beyond your salary?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Seriously, now, don't you really——?"

"Go ahead. Say it! Don't I know anything? No. I am too highly educated. You see, I took the full college course."

She drew her sharply penciled brows together and pursed her lips in meditation, regarding him meanwhile with a look that was not all disapproval.

"Am I hopeless?" he inquired at length.

"Dear, no! Experience is a good thing, of course, and ability is even better, but neither is absolutely necessary in Government work."

"Oh!"

"Provided—"

"What?"

"—You have influence. I was merely trying to think of the niche into which you would best fit."

"When a fellow hasn't any of those qualifications, then what? Take me, for instance."

"You have at least one."

"Which one?"

"Influence."

He shook his head. "My father wouldn't help."

"We'll have no difficulty in finding you a position."

"Jove! That's good news." He beamed at her with gratified surprise. "I had an idea I'd be going from door to door."

"How ridiculous! This is a Government job; therefore it is saturated with politics. There are a great many good men on it, but there are also a large number of 'somebody's relatives.' Do you understand? Anything is possible here for a man with influence. If he has ability with it, he can go to the top. If he lacks ability—well, even then he can go to the top—it depends entirely upon the influence."

"But I haven't any——" Kirk began. Then, catching her look, he exclaimed: "Oh, say! *Will* you help me? Really? That's too good to be true."

He shook her hand warmly, that being the natural outlet for his gratitude, and she smiled at him. "I wonder where I'd better start in," he said.

"There's not the slightest choice. All paths lead up the mountain, and if you go far enough you will reach the top. It would be quite easy if you knew something about the railroad business, for instance."

"Oh, I do. I've had that drilled into me ever since I was a child. I grew up with it—was soaked in it. My father made me learn telegraphy before he gave me a motorboat."

"Why in the world didn't you say so?"

"Well, I have forgotten most of it," he confessed. "I had a railroad of my own,

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too, when I was twelve years old. I was president."

"Indeed!"

"I suppose it was in my blood. We kids stole the lumber for a track, and I got a hand-car from dad. We formed a close corporation, and when another boy wanted to join, we made him go forth and steal enough boards to extend the line. We finally had nearly two miles, altogether, with switches, sidings, yards, and everything; then the fences in that neighborhood gave out. It was a gravity road—yes, there was extreme gravity in every department—we'd push the car up and ride down. We had a telephone system and semaphores, and ran on orders just like a real train. Grown people heard about it, and paid us five cents a ride, so we began to declare dividends every Saturday. Oh, it was a great success. We had a complete organization, too. President, directors, conductors, section-hands—the section-hands did all the work and rode between times."

"What happened to it?"

"One day we ran into a cow and broke the vice-president's leg. The board of directors also had his ear cut, and the indignant neighbors began to reclaim their fences. We lost a mile of track in one afternoon, and father decided it would be better for me to go to boarding-school. It was safer."

"I'll warrant you learned the rudiments of railroading, just the same."

"I learned everything," Kirk announced decisively.

"Unfortunately, the P. R. R. has a president, so we can't start you in where you left off."

"He might need an assistant."

Mrs. Cortlandt laughed lightly. "While we are finding that out," she said, "I think you had better go over the line in daylight and really see what this work is like. That glimpse you had at Gatun is only a small part. Now will you trust me to manage this for you, Mr. Anthony?"

"I should say I would, and I can't begin to tell you——"

"Oh, it's nothing." She rose to put her plans promptly into operation, this time extending her hands with the words: "Let me congratulate you. I really believe you are waking up, and without the woman's aid."

"But the woman *is* aiding me," he replied warmly. "She's doing it all. You have started me moving, and I'll never be able to thank you." Then, as her eyes flashed to his with a look he had never seen before, he added: "Understand, though, I am going to work only because I must. I detest it."

The Next Instalment of "The Ne'er-Do-Well" will appear in the February Number.

LATE IN FEBRUARY

By JEANNIE PENDLETON EWING

SO bitter rose this wintry day,
So still the marsh, so wild the trees!
The harsh crow, beating with the breeze
Saddened the world along her way.
But comes a change from gray to blue;
The lessening drifts are soft and dank;
Across the gleaming field, a bank
Of robin-tawny clay looks through.

Chill month, and little understood;
The crow, above her own harsh cry,
Hears your soft hint, and bundles high
Her loose nest in the hemlock-wood!
And, spite of all the wind's loud threats,
The marsh is wise enough to know
Your ice its glassy door—your snow
A wrap for hidden violets.

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THE SUBJECT OF MIRACLES

By WILLIAM HANNA THOMSON, M.D., LL.D.

Author of "BRAIN AND PERSONALITY," "WHAT IS PHYSICAL LIFE?" etc.

DESPITE the frequent recurrence of archæological discoveries which confirm the historical trustworthiness of Biblical narratives, with many persons these all count for little so long as they regard the Bible as a book abounding in stories of miracles. Rating all miracles as equally false, the mention of one in a narrative is equivalent in their minds to the detection of a plain untruth in the testimony of a witness.

This certainly is no minor or secondary matter, for one of its aspects appears in the fact that, instead of characterizing only the stories of early and obscure ages, this feature is more pronounced in the New than it is in the Old Testament. The book of the Acts alone contains by actual count forty-five recitals of downright and distinct miracles, besides repeated mention of groups of them performed by the Apostles or by their companions. This is more than half the recorded miracles of the whole Old Testament.

All attempts at explaining away the miracles of the Bible as merely natural occurrences wrongly supposed to be miraculous by those who witnessed them, are now so justly regarded as failures that we need not waste time with them. The supernatural enters too deeply into the very essence of that which a Christian must believe for it to be appreciably affected by details concerning any particular miracles. Without the supernatural the Christian religion is nothing.

On the other hand, an honest disbeliever in the possibility of miracles can make out a strong case. The uniformity of law, with its never-failing sequence of cause and effect, meets us not only here but everywhere in the visible heavens; because we now know that the most distant stars are composed of much the same materials as those of our earth, and hence they are subject to the same physical and chemical laws that govern our own world. Again, the development of the forms of life here was for a while regarded as an exception, in that it afforded signs of separate acts of creation. But that conception has also given way to one of the uniformity in the operations, through long periods of geological time, of the same forces which still affect the living world. No competent biologist now doubts that the most varied and complex forms of life, whether plant or animal, are derived by lineal descent from earlier and more primitive forms, and in this man's physical being must also be included, since it shares with other mammalia the same kind of flesh and blood.

This unbroken continuity is the firm basis of all calculations in our daily lives. We never fear that the same causes will ever fail to produce the same effects. Hence the more our knowledge, or, in other words, our science, increases, the less room is there left

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for the miraculous; and here, therefore, we find the true source of the alleged conflict between science and religion.

Moreover, we may add that this all-sufficiency of natural, instead of supernatural, causes or agencies is the established conviction of only modern times. In former ages every variety of occult or spiritual powers was imagined to rule the world, chief among which was Magic, firmly believed in by both the intelligent and the ignorant peoples. A good example is the story of the Greek goddess Circe, in Homer's "Odyssey," who with the stroke of her wand forthwith turned a ship's whole crew into squealing pigs. But so was all Nature peopled with personal, though invisible, powers, some of them good and others cruel and malignant. Miracles, therefore, instead of being surprising, were to be expected, and thus tales of their actual occurrence became as numerous as any other stories. On that account it was not at all unnatural that there were those who ascribed the miracles of Jesus himself to his coöperation with Satan.

WHAT DOES "SUPERNATURAL" MEAN?

Nor did such stories cease with the days of the Gospels, for all through the Middle Ages miracles by saints continued to be recounted, and even in the sixteenth century Saint Francis Xavier is credited with performing many miracles by which he converted multitudes of Oriental heathen. It is worthy of note, however, that these narratives were not committed to writing by Xavier's immediate companions, but by others who lived some time after him. Indeed, the more thoroughly we investigate the subject in its historical aspects, the more incredible do miracles become, until we are told that modern science has put a final end to everything of the kind.

But, as we have said, the Christian religion is nothing without the supernatural, or that which does not belong to the order of Nature. The question then becomes, Is there anything in this world *now* which is truly supernatural? Because if there is, we may find in it the solution of the question of miracles. We should, however, first define what the term supernatural means. It is a word which does not apply to anything inanimate, however great, whether it be a mountain or a cataract. Nor can it be synonymous with what is unnatural, for it always implies something which is essentially so far above and beyond the natural powers with which it is compared that it never can be confounded with them. Thus until recently it would have been pronounced miraculous and supernatural for a man to talk across an ocean. But that was a mistake, for it is now an event of daily occurrence, and therefore it never was supernatural for *man*. Nevertheless, it remains wholly supernatural for the natural capacities of an ape.

A MARVELOUS MECHANISM

It is not often that many sides of a great problem can be covered by one illustration. But we think that this is nearly done by a spectacle which daily meets the tourist in the great clock of the Cathedral of Strassburg. This clock, which is twenty feet in height, was made by Jean Baptiste Schwilgué in 1842. Besides various astronomical devices indicating true solar time, it has a great planetarium in which the revolutions of the planets are represented, so that the relative positions of each at any time can be seen at a glance. Then on a platform above are movable figures representing the four ages of man. At the first quarter of an hour a child strikes the bell with a rattle; a youth in the garb of a hunter strikes it with an arrow at the half hour; at the third quarter a warrior strikes it with his sword, and at the fourth quarter an old man strikes it with his crutch. Then a figure of Death appears and strikes the full hour with a fleshless bone. On the highest platform is a natural-sized figure of Christ, and when Death strikes the hour at noon the Twelve Apostles pass before the feet of their Master, bowing as they do so. As Peter passes, a large cock perched off on one side flaps his wings, ruffles his neck, and gives three times a loud and perfectly natural crow.

Here we have, at any hour of the year, the rising and setting of the sun and of the moon; then the movements of the great planets in their orbits; then striking human figures poetically representing the stages of man's life; then the Apostles moving past, reverently bowing to Christ, until, when the moment of Peter's denial comes, a cock crows in as proper time for him as that which sun and stars keep for their movements. Each goes as it is wound up to go.

But what does Jean Baptiste Schwilgué,

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who designed and made all this wonderful clock mechanism—what does *he* represent? Here, on the one hand, we have most perfect samples of mechanism, and on the other, the man Jean Baptiste Schwilgué. What is the difference between these things thus side by side?

This question suffices in its way to suggest the greatest of human problems, namely, What *is* this world of ours with all it contains, man included?

There can be no middle ground between two mutually and essentially opposing answers to this question. The first is, that this world is all one great mechanism, regulated by the law of its being, in which there can be nothing contrary to or above that law. Now, law is impersonal, unconscious, unfeeling, and invariable; the law of gravitation is quite as operative in the most distant star in the heavens as it is here.

The other answer is that *man as a being* is an exception to everything in Nature. In his physical frame he is as much a mechanism as are the other animals. It is difficult to imagine how it could be otherwise if he is to live on this earth. But as a being, man is essentially *supernatural*, with nothing equal to, or corresponding to, him in this world of Nature.

This fact immediately appears when we consider how entirely out of place a conscious human personality would be among the apostolic automatons of this clock. The difference between mechanism and a personality is not one of degree but of kind, for consciousness and purpose are not things that can be made. We might as well say at once that this clock made itself as to ignore the human person to whom alone it owes its existence.

MAN, THE CREATOR

But we have merely begun with the facts of wholly supernatural human capacities. Jean Baptiste Schwilgué, when he left his Strassburg clock as it is, did not do so because he had exhausted his powers of making mechanical devices. He might have added as many as he chose of other imitations of life, such as Judas, whom he omitted, or groups of scoffing priests and scribes.

In fact, man's ability to create mechanisms is unlimited and illimitable, whether it be a watch, a dynamo, a microscope, a theodolite, a sewing-machine, a phonograph, or anything else which he cares to make. By the same faculty he causes a waterfall to light the streets of a town miles away. He may be seen erecting poles for a telegraph, or for the more marvelous telephone line, or, lastly, for talking across oceans by means of the mysterious ether which pervades all space. No one, indeed, can say what he will not yet do by virtue of this great innate equipment which he alone on this earth possesses. Meantime, this capacity is not in the least like an animal instinct, for instinctive actions do not vary. Bees still construct the same cells for honey which bees did in the Tertiary period.

THE BRAIN NEVER THINKS

Nor again can any part of this power be ascribed to the exceptional development and organization of man's brain. The extinct animals of past geological ages, though great in bulk, yet were characterized by diminutive brains, and this fact is used by some to explain man's superiority, because, relatively to his size, man has a larger brain than any preceding creature. But modern medical science has disposed of this conception, because, first, as to organization, the brains of other primates, such as the orang and the chimpanzee, resemble man's in every particular. As Huxley showed, the human brain does not possess a single small convolution which is not also present in the brains of these apes.

But more than all, the demonstrated fact about the human brain is that only one of its two perfectly matched hemispheres is ever used for speaking, thinking, knowing, or for any other mental action, while its fellow does nothing of the kind: in other words, it has nothing to do with the mind, but only with the muscular movements and sensations of the side of the body which it governs. It is the left brain in right-handed persons and the right brain in the left-handed which is the true brain of man. The explanation of this fact inevitably involves the conclusion that the brain itself never originates a word or a thought any more than does the hand or foot, but that the brain instead is the mere instrument of the invisible thinker.*

Yet this power, great as it is, to invent and to perfect mechanisms is but a minor

* For a full discussion of this subject the reader is referred to the author's work, "Brain and Personality."

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attribute of man. One has only to name some of the subjects which human science deals with to feel that he has stepped higher than mechanics. For mechanics is mainly concerned with what is practically useful in daily life. Science cares little whether what interests it be useful or not. Utility it regards as at best a by-product of its researches, while its chief aim is to gain knowledge for its own sake. In other words, science testifies to an insatiable desire in man to *know*.

Moreover, in science it is the exact truth which is demanded, and nothing short of it. Thus, in astronomy every statement must be mathematically accurate, and infinite toil is spent to secure instruments of precision for the purpose. Nor is this requisite less imperative in chemistry or in the other sciences. Whatever is hypothetical is branded as theory, and must bear that unsatisfactory designation till it becomes demonstrated fact. It is this unreserved submission to truth which gives science her prestige. But what a witness to the kind of being man is does science present!

But so with a multitude of the infinitely varied aspects of this marvelous spiritual being, whether appearing in a great statesman, a great jurist, a poet or artist, or any other living illustration of pure mind.

"A LITTLE LOWER THAN THE ANGELS"

Now the point which we would here emphasize lies in the question, Is such a being natural or supernatural on this earth? By this time we well know what is natural. The whole record of life on this planet has been investigated till the limitations of what is natural in earthly life are very well defined.

For a while the development of life on this globe was so thoroughly studied that an ascending series of animal forms was pictured, culminating with the anthropoid apes, till we were asked to recognize at last the primate Homo at the top. Many persons then imagined that by this science had explained man! But where in any part of this series is there even a prophecy of a being who could make a speech or write a book? Because men are constantly doing so, it is thought that these things are themselves natural, whereas they are as much above the powers of any earthly creature that ever lived, other than man, as wireless telephony would be. The truth is that man is as little included within the limitations of animal life as an archangel would be if he visited this earth. Man is already equipped with an archangel's powers, as he would prove if only he had the *time* to do so, instead of merely the few and ever hampered years of his earthly existence.

But greatly transcending in significance the human powers which we have been demonstrating as virtually supernatural are two characteristics of our race which dominate all the others, and which are so nearly universal that they may be regarded as generic. Of the presence of neither of these is there a sign in the whole world of natural earthly life. The first is a belief in personal immortality, and the second lies in the great word, Religion.

THE POWER OF THE DEAD

How insignificant in number among the rest of mankind those are who doubt human immortality is strikingly illustrated by the untold millions in China and in Japan—races not a whit inferior in mental capacity to any others—whose whole life is dominated by their belief in the continued existence after death of their ancestors. To their minds their ancestors not only still exist, but their power is held in such awe that every house has its shrine for their worship. To this source is to be traced the noble reverence of the Chinese for their parents, as those who soon will be clothed with the mysterious powers of the next world. On that account also Chinese statesmen will put up with the greatest personal inconvenience in abstaining from their public functions during the long periods set apart for funeral observances on the death of either father or mother.

A few years ago we were all startled by the, to us, amazing despatch of Admiral Togo to the Mikado announcing the defeat of the Russian fleet in the great battle of the Sea of Japan. It was not, Togo wrote, by our bravery or devotion or skill that this great victory came, but altogether by the virtue of Your Majesty's ancestors! Whereas a devcut European or American admiral might ascribe the event to divine Providence, Togo as firmly believed—and was inspired by that belief—that it was due alone to the mighty overruling powers of men long dead.

It is difficult for us to gauge the sway of

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this certainty in the continued existence of the dead in another world which prevails among these Eastern peoples, but we will soon see that it is based upon the most primary and rational conclusion of the human mind. A gentleman who had been long a resident in China told me that he could get any number of Chinamen in the city of Amoy to commit suicide for a hundred dollars. Now as human nature is the same everywhere, he explained that as men might be found among us who would lay down their lives for their country and whose memory would be cherished for it, so a Chinaman would die for the money which would so benefit his children that he would be worshiped by them afterward on that account. This also explains the readiness of Japanese naval officers in the late war to kill themselves rather than surrender to the enemy. An English general says that it might prove difficult for us to cope with soldiers who are so little afraid of death. In fact, this conviction of the immortality of their ancestors overrides everything in their philosophy and religion.

The teachings of Confucius have no effect against it, for his whole system is devoted to inculcating how men should conduct themselves in their life here. The so-called religion of Buddhism, which so many millions among them profess, is really a system of philosophy and not a religion. Starting with the premise that all consciousness leads to evil, the righteous man's highest reward in Buddhism is to enter Nirvana, that condition of eternal rest and quiet, because there will be no consciousness there forever. But this is certainly a different world from that of Togo's powerful spirits who overwhelmed the Russians.

IMMORTALITY WITHOUT GOD

We cannot delay here to show what an infinite difference there is between this Oriental belief in human immortality and the Christian doctrine on the same subject. The future world of these Orientals is peopled with innumerable undying men and women living *wholly without God*, because no need is felt for God when the all-powerful spirits of their ancestors can furnish all protection and guidance. They therefore have even forgotten His name, so that missionaries for long found it difficult to find a Chinese word which would properly designate Him. All we need point out is that even practical atheists cannot doubt human immortality. But it is also instructive to note that faith in a future state does not necessarily turn men's minds toward God. Something much more than that is needed for Religion.

As to the rest of mankind, only a fraction of it remains after we deduct those who call themselves Jews, Christians, or Mohammedans, with each of whom the survival of the human individual after death is a cardinal doctrine. Even those Eastern sects who believe in the transmigration of souls do not by any means imply thereby extinction. I once lived among an Asiatic people who say that as soon as one dies, his self passes into the body of an infant who is being born into this world at that moment. We have no time to state the ingenious reasons which they give for this dogma. But some of them I have heard confidently affirm that at times they could recall the memories of their former existence, especially in dreams—in which their conceptions resemble the conceptions of those who among ourselves talk about the subliminal self.

"I AM"—THE BASIC FACT

But there is a deep reason for this universal instinctive refusal to accept death as involving extinction. Owing to his high and supernatural endowments, man from the beginning has had to ask himself, What does death mean? In this darkened world he can find only one unmistakable certainty, and that is his own personal existence. Whatever is or is not, he knows that he is, for every human being can say, I am! There is no perhaps about that. And he soon perceives that his knowledge of all other existences is relative to that primary certainty. Conscious personality, therefore, is the basic fact of the human world.

But more than that, personality never changes. However numerous or great the changes in one's outer life through the years from youth to old age, through them all a man is *never for a moment any one else!* All his experiences, all his memories, particularly if sad, are indeed his own. Thus through everything there remains the abiding single conscious self. But with this certain consciousness of his own existence one becomes equally certain of the existence

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of other conscious personalities. And if he be a true man, he is all the more certain if he has loved other selves, for this last makes him the more confident that they have not ceased to be when death renders them no longer visible. He knows that conscious personality is the same yesterday as it is to-day—and why should the day come when it shall cease to be? And this certainty grows still stronger when by increasing knowledge he learns that no part of his physical frame which dissolves at death is ever a part of his personality. He has long known that he does not lose any part of his personality when he loses hand or foot, and now science tells him that his brain no more thinks or is himself than either hand or foot.

MAN AND HIS FUTURE

And since conscious personality is the central fact in the human being, and everything is based upon it, man from the beginning has had to ponder his future in this world. One great truth has always kept this subject before him, and that is the insecurity of life. Even in these days of comparative freedom from external dangers, no one knows what a day may bring forth. Nor can one foresee what the consequences of any event in his daily walk will be. A slight impulse may start a stone rolling down a mountainside, which soon no obstacle will stop. And so seemingly small events in youth may be found to connect causally with overwhelming disasters afterward. In every language there is that ominous word destiny, and well does man know how utterly helpless he may be against it, for the future to man is quite different from what it is even to the highest animals. They know only the present.

Powerless in this world as man well knows he is, he has always, and rightly, turned a wishful look toward a personality or personalities beyond it. Inanimate Nature he cannot think of. Thunder, instead of being a loud noise, is to primitive man always a voice. No creature knows as man does what death involves. Therefore, knowing that virtually he is as ignorant, as short-sighted, and as defenseless as a sheep lost in a wilderness where his destroyers abound, how could man not become religious?

The truth is that in man Religion holds the very first place and always has done so. It is as exclusively the characteristic of the human race as is the faculty of speech itself. It bears all the signs not only of an innate instinct but of the strongest of instincts, dominating every other instinct, even that of parental love. Numberless children have been sacrificed alive by their parents to their gods. Religion comes to the front everywhere in history, many of the most important events and changes having been due to it alone. At the present moment there are millions of sane persons who would rather die than deny their religion.

But what does all this signify? Elsewhere in Nature instincts subserve some purpose for the advantage or for the preservation of a species. Why, therefore, this mighty instinct in man? Other creatures have no religious instinct whatever. They all get along quite well without it, and why not man?

Among us a common fallacy is to confound religion with ethics, so that many think that if one be ethical in his conduct nothing else is needed. But there is no necessary connection between the two. The province of ethics is to teach men how to treat one another justly in this world. Religion is occupied with the concerns of the world to come. It is only in the Jewish and in the Christian religions that right conduct here is made essential for inheriting the future life. In those religions ethics bears the same relations to religion that geometry does to astronomy. Only by correct geometry, or earth measuring, can we know the distances of the heavenly bodies from us and from each other. But geometry is no more astronomy than ethics is religion, for great religions did, and still do, exist without any ethics at all. The Olympic religion of the Greeks and Romans was a true religion and covered the lands with its temples. But it did not show a single ethical god! Their gods, indeed, were generally so much the reverse of ethical that Anaxagoras boldly charged the gods with being the corrupters of mankind.

THE INSTINCT OF PRAYER

Universally accompanying religion is the significant human characteristic of Prayer. How instinctive prayer is becomes strikingly shown whenever one is in imminent personal danger, for then we also see how truly personal prayer is. No one could ad-

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dress a friend so directly for help as when he prays to his unseen deity or deities to come to his rescue. But at all times, and the world over, the sense of need beyond what he can supply naturally makes man a praying being.

This, however, in time causes it to become a custom or a mere performance, with less and less in it of personal feeling, until it culminates among the people of Tibet in the absurdity of praying windmills and water wheels. But this in no wise lessens the original significance of the instinct to pray. A conscious personal appeal is the soul of prayer; and the more devout a man feels, the stronger is his intent to put up his prayer to a supernatural personality. Outwardly he may seem to be addressing an image of wood or of stone, but back of everything inanimate he is speaking to an invisible, but always personal, being.

We are thus brought finally to the solution of our original problem. The strongly logical mind of John Stuart Mill led him to say that if once we admit that God is a personal God, miracles become as possible as anything else can be.

This being so, we may ask, Was there ever a time in history when miracles became necessary for the accomplishment of the divine purpose as regards man in this world?

WHY JESUS WORKED MIRACLES

One has to live, as I did in my youth, in the land where Jesus began to preach his Gospel, to appreciate fully why miracles had first to attest his mission. His people, from the lowest to the highest, were possessed with the most natural anticipations of what kind of Christ or Messiah King he must be who was coming, according to their sacred Scriptures, to deliver them from the cruel and bloody domination of the stranger. We, indeed, would feel just as they did.

The Messianic psalm which they most delighted to hear says, "Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O mighty one, And in thy majesty ride on prosperously" (Psalm xlv, 3–4). In no part of the world also is there such a display of dress and color when a great ruler arrives, particularly among the immediate attendants upon the chief personage of the occasion. Thus with beating hearts all Israel was waiting for the coming of its King.

But when he came at last as a carpenter of Nazareth, belonging, therefore, to the poorest trade in the country, how inevitably were the words fulfilled, "When we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him" (Is. liii, 2). If one also is rated by the company he keeps, Jesus had as his bodyguard a band of fishermen, men who belonged to the only class in the country who were below dress, for often in their calling they went naked (John xxi, 7).

A PROPHET'S CREDENTIALS

It was simply contrary to human nature that many others besides his fishermen should be attracted to such a Messiah King. Something a great deal more than what was first visible about him was needed to cause men to consider him at all. Soon the word was spread abroad that a great prophet had risen in Israel. A prophet might be a king, like David, or a herdsman, like Amos, but according to Moses he must show the supernatural credentials of a prophet; and greater supernatural powers and works than those of any other preceding prophet Jesus did not fail to manifest, and to these also he appealed as confirmatory of his claims (John vii, 31; ix, 16; x, 38, 41; xii, 37; xv, 24).

And no less disappointing than his personal appearance and accompaniments were the messages which he brought. Not a trace of the natural anticipations of the people about their promised King and his kingdom was to be found in them. Disappointment, therefore, was soon turned into resentment, and this became so fierce that it led to his crucifixion. This last event made his rejection by the great body of his nation final, with the result, however, that for century upon century history knows no tragedy equal to the story of rejected and forsaken Israel.

But not a whit less inexplicable on any principle of historical science is the story of the spread of the worship of the Crucified One in the world beyond Palestine. The great literature of that day shows often enough how difficult it would be for a Greek or a Roman to venerate a Jew, most of all a Jew who met a criminal's disgraceful death by the request of the leaders of his own nation. The conception of a coming Jewish Messiah as King of the World was a common theme of ridicule throughout the Roman Empire, for nothing was so universal as the aversion to what Tacitus terse y des-

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ignated as "that repulsive people." When an apostle therefore wrote, "When I came among you I resolved to know nothing but a Messiah, and a hanged Messiah at that" (1 Cor. ii, 2), we may well ask how *could* such an announcement be received by any one, Jew or Gentile? But from the beginning the Apostles showed their credentials, and they were the same supernatural credentials which their Master showed (Acts xv, 12; xix, 11; Rom. xv, 19; 1 Cor. xii, 10; 2 Cor. xii, 12; Gal. iii, 5; Heb. ii, 4).

It is instructive, however, to note what store Jesus put upon a faith based upon witnessing miracles, as is shown in the following passage: "Now when he was in Jerusalem at the passover, during the feast, many believed on his name, beholding the miracles which he did. But Jesus did not commit himself to them, because he knew all men, and needed not that any should testify of man: for he knew what was in man. There was a man of the Pharisees named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews: The same came to Jesus by night and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him" (John ii, 23; iii, 2).

Nicodemus was then shown that a faith like his, based on miracles, had only brought him to the door of the kingdom of God, but no more. By no means had he yet entered that kingdom.

Miracles are impossible! cries Renan. We would agree with him in this statement if he had added the word, *now*. God would not be the just judge of all the earth if He permitted a miracle in our times.

WHY THERE ARE NO MIRACLES NOW

A real miracle occurring in our present world would have an entirely different meaning and effect from what it would have had in New Testament times. Then it might have been ascribed to the most diverse origins. But if a man who had been dead and buried long enough for decomposition to begin should at the word of command rise and come forth from his tomb *now*, he would constitute a scientific demonstration of the existence of another world. Such an occurrence necessarily would now be subjected to the most rigid scientific scrutiny, and if it met the test that would be the end of it. A truly scientific demonstration is *ipso facto* obligatory on all to accept. No one, whether he be righteous or wicked, can now deny that the earth is round and that it revolves around its axis once in twenty-four hours. So there are some who wish that God had made faith obligatory. But if that were so, there would be an end of free will. Men could not be praised or blamed for admitting what they could not help admitting. But to all eternity no one can claim that God either compels or hires a human being to be good.

CHRISTIAN HOMES TAKE THE PLACE OF MIRACLES

When Christian homes began to abound, miracles ceased of their own accord. From that time to this Christian parents have been the chief means of continuing the kingdom of God in this world. They are the divinely chosen agents for this work. And how strikingly does the wisdom of this choice appear when we examine how deeply laid are its foundations in human life! To parents naturally belong first, love, then veneration and lifelong influence. From them do the children derive all their first knowledge, at a time also when knowledge is best remembered.

We often hear of such or such a person's having been converted by some eminent preacher. But how rarely do such preachers convert any one who has not had Christian parents or grandparents. God does not always leave the outside world without heralds of His own to call them into the kingdom. But such great messengers of His, like St. Francis of Assisi or John Wesley, appear only at long intervals. The abiding hope of the world lies in the humble, devoted men and women, the meek who shall inherit the earth, and who train up their children in the fear of the Lord; for the family is the earthly antechamber of heaven.

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Pals

By
BURGES JOHNSON

Painting by Mary Sigsbee Ker

I'VE learnt to sift the flour in, and the way it ought to mix,
And I know that more is needed if the stuff is soft and sticks.
I'm not just sure of *all* the things you need for making dough,
But that's the sort of kind of thing a man don't have to know.
Cook says I'm such a help to her that every day she wishes
I could be there advising her and licking off the dishes.

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THE WORK OF THE CHICAGO WOMEN INCLUDES BOTH THE ARTISTIC AND THE PRACTICAL: THE PERGOLA WAS BUILT AT THEIR INSTIGATION; AND THE MOTHERS' CLUB IS UNDER THEIR DIRECTION.

THE WOMEN OF TO-MORROW

by William Hard

(5)

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATING THE VARIED WORK OF THE CHICAGO WOMAN'S CLUB*

MOTHERS OF THE WORLD

LEANING over a tiled parapet, we looked down at the streak of street so far below. Motor-cars, crawling — crawling, glossy-backed beetles. "Drop a pin and impale that green one." One couldn't, from up there, give motor-car and motor-car owner the reverence rightly theirs. A thousand miles of horizontal withdrawal into majestic forest recesses may leave one's regard for worldly greatness unabated. A perpendicular vantage of a hundred and fifty feet destroys it utterly.

"But look at that!" she said.

In the east, dull red on the quick blue of Lake Michigan, an ore-boat. Low and long. A marvelously persistent and protracted boat. Might have been christened *The Eel.* Or *The Projectile.* No masts. And, except at her stern, under her deferred smoke-stack, no port-holes. Forward from that stack her body stretched five hundred feet to her bow without excrescences and without apertures. Bare, blind, stripped, and shut-eyed for the fight, grimmer than a battleship, not a waste line nor a false motion in her, she went by, loaded with seven thousand tons of hematite, down to the blast furnaces of South Chicago.

"But," she said, "but look at this."

She turned me from the lake. We crossed the roof's tarred gravel and looked north, west, and south abroad at the city.

Puffs of energy had raised high buildings over there; over there an eccentric subsidence had left behind it a slum. Queer, curling currents of trade and of lust here, there, and everywhere, were carrying little clutching eddies of disease and of vice across the thoroughfares of the wholesome and of the innocent. Sweet unused earth lay yonder in a great curve of green; within two miles of it stood clotted houses in which children were dying for air; brown levels of cottage and tenement, black bubbles of mill and factory, floating side by side, meeting, mingling, life and light merged into filth and

* These photographs were specially made for Everybody's Magazine by Burke & Atwell, Chicago.

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fume—uncalculated; uncontrolled; fortuitous swirls and splutters on senseless molten metal; a reproduction in human lives of the phantom flurry which on simmering ladles in the steel mills they call the Devil's Flower Garden.

"Not so clever as the ore-boat, is it?" she said. "That was making wealth, conquering. Well done. This is using wealth, living. Done ill. A city. Better than many. Worse than many. But none of my business. I'm emancipated."

pushed her away savagely, took the mat from her, and threw the deer on the ground. She picked herself up and began to skin the deer with a knife which she slipped from her belt. He lay down on the mat and went to sleep.

I heard my companion say: "*I* did all the housekeeping of *that* camp. It was woman's work. But now——"

She waved her hand and restored the city to my gaze.

"Now, of *this* camp *you* are the real

AMONG THE NUMEROUS THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN SET GOING BY THE CHICAGO WOMAN'S CLUB IS A DOMESTIC SCIENCE CLASS AT HYDE PARK HIGH SCHOOL; AND A BLIND MAN'S WORK IN INSTRUCTING OTHER BLIND PEOPLE.

She waved her hand and blotted out the city from before me. In its place I saw now only an uninhabited wilderness plain. In a moment, however, in the side of a distant ridge, there appeared a tiny opening. A woman sat near it, plaiting a grass mat. A mile away a man stood, mending a bow.

It was the scene Mr. Kipling once reported:

"The man didn't begin to be tame till he met the woman. She picked out a nice dry cave, instead of a heap of wet leaves, to lie down in; and she strewed clean sand on the floor; and she lit a nice fire of wood at the back of the cave; and she hung a dried wild-horse skin, tail down, across the opening of the cave; and she said: 'Wipe your feet, dear, when you come in, and now we'll keep house.'"

As we looked, we saw the man fit an arrow to his bow, take aim, and bring down a deer. He carried it to the cave. The woman rose to meet him, the mat in her hand. He

housekeeper. The arranging of it, the cleaning of it, the decorating of it, on the big scale, as a total, all masculine, all yours! How you have expanded your duties, you who were once just hunter and fighter, principally fighter! How your sphere is swollen! You do not realize it. You are familiar enough with the commonplace fact that most primitive industry in its origin owed little to you except (a big 'except') the protection of your sword against enemies. You are familiar with the fact that the plaiting of mats and the tanning of hides and every other industrial feature of housekeeping have passed from my control to yours in precise proportion as each has ceased to be individual and has become collective. You dominate everything collective. You understand that. What you don't understand is this:

"It is not only the industrial features of housekeeping which tend to become collective. It is also its administrative features. I will give you just one illustration. I cannot now keep my premises clean, beautiful,

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livable, except through the collective control of smoke, garbage, billboards, noise. And that control is yours.

"Further!

"Even the tenderer phases of housekeeping, those which are more subtle than mere administration, move steadily toward becoming yours. I will give you an illustration of that. The very children, now no longer always at their mother's knees, but spread abroad through school and park and playground and street and factory, are now much in your hands, for school and park and playground and street and factory are essentially controlled by you. You are part of life its offerings of value and patiently to weld them into a coherent, livable whole—that is not your faculty. You are a specialist. Produce, produce, produce—a certain thing, a one certain thing, any one certain thing, from corkscrews to Madonnas—you can do it. But to make a city a home, to elicit from discordant elements a harmonious total of warm, charming, noble, livable life—you'll never do it, by yourself."

She paused.

"Well," she said, "why don't you ask me to help you a bit? Even aside from any special qualities of my sex, don't you know that the greatest reserve fund of energy in

THE INTERESTS OF THE CHICAGO CLUB WOMEN RANGE ALL THE WAY FROM SUNDAY AFTERNOON ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS AT THE ART INSTITUTE TO CAMPAIGNING FOR SUFFRAGE.

increasingly housekeeper, and even mother. You not only control Working. You also control Living. But who are you, you that now control Living? You are——"

She tapped my shoulder and laughed.

"You are the Tired Business Man. Yes, whether manufacturer, financier, scholar, or poet, you are the Tired Business Man. You always were. You still are. You are a fighter still, by nature. You conquer steel and steam—and make a boat that will carry a mountain of ore. You conquer mounds of stock certificates and masses of men—and organize armies for the production of wealth. You conquer knowledge — and write your treatise. You conquer the sources of emotion—and write your poem. Then you're through. You lie down on your mat and go to sleep. To be housekeeper, to be homemaker, to take from each any American city to-day is the leisure and semi-leisure of certain classes of its women?"

"But they can give their leisure to 'good works' now if they want to," I answered.

"Yes," she said, "but if they do that, they'll want to go farther. Look!"

And this is what she showed me—what she told me:

II

Over there on Michigan Avenue, occupying the whole front part of the ninth floor of the Fine Arts Building, are the quarters of the Chicago Woman's Club. Twenty-seven years ago, in the Brighton public school, northwest of the Yards, that club started a kindergarten, providing the money, the materials, the teacher, the energy—everything but the room.

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It was a "good work," one might think, quite within "woman's sphere." But it wasn't entered into lightly and unadvisedly. In one of the club's old pamphlets you'll find it set down that Goethe had said that activity without insight is an evil. Accordingly, the club had spent its youth, from 1876 to 1883, reading, considering, discussing. But certain topics were excluded. *Particularly woman's suffrage.*

But kindergartens! Something for children! Could anything be more womanly? So on the fifth of December, 1883, the long-apprehended question rose: "Shall Our Club Do Practical Work?" There was much hesitation. But the vote was affirmative.

Seems strange to-day, doesn't it, that there should have been any hesitation at all?

There beneath us, on the Lake Front, in the Art Institute, on Sunday afternoons, there are excellent orchestral concerts to which you will be admitted on payment of ten cents. A work of this club.

Out over the city, if your eyes could compass it, you would see a blind man going from place to place, North Side, West Side, South Side, seeking out other blind people, entering their homes, teaching them how to read the books published in Braille and Moon raised characters, teaching them how to weave, teaching them how to use the typewriter, teaching them even how to make stenographic notes on a little key-boarded machine which impresses raised characters on a tape to be read off afterward with the finger-tips, giving his fellow-dwellers in darkness an occupation to be their solace, and even an occupation to be their support. A work of this club.

And the interval between these two kinds of work could be filled up with hundreds of entries. You have grown accustomed to all this. The Chicago Woman's Club, the scores of other woman's clubs in this city, the thousands in this country—you expect them to be active. But you do not perceive the consequences.

When the Chicago Woman's Club started its work in the Brighton School, there wasn't any such work in Chicago maintained by public funds. The town's pioneer kindergarten had been founded in 1867, by a woman. There had then grown up an association called the Chicago Froebel Association, which established and operated kindergartens in public school buildings out of its own resources. The Board of Education provided space, but nothing more. The Froebel Association was composed entirely of women, and many of its members were also members of the Chicago Woman's Club. The steam in the cylinders of the kindergarten movement in Chicago was the enthusiasm of women.

Well, in 1892, the Board of Education took the kindergartens over. The kindergarten system became thoroughly public, civic, collective. The control of it had lain with women. The control of it now passed

THESE PICTURES SHOW PHASES OF THE WORK DONE IN MOTHERS' CLUBS: ON THE LEFT AN ATTENDANT CARING FOR THE CHILDREN, ON THE RIGHT MOTHERS ASSEMBLING FOR THEIR WEEKLY MEETING.

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to men. Oh, there's no complaint. It's what the women wanted. They asked the men to do it. But I say— No, I'll postpone saying it till I've told you another story or two.

In the late nineties the Chicago Woman's Club took the leading rôle in the formation of what was known as the Vacation Schools Committee. More than sixty woman's organizations finally sent delegates to it. Its object was to give city-street children, in summer-time, some sort of experience resembling, if not reproducing, the activity and the knowledge of nature which comes with summer life in the country.

tional system itself. Its work may be seen in many parts of town.

Ten miles to the south, near the mouth of the Calumet River, where the ore-boat was turning in, the "Johnson Cubs" and the "South Side Stars" and other organizations of boys, principally from the Thorp School, have been getting manual training and football and cross-country hikes and gymnastic skill under the direction of a salaried representative of the Permanent School Extension Committee, who has been trying to make their hours out of school count for something in their development.

Southwest of us, far over, back of the

WORK FOR CHILDREN HAS A PROMINENT PLACE IN THE CLUB'S UNDERTAKINGS; THIS SHOWS A KINDERGARTEN IN COOK COUNTY HOSPITAL AND A VACATION SCHOOL IN THE OPEN AIR.

The vacation school, with its play and its nature study, turned out to be both useful and popular. For a decade or more the Vacation Schools Committee, composed entirely of women, raised large sums of money and extended its efforts from school to school till there came to be an established and recognized vacation schools system. The women whose energy carried it forward year after year were, in fact, school directors. Now the vacation schools system has been adopted by the Board of Education. Those women are school directors no longer. Nor have they any voice in the selecting of school directors.

Almost immediately the women changed the name of the Vacation Schools Committee to Permanent School Extension Committee. Its objects now are to extend the use of school buildings and to extend the educa-

Yards, at the Hamline School, for five years the Committee has maintained a "social worker" who, through clubs and classes and entertainments and festivals in the evenings as well as in the afternoons, for adults as well as for children, has been trying to write over the doors of the school the words which appear frequently enough elsewhere: "Family Entrance."

Trifling? Dreamy? Just the sort of thing woman's club women would do? Well, it seems to be about to lapse. But why? Because the Board of Education, at last half-convinced, has appropriated $10,000 for social center work in school buildings.

The rest of the present work of the Permanent School Extension Committee will lapse, too—in time.

Last spring, in the Hamline School, for six weeks eighteen children who needed the

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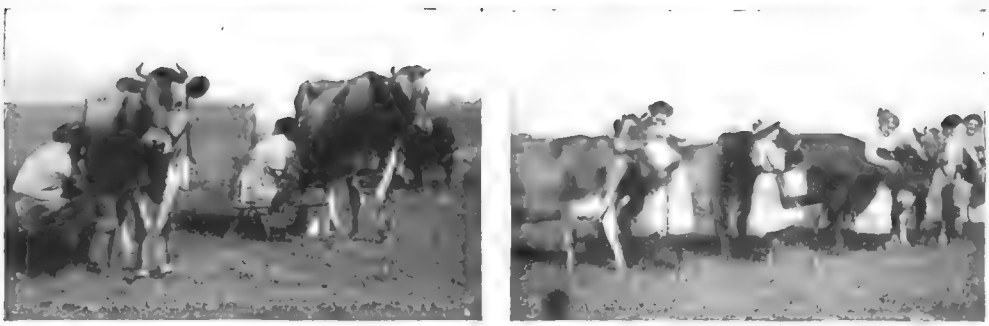
treatment did their work in a room in which the windows were kept open. The Permanent School Extension Committee provided special chairs, blankets, milk and eggs for morning and afternoon, a hot meal for lunch.

During the summer, in three school-yards —the Lake View on the North Side, the Penn on the West, the Libby on the South— there were vacation schools for six weeks in the open air, with special teaching and special feeding. The Permanent School Extension Committee provided the meals and the cooks.

The gain made in physical and mental condition by the children so treated was such that the time is sure to come when the principle of extra air and extra food for below-par pupils, like the principle of kindergartens, the principle of vacation schools, and the principle of school social centers, will be absorbed into the general policy of the public school system.



THE CLUB HAS BOUGHT A FARM FOR THE ILLINOIS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, PROVIDING INSTRUCTION IN GARDENING AND DAIRYING.

And now I will say the things I hesitated to say a few moments ago.

First. Is it likely that women who have helped to add element after element of value to the public school system would fail to acquire an interest in the public school system itself? Is it likely that women who have had a voice in certain important matters would relinquish all personal concern about them immediately upon their absorption into the city government? In other words, is it strange that the topic of woman's suffrage is now tolerated on the floor of the Chicago Woman's Club?

Second. Might not one unwarily imagine that among the women who for so many years have given so much thought and action to school affairs there would be found many whose experience *and whose leisure* would be drafted (with a press gang, if necessary) into the public service?

Is it not strange that among the twenty-one members of the Chicago Board of Education only one is a woman? And doesn't this become still stranger when it is recollected that most members of the Board of Education (to say nothing of their not having merited their appointment by any notable benefits conferred on the school system) are so overwhelmed by private business as to find their attendance on board committee meetings a hardship?

This last feature of the situation is the one that more and more fills me with amazement. Here is a woman whose acquaintance with educational developments of all sorts is of long duration, whose achievements in coöperation with the schools have been admittedly successful, whose time, now that her children are grown up, is much at her free disposal—here she is, working away on the edges and fringes of the school system, while some Tired Business Man is giving the interstices of his commercial preoccupation to the settlement of comprehensive questions of educational policy.

But never mind. Things may change. The present superintendent of schools is a woman. That's something. And, any-

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way, the women I am speaking of, though increasingly conscious of the degree of their exclusion from the collective civic life of the town, do not spend so much time in repining about it as they spend in seeking new opportunities for such civic service as is possible to them.

Sometimes it is hard to say whether they are within the bounds of private life or not.

If you will go up the Chicago River, up past that bend, into the North Branch, up beyond that gas plant where vagrant oils streak the surface of the muddy water, vilely, vividly, with the drifting hues of a lost and tangled rainbow, up by factory and lumber-yard, up into the reaches of the open fields, till the straight lines of wharves give way to tree-marked windings, graceful bendings gracefully followed by bending willows, you will come presently to a school which tries to restore to city children something of the peace and strength of the country.

HELPING DOWN-AND-OUT WOMEN: A WOMAN'S DINING-ROOM IN THE COOK COUNTY JAIL; AND THE SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LEGAL AID SOCIETY, TO WHOM ANY GIRL MAY CARRY HER TROUBLES.

It is the Illinois Industrial School for Girls. A few years ago it was in collapse—filthily housed, educationally demoralized, heavily indebted. A few women, principally from the Chicago Woman's Club, became interested in it. They bought a farm for it. They put up buildings for it. Not a big prison dormitory. Little brick cottages. Matron in each one. Chance for a kind of home life. Chance, also, for instruction in housekeeping. Big vegetable patches for instruction in gardening. Friendly cows to help along with instruction in dairying. Everything for outdoor life, working life, life that engages and disciplines.

All the twenty-four directors of this school (with two exceptions) are women. Most of them are members of the Chicago Woman's Club. One of the cottages is named after the club. But the school is, in a way, a county institution. That is, the county makes a certain contribution to it, under a state law, for the support of each girl committed to it as a dependent by the Juvenile Court. The directors, therefore, are trustees each year for a large amount of public money.

Question: Are they in public life?

Answer: If the school is ever really owned by the public, they will depart from public life with extraordinary immediacy. The way to deprive any enterprise of the possibility of effective support from the female half of the community is to give it to the community.

No, I'll admit that isn't quite true. The women do keep on trying to help.

How I wish I could make you see the whole of this city, its streets, its vacant places, the inside of its buildings, all, all at once, with all the things happening which have been set going by this Chicago Woman's Club and by the organizations with which it associates itself.

You'd see (and in each case you'd know

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that what you were seeing was due either entirely or very largely to the labors of the club, its committees, its departments, or its close allies)——

You'd see night matrons in the police stations giving women arrests a degree of protection they did not at one time have.

You'd see in the Art Institute a line of pupils who from year to year have passed through its study-rooms because of a certain scholarship yearly offered.

You'd see in the City Hall a new official called the City Forester, helping to save the trees the town now has, issuing bulletins of professional advice, giving his aid to the Arbor Day enthusiasm, which last year put some 400,000 seedlings into the parkways and private yards of Chicago.

You'd see, over the whole extent of the city, local improvement associations, which on street cleaning and other local needs, not adequately met by the city government, spend a hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

You'd see, in the jail, a school for young men prisoners, now taken over and supported by the county, but still watched by the club. You'd also see certain recent interests of the club: a woman's dining-room, an examining physician to segregate contagious diseases, a fumigating plant.

You'd see the paintings on the walls of the assembly hall of the McKinley High School—the first mural paintings in any school in Chicago.

You'd see children, after school, in the park playhouses, listening to "story ladies," who tell them fairy tales, historical tales, tales of adventure and achievement.

You'd see, in one of the small parks of the West Side, a woman "social worker," who gets the mothers and fathers of the neighborhood into the way of using the park and the park building, even for Christmas Eve family parties. And then, you'd see "social workers" appointed by the park board itself and paid with public money.

You'd see, in many places, audiences listening to free lectures on Social Hygiene.

You'd see important excerpts from the city code bearing on personal conduct being taken into the newspaper offices to be printed under the heading—"Ordinances You Ought to Know."

You'd see paintings and engravings being hung in the public schools by the Public School Art Society, till in a case such as that of the Drake School the collection in a single school building amounts in value to several thousand dollars.

You'd see wagonloads of coats and hats and dresses and trousers being carried from the School Children's Aid Society to public schools in all parts of the city, to be secretly conveyed to boys and girls who otherwise could not come through wintry weather to their lessons.

You'd see flower gardens springing up in many school-yards, after a little encouragement and advice from the Women's Outdoor Art League.

You'd see a girl behind the walls of the Northwestern University Building, over there on Dearborn Street, telling her story of deception, or of outrage, or of error, to the Superintendent of the Legal Aid Society. It used to be the Women's Protective Association till it was merged with the Bureau of Justice a few years since. It was initiated by the Chicago Woman's Club a generation ago. It has ministered to thousands of young women cursed with that curse both of God and of man which gives them, however wronged, almost all the burden and almost all the shame of the event. It is due mainly to the work done here that in Illinois to-day a girl cannot legally consent to her own undoing till she is at least sixteen years old and that even till she is eighteen her injurer, immune from nature's revenge, is not immune from the law's.

These things you'd see, and innumerable others. All that I have mentioned have been suggested to me by lines of communication which stretch out over the town from the one club I have particularly noted. If I tried to unravel all those lines to all their endings, I should keep you here beyond your patience. If I tried to extend my survey to other similar clubs, younger, smaller, but equally zealous, in this community, I should keep you here even beyond mine.

They began, those women of the Chicago Woman's Club, with remembering that Goethe said that activity without insight is an evil. Last spring they remembered something else that Goethe said. Their president, retiring from office, comprehended the history of the club and of thousands of other woman's clubs, thus:

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"Goethe, who started with the theory that the highest life was to be gained by self-culture, in later years concluded that service was the way to happiness. So we have risen by stepping stones to higher things; through study, through *interest* in humanity, the supreme motive of this club has come to be *service* to humanity."

And yet I haven't mentioned the greatest service ever rendered to the town by its women.

One day a woman went on a visit, one of many, to the jail. There were a lot of boys playing about a man in a dressing-gown and rocking-chair. She inquired about him. "Him?" said the children, "He's a fellow just murdered his wife. He's our boss."

Visits like that, scenes like that, were the beginning of the Juvenile Court in Chicago. As the idea began to traverse the local sky, it gathered about it a most useful and honorable aura of masculine interest. But the nucleus of it was feminine. And it is to women that the United States really owes its first Juvenile Court law.

The incident might end there and be notable enough. But it goes farther.

At the very first session of the Chicago Juvenile Court there appeared two women. One of them offered to be a probation officer. The other, with a consciousness of many friends behind her, offered to accumulate a fund on which a staff of probation officers might be maintained.

From those offers grew the Juvenile Court Committee. Its work during the next eight years was an integral part of the administration of the Juvenile Court. There's little wisdom (in a city as large as Chicago) in paroling a wayward boy unless there's a probation officer to follow him, to watch him, to encourage him, to keep him from relapsing into the hands of the judge. Some 3,500 children pass through the court every year. The judge cannot be father to many of them. The probation officers are the judge's eyes and hands, giving him knowledge and control of his family. Without the probation officers the new system would have been an amiable reform, but not an effective agency for juvenile regeneration.

The Juvenile Court Committee developed a staff of probation officers, which finally had twenty-two members. The Juvenile Court Committee also undertook the maintenance and management of the detention home in which boys were sheltered and instructed while awaiting the final disposition of their cases. The Juvenile Court Committee also gave time and money to many other features of the development of the court, all the way from paying the salaries of a chief clerk and a chief stenographer to suggesting the advisability and securing the adoption of necessary amendments to the Juvenile Court Law.

From the year 1898 to the year 1907 the Juvenile Court Committee raised and spent a hundred thousand dollars. But it did its best work in depriving itself of its occupation. It secured the passage of a law which established the probation officer system as part of the Juvenile Court system, to be maintained forever by the county authorities. And it succeeded, after long negotiations, in persuading the county and the city governments to coöperate in the erection of a Children's Building, which houses both the court and the detention home.

The original purpose of the Juvenile Court Committee was now fulfilled. The Committee perished. But it immediately rose from its ashes as the Juvenile Protective Association. Instead of supporting probation officers to look after children who are in the care of the court, it now spends some $25,000 a year on protective officers, who have it for their ultimate object to prevent children from getting into the care of the court. Can anything be done to dam the stream of dependent and delinquent children which flows through the children's building so steadily? What are the subterranean sources of that stream? Can they be staunched?

The managers of the Juvenile Protective Association, in going back of the court to study the home lives, the industrial occupations, and the amusements which form the characters, for better or for worse, of the city's children, are approaching the field in which the causes of social corruption will stand much more clearly revealed than at present to our intelligence and conscience. It is fundamental work.

But what of the women who are directing that work? What of the women who are directing the other enterprises I have mentioned? Would they make good citi-

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zens? They are militant citizens now, with the rank of noncombatants.

III

We crossed the roof's tarred gravel once more, and once more leaned over the tiled parapet and looked abroad at the city.

"I told you," she said, "that women cannot give their leisure to useful activity without verging toward citizenship. That is the rule. There are exceptions, caused by individual temperament. But that is the rule. Make one group of the women who use their leisure to good purpose. Make another of the women who use their leisure to no purpose. You'll find a growing desire for citizenship in the former. You'll find little such desire in the latter. The conflict that is going on among women who have any leisure at all is between the spirit which drives them toward a union with the life of the world and the spirit which drives them toward complete detachment and irresponsibility.

"So let's say no more about the suffrage agitation. It's simply a sequel to women's interest in the world's housekeeping. The broader question is, 'Will that interest grow?'

"One would think it could hardly help growing. The hosts of women who are earning their living—they are immersed in the world even as men. But the women who are at home, with little children about them. They're abstracted from the world, aren't they? Yes, physically, just as much as ever. But mentally they come closer and closer to the world all the time.

"Have you read the Home Economics books? The day is coming, you know, when every girl will have the training these books suggest. It will make her a home woman, you say. Yes, it will help to do that. But it will help even more to make her something else, too.

"Do you know that the Home Economics literature has more in it about civic service than any other one general kind of educational literature you can lay your hands on?

"Does that seem odd to you? I'll tell you the reason for it.

"Home Economics is the study of Right Living, the study of the importance, the utility, and the possible beauty of the common things of daily existence. Now one cannot study sanitation, fresh air, pure food, adequate housing, the care of children, the protection of the family from disease, the maintenance of a proper environment and regimen for health and efficiency, without instantly perceiving the closeness of the relationship between the life of the individual and the life of the community.

"The so-called bread and butter studies, now being inserted into women's education, have the merit, superficially paradoxical, of raising the mind to the duties of citizenship. The simplest mother, immured in her home with her small children, will in the days to come realize, as she does not now at all realize, what the freshness of the milk supply, what the purity of the city water, what the efficiency of the health department, mean to those children. She will know—and when she knows she will care.

"Let me give you one illustration of the extent to which certain teachers of Home Economics recognize the future civic responsibilities of their pupils.

"In a little town far up in the Northwest there's a famous Homemakers' School. It is far from the social pressure of packed populations. Nevertheless, along with all the housekeeping details which crowd its two-year course, you'll find a series of lectures on 'Home and Social Economics' based on a theory which I'll try to give in almost the very words used by the school itself in its public announcements of policy. It's this:

"'The growing wealth of different communities, the application of modern inventions to home industries, the passing of many of the former lines of women's work into the factory have brought to many women leisure time which should be spent in social service. Civic cleanliness, the humane treatment of children, the city-beautiful, education, civic morality, the protection of children from immoral influences, child labor, the organizations to protect neglected children and to reform delinquent children — all are legitimately within the province of motherhood, and the attempt to improve conditions is a part of the duty of the modern woman.'

"Is that radical? Surely not. Surely it's conservative. There's not a suggestion in it of any change in woman's interests. There's only an awakening to the fact that her interests are now diffused throughout the community, that what could once be comprehended in a wilderness cave is now spread abroad through all the lands of all the world.

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"I said I taught housekeeping in that cave. I wonder if I could teach better housekeeping to the whole world.

"I know I could if I would. But—

"I'm thinking now of the millions of women who, after all their home duties are done, still have some time they could give me for a more livable world life. Will they? I can't say. But I will say this:

"Either their public spirit will grow or their private character will decline. One of the two. Because they carry, along with that leisure of theirs, not only its blessings but also its curse. They must sanctify it or perish by it.

"Leisure! Culture! Emancipation! All nothing unless there is something more. Culture without action is an ingrowing disease which first debilitates and then dissolves the will to live. Emancipation without duty is a mirage of pleasure which raises thirst but never quenches it. The Romans emancipated their women, in the days of their degeneration, but with no result except a completer collapse of family life and of personal virtue.

"But perhaps there will be a new issue of events this time. It looks as if there might be.

"That weary ancient world recoiling from its luxuries, its dissipations, its surfeits, turned to pessimistic mysticism, to the theory that the flesh and the things of the flesh are vile, to monastic withdrawal into the desert and the mountains, to the life of inward searchings.

"This modern world is turning to optimistic materialism, to the theory that the flesh and the things of the flesh can be made noble, to anti-tuberculosis societies and juvenile courts, to the life of outward workings.

"*That* world found peace in renunciation. *This* world seeks peace in *Service*.

"It is going to be an era of the importance, the utility, and the possible beauty of the common things of daily existence. It is going to be an era of Right Living.

"Ought not woman to have a particular part in it?

"I have watched her every hour from the beginning—from the very first beginning of any life that had any warmth of love in it. I have seen her make the hearth the symbol of the stability of the individual life. Now, when the duties of the home, the stones of which that hearth was made, are scattered far and wide, shall I not see her reassemble them on a grander scale to make a total of stability for all life whatsoever? Shall I not?"

"But who?" I said, "who are you?"

"I," she said, "I am the spirit that made woman love her child, and that shall yet make her love her kind."

EQUALITY

BY JAMES E. RICHARDSON

WHEN fifty bowmen, straining all arow,
Vary no finger's breadth in arrow-flight;
When down the stadium ten runners go,
And first to choose defieth all men's sight;
When yew and olive-tree give bow for bow
And star and lesser star yield equal light;
When maids of one birth-morn are all so fair
That none in visible degree surpass
In gifts of grace—bright eyes and shining hair;
When weights of lead and gold give mass for mass;
When the high gods shall answer every prayer,
And each man's auspices come forth to pass;
In that—and in no earlier—hour shall ye
Wail fitly through the market-place, "Equality!"

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The TRANSPLANTED GHOST

A · CHRISTMAS · STORY

By · WALLACE · IRWIN

AUTHOR OF "LETTERS OF A JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY," "NAUTICAL LAYS OF A LANDSMAN," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAY HAMBIDGE

WHEN Aunt Elizabeth asked me to spend Christmas with her at Seven Oaks she appended a peculiar request to her letter. "Like a good fellow," she wrote, "won't you drop off at Perkinsville, Ohio, on your way, and take a look at Gauntmoor Castle? They say it's a wonderful old pile; and its history is in many ways connected with that of our own family. As long as you're the last of the Geoffray Pierreponts, such things ought to interest you." Like her auburn namesake who bossed the Thames of yore, sweet, red-haired, romantic autocrat, Aunt Elizabeth! Her wishes were commands.

"What the deuce is Aunt Elizabeth up to now?" I asked Tim Cole, my law partner, whom I found in my rooms smoking my tobacco. "Why should I be inspecting Gauntmoor Castle—and what is a castle named Gauntmoor doing in Perkinsville, Ohio, anyway? Perkinsville sounds like the Middle West, and Gauntmoor sounds like the Middle Ages."

"Right in both analyses," said the pipe-poaching Tim. "Castle Gauntmoor *is* from the Middle Ages, and we all know about where in Ohio Perkinsville is. But is it possible that you, twenty-seven years old and a college graduate, haven't heard of Thaddeus Hobson, the Marvelous Millionaire?" I shook my head. "The papers have been full of Hobson in the past two or three years," said Tim. "It was in 1898, I think, that Fate jumped Thaddeus Hobson to the golden Olympus. He was first head salesman in the village hardware store, then he formulated so successful a scheme to clean up the Tin Plate Combine that he put away a fabulous number of millions in a year, and subsequently went to England. Finally he set his heart on Norman architecture. After a search he found the ancient Castle Gauntmoor still habitable and for sale. He thrilled the British comic papers by his offer to buy the castle and move it to America. Hobson saw the property, telegraphed to London, and closed the deal in two hours. And an army of laborers at once began taking the Gauntmoor to pieces, stone by stone.

"Transporting that relic to America involved a cost in labor and ingenuity comparable with nothing that has yet happened. Moving the Great Pyramid would be a lighter job, perhaps. Thousands of tons of scarred and mediaeval granite were carried to the railroads, freighted to the sea, and dragged across the Atlantic in whopping big lighters chartered for the job. And the next the newspapers knew, the monster was set up in Perkinsville, Ohio."

"But why did he do it?" I asked.

"Who knows?" said Tim. "Ingrowing sentiment—unlimited capital—wanted to do something for the Home Town, probably; wanted to beautify the village that gave him his start—and didn't know how to go at it. Well, so long!" he called out, as I seized my hat and streaked for the train.

It was dinner time when the train pulled in at Perkinsville. The town was as undis-

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tinguished as I expected. I was too hungry to care about castles at the moment, so I took the 'bus for the Commercial Hotel, an establishment that seemed to live up to its name, both in sentiment and in accommodation. The landlord, Mr. Spike, referred bitterly to the castle, which, he explained, was, by its dominating presence, "spoilin' the prosperous appearance of Perkinsville." Dinner over, he led me to a side porch.

"How does Perkinsville look with that—with that curio squattin' on top of it?" asked Mr. Spike sternly, as he pointed over the local livery stable, over Smith Brothers' Plow Works, over Odd Fellows' Hall, and up, up to the bleak hills beyond, where, poised like a stony coronet on a giant's brow, rose the great Norman towers and frowning buttresses of Gauntmoor Castle. I rubbed my eyes. No, it *couldn't* be real—it must be wizard's work!

"What's old Hobson got out of it?" said Mr. Spike in my ear. "Nothin' but an old stone barn, where he can set all day nursin' a grouch and keepin' his daughter Anita—they do say he does—under lock and key for fear somebody's goin' to marry her for her money."

Mr. Spike looked up at the ramparts defiantly, even as the Saxon churl must have gazed in an earlier, far sadder land.

"It's romantic," I suggested.

"Yes, *darn* rheumatic," agreed Mr. Spike.

"Is it open for visitors?" I asked innocently.

"Hobson?" cackled Spike. "He'd no more welcome a stranger to that place than he'd welcome—a ghost. He's a hol-ee terror, Hobson!"

Mr. Spike turned away to referee a pool game down in the barroom.

The fires of a December sunset flared behind Gauntmoor and cast the grim shadows of Mediævalism over Mediocrity, which lay below. Presently the light faded, and I grew tired of gazing. Since Hobson would permit no tourists to inspect his castle, why was I here on this foolish trip? Already I was planning to wire Aunt Elizabeth a sarcastic reference to being marooned at Christmas with a castle on my hands, when a voice at my shoulder said suddenly:

"Mr. Hobson sends his compliments, sir, and wants to know would Mr. Pierrepont come up to Gauntmoor for the night?"

A groom in a plum-colored livery stood at my elbow. A light station wagon was waiting just outside. How the deuce did Hobson know my name? What did he want of me at Gauntmoor this time of night? Yet prospects of bed and breakfast away from the Commercial lured me strangely.

"Sure, Mr. Pierrepont will be delighted," I announced, leaping into the vehicle, and soon we were mounting upward, battling with the winds around the time-scarred walls. The wagon stopped at the great gate. A horn sounded from within, the gate swung open, a drawbridge fell with a hideous creaking of machinery, and we passed in, twenty or thirty feet above the snow-drifted moat. Beyond the portcullis a dim door swung open. Some sort of seneschal met us with a light and led us below the twilight arches, where, beyond, I could catch glimpses of the baileys and courts and the donjon tower against the heavy ramparts.

The wind hooted through the high galleries as we passed; but the west wing, from its many windows and loopholes, blazed with cheerful yellow light. It looked nearly cozy. Into a tall, gaunt tower we plunged, down a winding staircase, and suddenly we came into a vast hall, stately with tapestries and innumerable monkish carvings—and all brightly lighted with electricity!

A little fat man sat smoking in a chair near the fire. When I entered he was in his shirt-sleeves, reading a newspaper, but when a footman announced my name the little man, in a state of great nervousness, jumped to his feet and threw on a coat, fidgeting painfully with the armholes. As he came toward me, I noticed that he was perfectly bald. He looked dyspeptic and discontented, like a practical man trying vainly to adjust his busy habits to a lazy life. Obviously he didn't go with the rest of the furniture.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Pierrepont," he said, looking me over carefully as if he thought of buying me. "Geoffray Pierrepont—tut, tut!—ain't it queer!"

"Queer!" I said rather peevishly. "What's queer about it?"

"Excuse me, did I say queer? I didn't mean to be impolite, sir—I was just thinking, that's all."

You could hear the demon Army of the Winds scaling the walls outside.

"Maybe you thought it kind of abrupt,

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Mr. Pierrepont, me asking you up here so unceremonious," he said. "My daughter Annie, she tells me I ought to live up to the looks of the place; but I've got my notions. To tell you the truth, I'm in an awful quandary about this Antique Castle business, and when I heard you was at the hotel, I thought you might help me out some way. You see you——"

He led me to a chair and offered me a fat cigar.

"Young man," he said, "when you get your head above water and make good in the world—if you ever do—don't fool with curios, don't monkey with antiques. Keep away from castles. They're like everything else sold by curio dealers—all humbug. Look nice, yes. But get 'em over to America and they either fall to pieces or the paint comes off. Whether it's a chair or a castle—same old story. The sly scallywags that sell you the goods won't live up to their contracts."

"Hasn't Gauntmoor all the ancient inconveniences a Robber Baron could wish?" I asked.

"It ain't," announced Mr. Hobson. "Though it looks all right to a stranger, perhaps. There may be castles in the Old World got it on Gauntmoor for size—thank God I didn't buy 'em!—but for looks you can't beat Gauntmoor."

"Comfortable?" I asked.

"Can't complain. Modern plumbed throughout. Hard to heat, but I put an electric-light plant in the cellar. Daughter Annie's got a Colonial suite in the North Tower."

"Well," I suggested, "if there's anything the castle lacks, you can buy it."

"There's one thing money *can't* buy," said Mr. Hobson, leaning very close and speaking in a sibilant whisper. "And that's ghosts!"

"But who wants ghosts?" I inquired.

"Now look here," said Mr. Hobson.

"MR. HOBSON SENDS HIS COMPLIMENTS, SIR, AND WANTS TO KNOW WOULD MR. PIERREPONT COME UP TO GAUNTMOOR FOR THE NIGHT?"

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"I'm a business man. When I bought Gauntmoor, the London scallywags that sold it to me gave me dis-tinct-ly to understand that this was a Haunted Castle. They showed me a haunted chamber, showed me the haunted wall where the ghost walks, guaranteed the place to be the Spook Headquarters of the British Isles—and see what I got!" He snapped his fingers in disgust.

"No results?"

"Results? Stung! I've slept in that haunted room upstairs for a solid year. I've gazed night after night over the haunted rampart. I've even hired spiritualists to come and cut their didoes in the towers and donjon keep. No use. You can't get ghosts where they ain't."

I expressed my sympathy.

"I'm a plain man," said Hobson. "I ain't got any ancestors back of father, who was a blacksmith and a good one, when sober. Somebody else's ancestors is what I looked for in this place—and I've got 'em, too, carved in wood and stone in the chapel out back of the tower. But statues and carvings ain't like ghosts to add tone to an ancient lineage."

"Is there any legend?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard it?" he exclaimed, looking at me sharply out of his small gray eyes. "It seems, 'way back in the sixteenth century, there was a harum-scarum young feller living in a neighboring castle, and he took an awful shine to Lady Katherine, daughter of the Earl of Cummyngs, who was boss of this place at that time. Now the young man who loved Miss—I mean Lady—Katherine was a sort of wild proposition. Old man wouldn't have him around the place; but young man kept hanging on till Earl ordered him off. Finally the old gent locked Lady Kitty in the donjon tower," said Mr. Hobson.

"Too much shilly-shallying in *this* generation," he went on. "Every house that's got a pretty girl ought to have a donjon keep. I've got both." He paused and wiped his brow.

"This fresh young kid I'm telling you about, he thought he knew more than the old folks, so he got a rope ladder and climbed up the masonry one night, intending to bust into the tower where the girl was. But just as he got half across the wall—out yonder—his foot slipped and he broke his neck in the moat below. Consequence, Lady Kitty goes crazy and old Earl found dead a week later in his room. It was Christmas Eve when the boy was killed. That's the night his ghost's supposed to walk along the ramparts, give a shriek, and drop off—but the irritating thing about it all is, it don't ever happen."

"And now, Mr. Hobson," I said, throwing away the butt of my cigar, "why am *I* here? What have *I* got to do with all this ghost business?"

"I *want* you to stay," said Hobson, beseechingly. "To-morrow night's Christmas Eve. I've figured it out that your influence, somehow, you being of the same blood, as it were, might encourage the ghost to come out and save the reputation of the castle."

A servant brought candles, and Hobson turned to retire.

"The same blood!" I shouted after him. "What on earth is the *name* of the ghost?"

"When he was alive his name was—Sir Geoffray de Pierrepont," said Thaddeus Hobson, his figure fading into the dimness beyond.

I followed the servant with the candle aloft through chill and carven corridors, through galleries lined with faded portraits of forgotten lords. "Wheels!" I kept saying to myself. "The old man evidently thinks it takes a live Pierrepont to coax a dead one," and I laughed nervously as I entered the vast brown bedroom. I had to get on a chair in order to climb into the four-poster, a cheerful affair that looked like a royal funeral barge. At my head I noticed a carved device, seven mailed hands snatching at a sword with the motto: "CAVE ADSUM!"

"Beware, I am here!" I translated. Who was here? Ghosts? Fudge! What hideous scenes had this chamber beheld of yore? What might not happen here now? Where, by the way, was old Hobson's daughter, Anita? Might not anything be possible? I covered my head with the bedclothes.

Next morning being mild and bright for December, and Thaddeus Hobson and his mysterious daughter not having showed up for breakfast, I amused myself by inspecting the exterior of the castle. In daylight I could see that Gauntmoor, as now restored, consisted of only a portion of the original structure. On the west side, near a sheer fall of forty or fifty feet, stood the donjon

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tower, a fine piece of mediaeval barbarism with a peaked roof. And, sure enough! I saw it all now. Running along the entire west side of the castle was a wonderful wall, stretching above the moat to a dizzy height. It was no difficult matter to mount this wall from the courtyard, above which it rose no more than eight or ten feet. I ascended by a rude sentry's staircase, and once on top I gazed upward at the tall mediaeval prison-place, which reared above me like a clumsy stone chimney. Just as I stood, at the top of the wall, I was ten or twelve feet below the lowest window of the donjon tower. This, then, was the wall that the ancient Pierrepont had scaled, and yonder was the donjon window that he had planned to plunder on that fatal night so long ago. And this was where Pierrepont the Ghost was supposed to appear!

BEYOND THE PORTCULLIS A DIM DOOR SWUNG OPEN. SOME SORT OF SENESCHAL MET US WITH A LIGHT AND LED US BELOW THE TWILIGHT ARCHES.

How the lover of spectral memory had managed to scale that wall from the outside, I could not quite make out. But once *on* the wall, it was no trick to snatch the damsel from her durance vile. Just drop a long rope-ladder from the wall to the moat, then crawl along the narrow ledge—got to be careful with a job like that—then up to the window of the donjon keep, and away with the Lady Fair. Why, that window above the ramparts would be an easy climb for a fellow with strong arms and a little nerve, as the face of the tower from the wall to the window was studded with ancient spikes and the projecting ends of beams.

I counted the feet, one, two, three—and as I looked up at the window, a small, white hand reached out and a pink slip of paper dropped at my feet. It read:

Dear Sir—I'm Miss Hobson. I'm locked in the donjon tower. Father always locks me here when there's a young man about. It's a horrid, uncomfortable place. Won't you hurry and go?

Yours respectfully,
A. Hobson.

I knew it was easy. I swung myself aloft on the spikes and stones leading to the donjon window. When I was high enough I gazed in, my chin about even with the sill. And there I saw the prettiest girl I ever beheld, gazing down at a book tranquilly, as though gentlemanly rescuers were common as toads around that tower. She wore something soft and golden; her hair was night-black, and her eyes were that peculiar shade of gray that—but what's the use?

"Pardon," I said, holding on with my right hand, lifting my hat with my left.

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WHEN I ENTERED HE WAS IN HIS SHIRT SLEEVES, READING A NEWSPAPER.

"Pardon, am I addressing Miss Annie Hobson?"

"You are not," she replied, only half looking up. "You are addressing Miss Anita Hobson. Calling me Annie is another little habit father ought to break himself of." She went on reading.

"Is that a very interesting book?" I asked, because I didn't like to go without saying something more.

"It isn't!" She arose suddenly and hurled the book into a corner. "It's Anthony Hope—and if there's anything I hate it's him. Father always gives me 'Prisoner of Zenda' and 'Ivanhoe' to read when he locks me into this donjon. Says I ought to read up on the situation. Do you think so?"

"There are some other books in the library," I suggested. "Bernard Shaw and Kipling, you know. I'll run over and get you one."

"That's fine—but no!" she besought, reaching out her hand to detain me. "No, don't go! If you went away you'd never come back. They never do."

"Who never do?"

"The young men. The very instant father sees one coming he pops me in the tower and turns the key. You see," she explained, "when I was in Italy I was engaged to a duke—he was a silly little thing and I was glad when he turned out bogus. But father took the deception awfully to heart and swore I should never be married for my money. Yet I don't see what else a young girl can expect," she added quite simply.

I could have mentioned several hundred things.

"He has no right!" I said sternly. "It's barbarous for him to treat a girl that way—especially his daughter."

"Hush!" she said. "Dad's a good sort. But you can't measure him by other people's standards. And yet—oh, it's maddening, this life! Day after day—loneliness. Nothing but stone walls and rusty armor and books. We're rich, but what do we get out of it? I have nobody of my own age to talk to. How the years are passing! After a while—I'll be—an old maid. I'm twenty-one now!" I heard a sob. Her pretty head was bowed in her hands.

Desperately I seized the bars of the window and miraculously they parted. I leaned across the sill and drew her hands gently down.

"Listen to me," I said. "If I break in and steal you away from this, will you go?"

"Go?" she said. "Where?"

"My aunt lives at Seven Oaks, less than an hour from here by train. You can stay there till your father comes to his reason."

"It's quite like father *never* to come to

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his reason," she reflected. "Then I should have to be self-supporting. Of course, I should appreciate employment in a candy-shop—I think I know all the principal kinds."

"Will you go?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied simply, "I'll go. But how can I get away from here?"

"To-night," I said, "is Christmas Eve, when Pierrepont the Ghost is supposed to walk along the wall—right under this window. You don't believe that fairy story, do you?"

"No."

"Neither do I. But can't you see? The haunted wall begins at my window on one end of the castle and ends at your window on the other. The bars of your cell, I see, are nearly all loose."

"Yes," she laughed, "I pried them out with a pair of scissors."

I could hear Hobson's voice across the court giving orders to servants.

"Your father's coming. Remember to-night," I whispered.

"Midnight," she said softly, smiling out at me. I could have faced flocks and flocks of dragons for her at that moment. The old man was coming nearer. I swung to the ground and escaped into a ruined court.

Well, the hours that followed were anxious and busy for me. I worked in the glamour of romance like a soldier about to do some particularly brave and foolish thing. From the window of my room I looked down on the narrow, giddy wall below. It *was* a brave and foolish thing. Among the rubbish in an old armory I found a coil of stout rope, forty or fifty feet of it. This I smuggled away. From a remote hall I borrowed a Crusader's helmet and spent the balance of the afternoon in my room practicing with a sheet across my shoulders, shroud-fashion.

We dined grandly at eight, the old man and I. He drank thirstily and chatted about the ghost, as you might discuss the chances in a coming athletic event. After what seemed an age he looked at his watch and cried: "Whillikens! Eleven o'clock already! Well, I'll be going up to watch from the haunted room. I think, Jeff, that you'll bring me luck to-night."

"I am sure I shall!" I answered sardonically, as he departed.

Three quarters of an hour later, wearing the Crusader's helmet and swathed in a bedsheet, I let myself down from the window to the haunted wall below. It was moonlight, bitter cold as I crouched on the wall, waiting for the stroke of twelve, when I should act the spook and walk along that precarious ledge to rescue Anita.

"TO-NIGHT," I SAID, "IS CHRISTMAS EVE, WHEN PIERREPONT THE GHOST IS SUPPOSED TO WALK ALONG THE WALL—RIGHT UNDER THIS WINDOW."

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The "haunted wall," I observed from where I stood, was shaped like an irregular crescent, being in plain view of Hobson's "haunted room" at the middle, but not so at its north and south ends, where my chamber and Anita's tower were respectively situated. I pulled out my watch from under my winding-sheet. Three minutes of twelve. I drew down the vizor of my helmet and gathered up my cerements preparatory to walking the hundred feet of wall which would bring me in sight of the haunted room where old Hobson kept his vigil. Two minutes, one minute I waited, when—I suddenly realized I was not alone.

A man wearing a long cloak and a feather in his cap was coming toward me along the moonlit masonry. Aha! So I was not the only masquerading swain calling on the captive princess in the prison tower. A jealous pang shot through me as I realized this.

The man was within twenty feet of me, when I noticed something. He was not walking on the wall. *He was walking on air, three or four feet above the wall.* Nearer and nearer came the man—the Thing—now into the light of the moon, whose beams seemed to strike through his misty tissue like the thrust of a sword. I was horribly scared. My knees loosened under me, and I clutched the vines at my back to save me from falling into the moat below. Now I could see his face, and somehow fear seemed to leave me. His expression was so young and human.

"Ghost of the Pierrepont," I thought, "whether you walk in shadow or in light, you lived among a race of Men!"

His noble, pallid face seemed to burn with its own pale light, but his eyes were in darkness. He was now within two yards of me. I could see the dagger at his belt. I could see the gory cut on his forehead. I attempted to speak, but my voice creaked like a rusty hinge. He neither heeded nor saw me; and when he came to the spot where I stood, he did not turn out for me. He walked *through* me! And when next I saw him he was a few feet beyond me, standing in mid-air over the moat and gazing up at the high towers like one revisiting old scenes. Again he floated toward me and poised on the wall four feet from where I stood.

"What do you here to-night?" suddenly spoke, or seemed to speak, a voice that was like the echo of a silence.

No answer came from my frozen tongue. Yet I would gladly have spoken, because somehow I felt a great sympathy for this boyish spirit.

"It has been many earth-years," he said, "since I have walked these towers. And ah, cousin, it has been many miles that I have been called to-night to answer the summons of my race. And this fortress—what power has moved it overseas to this mad kingdom? Magic!"

His eyes seemed suddenly to blaze through the shadows.

"Cousin," he again spoke, "it is to you that I come from my far-off English tomb. It was your need called me. It is no pious deed brings you to this wall to-night. You are planning to pillage these towers unworthily, even as I did yesterday. Death was my portion, and broken hearts to the father I wronged and the girl I sought."

"But it is the father wrongs the girl here," I heard myself saying.

"He who rules these towers to-day is of stern mind but loving heart," said the ghost. "Patience! By the Star that redeems the world, love should not be won *to-night* by stealth, but by—love."

He raised his hands toward the tower, his countenance radiant with an undying passion.

"*She* called to me and died," he said, "and her little ghost comes not to earth again for any winter moon or any summer wind."

"But you—you come often?" my voice was saying.

"No," said the ghost, "only on Christmas Eve. Yule is the tide of specters; for then the thoughts of the world are so beautiful that they enter our dreams and call us back."

He turned to go, and a boyish, friendly smile rested a moment on his pale face.

"Farewell, Sir Geoffray de Pierrepont," he called to me.

Into the misty moonlight the ghost floated to that portion of the wall directly opposite the haunted room. From where I stood I could not see this chamber. After a moment I shook my numb senses to life. My first instinct was one of strong human curiosity, which impelled me to follow far enough to see the effect of the apparition on old Hobson, who must be watching at the window.

I tiptoed a hundred feet along the wall and peered around a turret up to a room

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HE WAS NOT WALKING ON THE WALL. *HE WAS WALKING ON AIR, THREE OR FOUR FEET ABOVE THE WALL.*

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above, where Hobson's head could easily be seen in a patch of light. The ghost, at that moment, was walking just below, and the effect on the old man, appalling though it was, was ludicrous as well. He was leaning far out of the window, his mouth wide open; and the entire disk of his fat, hairless head was as pallid as the moon itself. The specter, who was now rounding the curve of the wall near the tower, swerved suddenly, and as suddenly seemed to totter headlong into the abyss below. As he dropped, a wild laugh broke through the frosty air. It wasn't from the ghost. It came from above—yes, it emanated from Thaddeus Hobson, who had, apparently, fallen back, leaving the window empty. Lights began breaking out all over the castle. In another moment I should be caught in my foolish disguise. With the courage of a coward, I turned and ran full tilt along the dizzy ledge and back to my window, where I lost no seconds scrambling up the rope that led to my room.

With all possible haste I threw aside my sheet and helmet and started downstairs. I had just wrestled with a ghost; I would now have it out with the old man. The castle seemed ablaze below. I saw the flash of a light skirt in the picture gallery, and Anita, pale as the vision I had so lately beheld, came running toward me.

"Father—saw it!" she panted. "He had some sort of sinking spell—he's better now—isn't it awful!" She clung to me, sobbing hysterically.

Before I realized what I had done, I was holding her close in my arms.

"Don't!" I cried. "It was a good ghost—he had a finer spirit than mine. He came to-night for you, dear, and for me. It was a foolish thing we planned."

"Yes, but I wanted, I wanted to go!" she sobbed, now crying frankly on my shoulder.

"You *are* going with me," I said fiercely, raising her head. "But not over any ghost-ridden breakneck wall. We're going this time through the big front door of this old castle, American fashion, and there'll be an automobile waiting outside and a parson at the other end of the line."

We found Thaddeus Hobson alone, in the vast hall looking blankly at the fire.

"Jeff," he said solemnly, "you sure brought me luck to-night, if you can call it such being scared into a human icicle. Br-r-r! Shall I ever get the cold out of my backbone? But somehow, somehow that foggy feller outside sort of changed my look on things. It made me feel *kinder* toward living folks. Ain't it strange!"

"Mr. Hobson," I said, "I think the ghost has made us *all* see things differently. In a word, sir, I have a confession to make—if you don't mind."

And I told him briefly of my accidental meeting with Anita in the donjon, of the practical joke we planned, of our sudden meeting with the *real* ghost on the ramparts. Mr. Hobson listened, his face growing redder and redder. At the finish of my story he suddenly leaped to his feet and brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"Well, you little devils!" he said admiringly, and burst into loud laughter. "You're a spunky lad, Jeff. And there ain't any doubt that the de Pierreponts are as good stuff as you can get in the ancestry business. The Christmas supper is spread in the banquet hall. Come, de Pierrepont, will you sup with the old Earl?"

The huge oaken banquet hall, lined with rich hangings, shrunk us to dwarfs by its vastness. Golden goblets were at each place. A butler, dressed in antique livery, threw a red cloak over Hobson's fat shoulders. It was a whim of the old man's.

As we took our places, I noticed the table was set for four.

"Whose is the extra place?" I asked.

The old man at first made no reply. At last he turned to me earnestly and said: "Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No," I replied. "Yet how else can I explain that vision I saw on the ramparts?"

"Is the fourth place for him?" Anita almost whispered.

The old man nodded mutely and raised a golden goblet.

"To the Transplanted Ghost!" I said. It was an empty goblet that I touched to my lips.

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THE PLAYERS

IT is no matter for surprise that the New Theatre has had its greatest financial success with a production that didn't especially emphasize the purposes for which its most bigoted advocates think the New Theatre was founded. But it may seem surprising that the play which won this success was one of the wonderful Maurice Maeterlinck's symbolic dramas, which are supposed to belong purely to the realms of fine art and philosophy.

Months were given to the preparation of "The Blue Bird," and much stress was laid upon the importance of its presentation. Measured by the approval of the general public, it was a veritable triumph. Money poured into the box-office in such a stream that it must have been something of a shock. Even that great auditorium was not big enough to hold the crowds, and extra matinées had to be given.

This would seem to indicate that the New Theatre has fully found itself, that, through its own achievement, it has established itself as an institution. But—and that trouble-maker of a word looms almost vicious as well as large—the lofty-browed folk refused to stand for the New Theatre production of "The Blue Bird." The Giant Intellects were frozen with fear that it was commercial. It was given as a preliminary to the regular season, with only a few of the regular company in the cast. And after it had filled out this preliminary season in the magnificent temple of art, a regular commercial manager took it in charge and presented it in a theatre that had long been given over to moving pictures.

To particularize the criticism a little, the artistic people complained that the translation showed a painstaking effort to eliminate all the poetry of the original, that the acting was without great distinction, and that the elaborate mechanical devices made the poetic drama a mere spectacle, with rather obvious trickery.

But the general public delighted in the presentation of "The Blue Bird." Perhaps the general public was encouraged by the protest of the intellectuals. Whatever the reason, the theatre was thronged at each performance by audiences wholly delighted, apparently, by a particularly fine show.

And this was the very best thing that could have happened to the New Theatre. For, you must know, the directors earnestly proclaim that it is not a High Brow institution at all, but an intelligent institution whose real object is to educate people as well as to gratify taste already highly cultivated. Its weakness last season was its inability to establish a public credit. To be sure, a few of its productions made money, but there was no substantial public support; and the New Theatre must have a support much more substantial than that of the pure intellectuals if it is to endure, and to carry out effectively the purposes for which it was founded. The real commercial success of "The Blue Bird," therefore, is the New Theatre's most important achievement since it first proved itself by making really artistic productions of classic plays and of worth-while new plays.

To a plain person without prejudice, however, it does seem that the translation of "The Blue Bird" is cold and hard. Somewhere between the original manuscript and the New Theatre production are lost the poetry and symbolism that should sustain the story to the very end. And that is why the presentation, which is a pure delight in the beginning, wearies some spectators before the end is reached. In fact, it is said that Maeterlinck himself rather discouraged the staging of the drama for that reason. But children and those who possess the overflowing imagination of children revel in it simply as a gorgeous spectacle and fairy story. And they don't mind at all the very remarkable but rather obvious theatrical tricks in the way of getting effects—tricks that don't seem to go with poetic symbolic drama, but that are all right in a spectacle.

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The idea of a little boy and girl starting forth to find the blue bird, which means happiness, accompanied by the familiar elements and necessities—light, fire, water, bread, milk, sugar, personified in the most wonderful way, with their quality and character duly emphasized—is a very delightful notion. And it is quite proper that the cat and the dog should also appear as nearly human beings and accompany the children on their adventures.

While some of the transformation scenes harked back to a very different style of play, others were entrancingly beautiful. The dancing, too, was quite remarkable. And the never-ending warfare between Fire and Water, and the Cat and the Dog, created constant diversions. There is one splendid scene where the play rises to a lofty height of poetry—"The Palace of Night," with Eleanor Moretti on the throne. Here, too, bizarre effects and comic ones are woven into the story in the most skillful and delightful fashion. For the children insist upon opening all the locked doors where all manner of evils, even to Cold-in-the-Head, are kept in confinement. And one thinks that only Maeterlinck could have conceived the Kingdom of To-morrow, where all the unborn children are waiting to be transported to earth. But one needs all one's imagination to get the possibilities that are suggested.

Gladys Hulette plays *Tyltyl*, the boy, with remarkable skill, but one can never overlook the fact that she is a girl playing a boy's part, and her dramatic proficiency destroys much of the illusion. Little Irene Brown, the *Mytyl*, who never before had a speaking part, is really more effective because she is so much of a child. In the London production, which seems to have pleased those who saw it better than the much more elaborate New Theatre production, a real boy played *Tyltyl*, and in a boyish way. Then, too, the London production was in a smaller house, which makes possible a sense of intimacy that one never can have in the big New Theatre. Margaret Wycherley, who is a real actress, was a beautiful *Light*, and she read her lines finely. Pedro de Cordoba was quite remarkable as *Fire*, and Miss Gwendolyn Valentine danced beautifully as *Water*. Jacob Wendell, Jr., was a very sympathetic *Dog*, while Cecil Yapp made much of the far more difficult part of *The Cat*.

"The Concert" is the best play that David Belasco has ever produced, and probably the most nearly perfect production he has made. Also it is probably the simplest. Certainly it isn't to be compared with ever so many others in the opportunities offered for theatrical effects. It is its convincing sincerity, its freedom from the trickery which so often mars Mr. Belasco's brilliant work, that make "The Concert" stand at the very head of his long line of successes.

It is curious to find that many people regard this Viennese comedy by Herman Bahr, which Leo Ditrichstein has skillfully adapted into English, as very brilliant but very light. It seems to me it is really a big play in every way—in theme, story, characterization, technical quality, and in the cleverness of its lines. Its humor is as intelligent as it is effective. The wonderfully light, airy, graceful treatment deceives many, for it is whimsically joyous even in the most serious moments; but the comedy rests upon, and is a dramatic expression of, the concept upon which Schopenhauer founded his philosophy and Nietzsche his philosophic poetry.

Manifestly, the author of the play worked out his problem very carefully, with clear, exact thinking, and then he accomplished the wonderful feat of translating it into pure comedy without losing a single truth value. And Mr. Ditrichstein has adapted it so well that one hasn't the slightest desire to see the original—which is rather unusual. Also he plays *Gabor Arany*, the leading rôle, with striking effectiveness. It is a wonderfully drawn character, the best presentation of the strength and weakness of the artistic temperament that I have ever seen on the stage. *Arany* plays upon the adoration of his feminine pupils to feed his purse and his artistic vanity, making love to them in turn, more or less seriously. At times he is surfeited with the adoration of his followers, but always he is jealous of it.

He has a wife, a noble, generous woman who loves him unselfishly and who understands. To her the musical genius is a child to be mothered. Janet Beecher plays the rôle very convincingly. So delicate, so fine is the texture of "The Concert," so subtly is the meaning of it conveyed to the audience, that merely to outline the story would give a false impression, for it would suggest a vulgarity and commonplaceness that do not exist in the comedy itself.

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Photograph by White, New York.

VIDA WHITMORE AS *TERPSICHORE* IN "UP AND DOWN BROADWAY."

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Photograph by Frank C. Bangs
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BLANCHE BATES, WHO IS PLAYING IN THE NEW BELASCO PRODUCTION,
"NOBODY'S WIDOW."

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Mr. Belasco has brought to bear upon the production all his wonderful virtuosity. There is no excuse for tricks, so he has concentrated upon securing absolutely legitimate effects, and the result is much finer. The character types of the women admirers, the pale woman secretary, the extraordinarily effective "atmospheric" illusion of the stage settings, with the infinitude of significant detail, the behavior of the players, as well as the acting—all these contribute to make up a performance which approaches very near to artistic perfection. A part that usually would be overlooked—a bibulous caretaker of a bungalow—is entrusted to John Cope, and he makes the bit shine very brilliantly.

Now and then one will hear a self-constituted authority on public dramatic taste—one of a class which takes in practically everybody connected directly or indirectly with the theatre—declare that the time is ripe for a costume drama, and this is just as good an excuse as any other for a heated argument. You know, of course, that by a costume drama is meant one set in a period when men wore gay and picturesque apparel—the styles of women never lacking in these qualities. Of course, a costume play is always assumed to be tremendously romantic. As a matter of fact, nobody has ever been able to discover an overwhelming public demand to see gorgeous costumes exhibited on the stage; but there is always a demand for good plays, irrespective of the garments in which they are played. And some good plays are helped a great deal by picturesque costumes.

"The Scarlet Pimpernel," by Baroness Orczy and Montague Barstow, in which Julia Neilson and Fred Terry made their first appearance in this country after an absence of several years, is one of these. It is a good romantic comedy, but not good enough for the stars to play it two thousand times in America as they did in England. It takes nearly six years of steady playing to give that many presentations. But it is easy to understand why the play had such great popularity on its native heath, for, in addition to being a very interesting and amusing comedy, it makes a natural and highly successful appeal to British pride.

Though it has the French Revolution for a background, it is unlike the familiar plays of that epoch, whose number is legion. It is all bright, cheerful, highly entertaining comedy, with an undercurrent of tragedy to give it purpose and seriousness. The scarlet pimpernel is a wayside flower whose name has been assumed by a young English nobleman who heads a band remarkably successful in smuggling accused aristocrats away from the guillotine into England. No one but his followers knows his identity. To the world he is *Sir Percy Blakeney*, a rich, clever, scatter-brained English courtier, apparently with no purpose on earth save to enjoy himself in frivolous fashion. At his heels constantly is a diplomatic agent of the French revolutionary government, really a spy, whose chief mission it is to discover the identity of the *Scarlet Pimpernel*. *Sir Percy's* wife is a French woman, formerly a celebrated actress, and the French agent tries to make her his accomplice, the price being the life of her brother.

It offers brilliant opportunity for fine acting, this comedy of costume and manners, and the whole presentation is one of real brilliancy. Julia Neilson seems in the fullness of her beauty and acting skill, although she has a daughter, Neilson Terry, old enough to be the theatrical rage in London. But Fred Terry, brother of Ellen Terry and looking very like her, is quite irresistible as the laughing, scoffing courtier, with the most finished exotic manners and a wit that cloaks almost supernatural intelligence and daring. One can realize that the way in which he outwits the Frenchman, by employing the expedients commonly attributed to the quick Gallic brain, would make a loyal Briton fairly chortle with joy. And they are none the less amusing to those who accept the play merely as high comedy. The finish of Mr. Terry's acting, the skill with which he accentuates his points, without apparent effort, the delicacy and keenness of his humor, make him quite inimitable. The American school of acting doesn't produce players like this Englishman. But then England hasn't had many Terrys.

As notable as the acting is Mr. Terry's staging of the comedy. It is magnificent in scenery and in costuming, in the handling of the large and competent cast. One comes away from the performance with a sense of having been delightfully entertained, which quite obliterates one's perception of the old tricks that are constantly employed to keep the dramatic wheels turning at speed.

"The Gamblers" is the best play Charles Klein has written, but it is doubtful if it will

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Photograph by White, N. Y.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, AS THE REPORTER, AND MILLICENT EVANS, AS THE SCHOOL-TEACHER, IN "THE CUB."

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Photograph by White, New York.

LEO DITRICHSTEIN AS *GABOR ARANY* IN "THE CONCERT."

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make as much money as some of the bad ones that have come from his pen. From the standpoint purely of construction, it is so far ahead of his previous efforts that there is no comparison. It is a closely knit, admirably concentrated play that develops with cumulative interest and force, and with remarkably rapid action. In fact, it moves so swiftly that the audience has little time to realize its inconsistencies and shortcomings. But it doesn't ring true. It is essentially theatrical — and without this quality no play can succeed—but it lacks real substance, which makes it seem artificial.

In none of his plays has Mr. Klein shown a capacity for very deep thought or even clear thinking. He seems never to have a mastery over his idea. He has a great capacity for inventing powerful dramatic scenes, and for working out a particular scene. But thus far he has yet to prove a capacity for working out the dramatic possibilities of a whole play. He seems fated to go wrong dramatically, ethically, or morally.

Presumably "The Gamblers" is designed to show the evil of the get-rich-quick practice. *Wilbur Emerson* is the dominant force in his father's bank, and in his pursuit of riches he has sacrificed both his sweetheart and common honesty. When a craven director turns state's evidence and *Wilbur* knows he is caught, he suddenly becomes a fine and noble character, far too good to be true. His affection for his father, whom he has involved in a crime, becomes overwhelming. He insists upon taking his father's place as the scapegoat when the lot falls to the old man. Yet all this is not actually unconvincing, although it would be far more credible if the virtue were not piled on so excessively thick. And the development is interesting and exciting.

Young *Emerson* learns that the director's confession and the incriminating notes have been sent to the house of the United States District Attorney, *James Darwin*, but they have not yet reached his hands. *Emerson* goes to the house, disguised in a chauffeur's outfit, to steal the papers. He is discovered by *Mrs. Darwin*, who was his former sweetheart and who still loves him. *Mrs. Darwin* gets the envelope first. *Emerson* pleads for it, but his wondrous virtue prevents him from using force, that is, from plucking it out of her hands. Then the husband appears, and a strong situation grows more tense.

For the very obvious reason that Mr. Klein thinks it necessary to make a strong play, he has drawn in the District Attorney a very amazing character. So far as his official course is concerned, *Darwin* appears to be absolutely upright and incorruptible. He is anxiously eager to convict the guilty bank wreckers. But it is explained that he is moved solely by ambition, the desire to make political capital; and on this basis the District Attorney plays the rôle of villain. To emphasize his blackness of heart, he is made to treat his wife very badly, because in the end she is to be divorced so she can marry young *Emerson*. In the big scene between husband, wife, and the midnight intruder, the villain has by far the better of it, despite Mr. Klein's frantic efforts to make the hero master. Because of her husband's unjust suspicions and his attitude, *Mrs. Darwin* doesn't give him the precious packet. But neither does she give it to *Emerson*. With a particularly nice regard for ethics she finally returns it to the craven director to whom it originally belonged.

The drama is very well acted by Charles A. Stevenson, who plays *Darwin;* by George Nash, who makes the most of the rather trying part of young *Emerson*, and by Jane Cowl, although her repressed emotion becomes somewhat monotonous and mechanical. In fact, all the characters are capably portrayed. And the play moves so swiftly that during its progress there is hardly a dull moment, while most of the time there is a deal of excitement. But when those who have seen the play think about it afterward, they are amazed by its incongruities and its absurdities. And it is not the way an audience receives a play in the theatre but what they think about it afterward that makes it a success or a failure. It is something of a jar, when one reflects on it, to have the villain triumph, for in the end *Emerson* goes to jail a confessed criminal, with the knowledge that *Mrs. Darwin* will wait for him after her husband has divorced her.

For a whole season "The Girl in the Taxi" has been flying about the country, making much money and awaiting a chance to come into New York. There are suggestions that in the original French the farce may have been clever, but the adaptation made by Stanislaus Stangé is the oldest and baldest kind of slapstick comedy. There were reports that it was brilliantly wicked, and judicious exploitation of this misleading

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assertion had much to do with its financial success. It isn't wicked, but only raw and common and vulgar. It is a working over of the time-worn humor-notion of supposedly respectable and innocent men of various ages being caught in having what is called a gay time with actresses at supper parties. Its caliber is shown by the way in which the height of comic surprise is indicated—by having the chief characters fall flat on the stage. Only a very primitive intelligence can find much to laugh at in this farce.

Carter De Haven plays the leading rôle, after years of success in vaudeville. Mr. De Haven is small and active. He dances beautifully, wears the most marvelous clothes, and his smile eclipses his face perfectly. He is kind enough to smile most of the time. Fred Bond cavorts as the gay old deceiver. Mr. Bond is one of the most

Photograph by Hall, New York.

DORIS GOODWIN, VAN RENSSELAER WHEELER, AND ANNA WHEATON IN "MADAME TROUBADOUR."

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trustworthy cavorters that ever made *risqué* farce vulgar.

The musical comedies are maintaining their high standard. "The Girl in the Train," with a plot sufficiently clever to carry it without music and with enough exquisite melody to lift it to the highest plane of popular music, had small success because a series of mishaps resulted in placing the chief characters in the care of singers who were unequal to the score.

"Madame Troubadour" is an operetta without a chorus. Really, it is Sardou's "Divorçons" set to music—and the most delightful music. Van Rensselaer Wheeler, who has one of the finest voices on the stage and who has developed into a capital actor as well, is admirable in an exacting rôle, while Grace La Rue shows very marked improvement. Also she proves herself to be one of the best-dressed women on the stage. Georgia Caine and Edgar Atchinson-Ely work with much energy, but next to Mr. Wheeler the real hit is made by Anna Wheaton and Doris Goodwin, as two rollicking country maids, who not only have the gift of comedy but can sing as well.

"Judy Forgot," in which Marie Cahill is starring, marks the first incursion into musical comedy of Avery Hopwood, who dramatized "Seven Days" with the author of the original story. Silvio Hein composed the cheerful and entertaining music. There isn't a vast deal of fun in the comedy save what Miss Cahill supplies, but she can make humor out of anything, with her very pronounced and very individual gift.

Truly Shattuck, as the musical comedy star who has run off with a very young husband, looks handsomer than ever and sings charmingly, while Joseph Santley is a real addition to musical comedy. He is pleasant to look upon, dances extraordinarily well, sings acceptably, and acts intelligently.

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EMMY WEHLEN, WHO IS NOW PLAYING IN LONDON, BUT WILL MAKE HER AMERICAN DÉBUT THIS WINTER.

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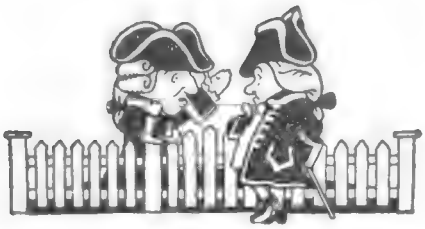

LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE BARTENDER'S BOTTLE

By ARTHUR R. ANDRÉ

DRUNKENNESS was to all appearances the one end and aim of existence in the little saloon on Minna Street, "south of Market." Kraft, the big-featured German ex-bartender, made a science of it, nursing himself carefully back to health after each debauch, in loving anticipation of another. Kelly, the little, round-faced Irish expressman, knew no such "intellectual" delights; he merely drank to excess every time he had the opportunity. And Mills, the lantern-jawed Englishman, who never worked, was garrulous and condescending at the beginning of every month, and overbearing and gloomy for the remainder.

Pat Cronan, who abstained conscientiously from liquor for six months at a time, was away at the Springs just now, "boiling out"; "Bismarck" had broken his arm falling downstairs; and Mr. King, the proprietor, who was rheumy of eye and rheumatic of limb, sipped his Lithia water sadly, and with reminiscent and vain regrets. "Bull" Donovan, the clear-eyed, square-jawed young bartender—who didn't look like a bartender—had seen them all drunk. And they had seen him drunk, too, many a time. This afternoon he put away the glasses after the stranger who had "shouted" had left the saloon, and set his own bottle back on the shelf behind him – the bottle from which he had drunk for months and which was a matter of so much curiosity among the others.

Six months before, when Bull Donovan pushed open the swinging doors of the saloon and lurched across to the little round table in the corner, he was himself no very prepossessing specimen of humanity: his fine Irish blue eyes were bloodshot and dim; his cheeks were sunken and gray; and a week's growth of stubbly black beard stood out upon his chin. He pillowed his head on an old, beer-stained copy of the *Inquirer* and fell asleep. Pat Cronan, the bartender then, didn't disturb him, for he was a good customer of the saloon, drunk or sober; and when he opened his eyes, hours later, and stared sleepily at the newspaper on the table in front of him, a brief half-dozen lines of the printed page arrested his gaze.

"There are a million persons in the United States who are confirmed inebriates," he read over and over, as the meaning of the words penetrated slowly to his drink-drugged brain. "One third of them die yearly as a result of the drink," he read doggedly on, till he was wide-awake again; "yet always the total enrollment is kept up."

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All that day, he sat at the little table in the corner, drink-sodden and sick, with the smell of the beer-soaked sawdust and stale cigar ends in his nostrils, and the significant little paragraph in the *Inquirer* staring back at him. He heard the commotion when Bismarck, who cleaned the spittoons and swept out the bar, fell downstairs in a drunken stupor and broke his arm; and he heard the ambulance drive up and take the old man away.

"One third of them die yearly as a result of the drink," his stunned mind repeated endlessly; "yet always the total enrollment is kept up."

There had been a time when Bull Donovan drank only to be sociable. That was when he was a bricklayer, earning six dollars a day, and was "keeping company" with Mary Spellacy. Little Mary Spellacy was proud of him then, he remembered; and as a vision of her pretty, dimpled face and slender figure appeared before him, he forgot the dingy little saloon, with its flyblown ceiling and walls, and the cobwebbed racks of beer at the end of the bar. He was proud of himself, too, he remembered; and he recalled to mind the time when, returning on the ferry from Vallejo with Mary Spellacy, a gentleman had taken him to one side and had gravely informed him that, because of his "well-developed" jaw *and what it stood for*, he could do anything within reason that he set his mind to.

Then something inside of him must have weakened—that was how he explained it to himself—for gradually it came about that, after he had taken one glass of whisky, he had to take another; and he remembered again, as he always should remember, the night of the bricklayers' ball, when the boys "got him full" *for a joke*—and Mary Spellacy sent his presents back next day. And Mary Spellacy was right, he told himself. Didn't her own father die of delirium tremens? Didn't her mother wear her fingers to the bone till he had grace enough to die? And wasn't Mary working in a laundry on Valencia Street at that very moment in consequence?

A man who could earn six dollars a day might look good to a girl who had to stand over a steam-heated mangle to support herself and a widowed and invalid mother; but when the man who could earn such a wage took her to a dance, and "got full," and left her to take care of herself— And once more, in imagination, he lived over again the night of the bricklayers' ball; and the week following, when he "loaded up" every day, just to prove to Mary Spellacy that he didn't care what she thought of him; and the morning after, when he awoke from his drunken orgy at the table in the corner, with the beer-stained copy of the *Inquirer* before his eyes.

And all that night he lay awake in his room, listening to the tooting of the fog-horns in the bay and the chug-chugging of the engines in the yards, and thinking—thinking about Mary Spellacy, and of what the gentleman on the ferryboat had said to him, and of the something that had given way inside of him. Any appeal to Bull Donovan in those days to reform would have fallen upon deaf ears; but there were the cold-blooded statistics: A million persons in the United States are confirmed inebriates; and one third of them die every year as a result of the drink.

The next morning he took upon himself Bismarck's job in the little saloon, without asking permission of anybody. Pat Cronan looked at him curiously when he started to gather up the spittoons; Mr. King came in later for his Lithia water, but said nothing and went upstairs again; Kraft and Kelly and the discouraged Englishman were the next mystified arrivals—they settled themselves down to their usual game of cribbage in a most unusual silence.

It was not until nine o'clock that morning that Bull went up to the bar and demanded a drink. The next morning he called for his first drink of the day ten minutes later, and the morning after that ten minutes later still. He did the work he had undertaken better than it had ever been done before; and every morning, without exception, he set back ten minutes the time that he permitted himself to take his first drink of the day. Then Cronan "cut loose" again, after a more than usually protracted period of total abstinence—and Mr. King asked Bull to go behind the bar.

This completely disarranged his plans; for so many of the customers of the saloon insisted upon "setting 'em up" for the new bartender that he lost all the ground he had won by a month's hard uphill work. Always after that, a bottle containing a pale yellow liquid stood on the shelf behind

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him, convenient to his hand, and whenever a customer invited him to take a drink early in the day, he helped himself from this private supply. He picked up his "system" again where it had broken down; and, hour by hour, and day by day, he fought the clock, and the appetite that rioted within him. He "fell down" at times, gaining only a minute in the twenty-four hours and some days not even that, but he fought doggedly on; and at the end of two months more he was drinking out of his private bottle entirely.

Kraft and Kelly and the forlorn-looking Englishman, playing their interminable games of cribbage in the corner, took vigilant note of all this, and often they exchanged surmises as to what kind of liquid the bottle on the shelf contained. If it was superior to ordinary liquor in potency or flavor, they were a unit in agreeing that they wanted it. If it was some new kind of drink that produced the exhilaration of intoxication without any of its ill-effects, they wanted it still more. But if it was some new-fangled device for taking the craving for "good red liquor" away from a man, they didn't want to have anything to do with it. They were quick to notice, too, that Bull Donovan was leaving all other kinds of liquor alone; that he was gaining right along in health and strength; and more than once they were tempted to question him about it outright.

But then, on the other hand, they reflected, Bull Donovan was a peculiar man. There was a glint in his steady blue eyes when he was vexed that was disconcerting, to say the very least. Moreover, they concluded warily, a man who could earn six dollars a day as a bricklayer, but preferred instead to "hold down" a job in a saloon *and keep sober*, was a safe man to leave alone. So they left him alone, and trusted to time and opportunity to solve the problem. And Bull Donovan, from behind the bar, watched them in turn, and half guessed, contemptuously, what they were talking about, and waited on his customers, and drank from his private bottle from time to time, as occasion demanded.

The craving began again.

It really began earlier this afternoon, Bull uneasily reflected. It had begun in a feeling of vague discomfort that he had tried half-unconsciously to shake off; and it had increased in strength and definiteness as the hours went by, till now the thought suddenly emerged that life without whisky was vain and colorless and void. He tried to think about Mary Spellacy, and the cozy little flat on Stevenson Street that was her home. He recalled to mind the many delightful suppers they had eaten together—after a trip to one of the beaches or to Golden Gate Park—and the long, pleasant evenings they had spent in each other's company, with old Mrs. Spellacy dozing before the fire. He recalled these things because he forced himself to recall them, but faintly, and quite unsuccessfully so far as his efforts to abate the craving that consumed him were concerned.

"There are a million persons in the United States who are confirmed inebriates," he repeated to himself mechanically. But the words conveyed no meaning to his mind.

Mr. King came down from upstairs and settled himself comfortably in a chair behind the bar. Bismarck shuffled in and seated himself at the table beside the Englishman; and a driver from the Emerald Brewery drove up, put a full keg of beer on the rack, and drove away. Bull Donovan noticed all these things absent-mindedly, like a man in a dream. His hands trembled; and the veins stood out on his forehead as if he were lifting a heavy weight.

Then the thought suddenly occurred to him that the plan he had adhered to so conscientiously for the past half-year was a mistake. He had gone the wrong way about it, he told himself; he had been getting the whisky out of his system by degrees, and had been accumulating a six-months' thirst for liquor in its place, and that was all. He might as well have a drink now, and be done with it. His eye rested for a moment on the bottle of pale yellow liquid at his elbow, then passed on to the next in line, and he reached out his arm.

"*Ting!*" the telephone bell sounded, almost in his ear, and he drew back his hand as if it had been stung. Mr. King opened his eyes with a start; Bismarck looked up inquiringly from the newspaper he was reading; and the card players froze suddenly to attention.

"Hello!" Bull cried, picking up the transmitter.

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"Is that you, Steve?" a familiar voice sounded over the wire. It was impossible to believe, yet still more impossible to disbelieve, that the voice belonged to Mary Spellacy.

"Yes, ma'am," he answered guardedly, taken aback.

"Why don't you come around to see me once in a while?" was the next facer she delivered.

"I—I didn't think you wanted me to," Bull replied.

"Sure I do!" was the laughing response. Her voice thrilled him. There was a hint in it of latent possibilities—of some unhoped-for good fortune that was about to befall him.

"But why——?" he began.

"Why did I send your presents back?" she interrupted. "That was before you quit drinking, Steve." She made the statement simply—as a matter of course. That was the kind of girl she was.

"But I haven't," Bull answered, conscience-stricken. "I'm——"

"Yes, I know," Mary Spellacy derided. "Mrs. King told me all about it. She happens to be an acquaintance of mine, and her husband sampled that 'private stock' of yours last night. I don't wonder everybody calls you 'Bull,' " she broke off admiringly. "Come around to-night and have supper with us—and throw up that awful job."

Bull hesitated.

"I'm going to bake a pan of biscuits, Steve," she enticed.

"I will—" Bull replied, looking around suddenly and discovering that every eye in the room was fixed upon him. Then, lowering his voice: "Do you remember what we were talking about *that night*, Mary?" he began again, with emphasis. And despite the vagueness of the question Mary Spellacy understood.

"When would you want me to, Steve?" she questioned in turn.

"To-morrow!" Bull answered promptly, looking over the rim of the telephone. And as his gaze traveled absently around the little saloon, there was a sudden and feverish resumption of the neglected game of cribbage, a renewed interest in the editorials of the *Inquirer*, and Mr. King even faintly essayed a snore.

"But I haven't got a thing to wear!" came the vigorous protest.

"Oh, well then—" Bull answered, in a disappointed voice.

But Mary Spellacy, who was a girl of quick perceptions as well as of sudden determinations, again cut him short.

"All right, Steve," she laughingly submitted. "In rags and tatters, if you want me to!" and she hung up the receiver.

Then things began to happen in the little saloon on Minna Street, "south of Market." "Come on, boys," Bull cried. "I'm going to throw up my job!" and in the stampede for the bar that followed, chairs were overturned, cards and newspapers fell to the floor, and no one troubled to stop to pick them up. "You wait on 'em, Mr. King," he added, turning to the proprietor and throwing a dollar on the bar. "Anything that there is in the house!" And he flew up the stairs, three steps at a time, to change his clothes.

When he returned, Kraft was standing behind the bar, and was calmly dispensing four measures of amber-colored liquid from Bull's private bottle. Bull started to object, but Mr. King stopped him with a wink.

"You said anything in the house," Kraft solemnly reminded him.

"All right," Bull laughed, shaking hands hurriedly with everybody present; and as he started for the door, four elbows were crooked, and four glasses of liquid that looked like whisky, and might have been whisky, were raised to four expectant mouths. He lingered for a moment to take a last farewell look at the gloomy little saloon, and to see how the contents of his private bottle would be received.

Kraft was the first to set down his glass. He looked at it silently for a moment, then spat venomously into the sawdust at his feet. Kelly, who had swallowed the contents of his glass at a gulp, swore loudly and with his accustomed lack of reserve; the Englishman stammered and stuttered as if suddenly bereft of the power of speech; while Bismarck simply allowed the polluting liquid to stream down his vest. Bull Donovan could almost see the thought arising in four distressed minds at once that the mixture he had permitted them to drink was *something to take away the desire.* Mr. King laughed and glanced toward the door, and four pairs of eyes were bent on him reproachfully.

"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," Bull soothed. "It won't hurt you. It's only

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distilled water with a little burnt sugar in it." And, remembering Mary Spellacy's biscuits, he hurried away.

He had won the fight, he told himself, as he took deep drafts of the cool, sweet air into his lungs, and gazed at the sky above his head. He had accustomed himself to the sight and smell of liquor by working in a saloon, and he had got it out of his system by degrees, just as he had made up his mind to do. The gentleman on the ferryboat was right: he could do anything within reason that he wanted to. He had been thinking about it too much, that was all.

But now he needn't think about it any more; for he was going to work at his own trade again, in God's clean light and air. He stepped out into the middle of the road to pass a building that was going up, and the smell of the new bricks and mortar awoke a thousand pleasurable associations within him. Then the sickly-sweet odor of stale liquor assailed his nostrils, as he passed another saloon; and the scene he had just left came back to him, with Kraft and Mr. King regarding him curiously from behind the bar, and Kelly and the world-weary Englishman glowering at him from in front of it, and Bismarck, who was nearest the door, with a look of outraged confidence in his watery gray eyes—a picture of mute distress.

This, too, faded in turn, and was succeeded by a vision of a slender, star-eyed girl, who was baking biscuits for him; and was thinking about him at that very moment, he was quite sure; and was impatiently awaiting his coming in the cozy little flat on Stevenson Street, which was now only half a block away. He had conquered the craving for alcohol because he wanted to conquer it, he rejoiced to himself clear-mindedly, as he quickened his pace. And to-morrow—the thought returned to him again and again, and intertwined itself with all these thoughts and impressions and recollections, and grew and grew till it effaced every other consideration from his consciousness———

To-morrow he was going to marry Mary Spellacy.

THE LITTLE TAD

By ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

THAT day it was young Beau's turn. There had been a time when Scaddy was as willing to risk a little money in the office pools as any man. But now Beau, Junior—whose tips on the Street came from some one who seemed able to "guess 'em" almost invariably—had all the trouble in the world to get Scaddy to go in on his last best bet, "Electric Smelter."

"And 'Electric Smelter,'" Beau had dilated to the office, "was simply the biggest and richest yet! Oh, it wasn't any mere everyday chance to get in on the ground floor. The manhole'd been left open for a *few* of us straight down to the safety-deposit vaults in the sub-cellar!"

In the end, Scaddy wrote himself in to the extent of two hundred. "But I don't know as I ought to do it, boys," he said, "the way it is with me now. Y' see, if we get right down to cases, a pool is a bit in the green-table line, after all. And it won't be so mighty long till the little tad——" He looked at us with apology. "Gash, y' know, of course he's only a year old now. But I can feel that he's *watchin'* me—just watchin' me all the time! And if I was to do anything that might end in givin' him a start up the wrong alley—Gash, boys, y' know, you can't be too careful about these things!"

And young Beau, otherwise T. Velvyn Beauregard, nephew of General Beauregard, one of the senior partners, had almost fallen dead.

Charley Scadding was our managing clerk. And for thirty years he had probably been the quietest man who ever wore rusty neckties and grew to a bald and nervous middle age in a big New York law office. When, the year before, he had married, he had been as secretive about it as if he had just come from South Dakota. As

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for the arrival of Charles John Scadding—fatherhood at fifty had plunged Scaddy into a shyness which for a time rendered him painful to speak to.

For a time it had rendered him so. Presently, like an office plant which has gathered dust till it has come to be regarded almost as a piece of furniture, and then suddenly shows signs of life, he had begun gradually, incredibly, to open out and bloom. One morning, toward the end of the third week, he had appeared in a red Ascot, bribed Joseph Jones with a cigar, and whispered to him huskily and burstingly: "Gash, it's a knocker the way they'll notice things—their own people, y' know—right from the start-off!" Charles John had not only noticed Scaddy, but he had worked his fingers into his hair, taken hold, and pulled with a strength which, "gash, y' know, would have astonished a scientist!"

And from then on the tale of "C. J.'s" achievements — of his learning to purr bubbles, of his appetite for fuzz, harvested with a veritably diabolical cunning from the bedroom rug, of his navigating backward when he had convinced himself by pure reason and Newtonian experiment that he would never get anywhere *bow on*—these things had become the support of the office's gloomiest hours. The junior clerks were wont to enliven the interval between lunch and afternoon by gathering in front of Scaddy's door and exchanging the latest bulletins of "C. J." wonders, with unnumbered repetitions of "Gad, you know!" and "Isn't that a knocker?" and "Say, I can't hardly believe that!"

Within two minutes (or within three, if there was any unworthy touch of suspicion in Scaddy's heart) he would be outside and not only confirming everything with proofs, but telling them some more! . . . We had also learned that the mistake the average dad made was in letting himself get too blame' old; the thing was to sort of keep yourself cronies with the boy. And one could see that Scaddy was furtively copying the raiment of young Beau himself. At the same time he had been considerably put to it to know whether they ought to send "C. J." to Harvard or to Yale.

II

In the meantime, spring had come to an end. The weather had begun to grow warm, and in succession the partners commenced to delegate the opening of their official mail and take their holidays.

General Beauregard and the other seniors had fortnights of fishing in Quebec, or crossed to London, or ran over to Paris and back. Joseph Jones went on a yachting cruise—and he also came back, owing to his luck in being picked up by an incoming pilot boat. Young Beau bought still another outfit of large-soled shoes and baggy tweeds, and left for Pittsburg, the working headquarters of "Electric Smelter." He desired to give himself that final and exquisite delectation which can come only from seeing your money grow, with your own eyes!

And then one day in the second hot spell, Scaddy brought to the office the face of a man who has not had his sleep.

"Hello!" said the General. "Hello! Nothing the matter with 'C. J.', is there?"

"No. No. At least, we're dead certain he'll be all right again by to-morrow."

"Why, what's the ailment?"

"Oh, his little pipes seem to have got out of kilter somehow. The heat, y' know. But it ain't anything serious, of course."

Yet, next morning, that the little tad was not all right again, by any means, could be seen the moment Scaddy entered the office. His eyes showed it cavernously. And there was in them that look of fear which seems to be listening for something. He felt it necessary, too, to go in and reassure the partners, one after the other. "Y' see," he said, "when a kid's got a physique like he has, a thing like that simply *can't* get near him." (But he kept calling Joseph "Beau." And young Beau had now been in Pittsburg for a week.)

The day following—and by then Scadd seemed to have fallen off at least ten pounds—he spent most of the noon hour explaining to the junior clerks just why there was no danger. "The Doc"—Dr. Morgan—had brought them a trained nurse. And *she* had seen the sort of physique that "C. J." had in a jiffy. Gash, it had astonished her, y' know!—That was what kept him from being anxious at all.

But why the trained nurse?

And two days later Scaddy let it fall that Dr. Morgan had brought in another doctor for an hour or so. And that could mean only one thing—a *consultation*. . . . The office caught its breath.

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The Joneses and the Beauregards had been residents of Pelham Heights long before Scadd had moved into the family apartment section of it. Joseph Jones and Dr. Morgan had been whist partners for years. And that night on his way home, Joseph J. stopped off to find out for himself how it was with the little tad.

When he came down next morning, for almost the first time in office history his mouth lacked its cigarette.—"Gad!" he said, "Gad!—I don't see why we couldn't have guessed it days back. You'd say he was some—some damn *wax* baby! He's so weak that he can hardly cry any more. Morgan wouldn't say anything at all, and the nurse told me they'd know better to-day. But gad—I—I wouldn't give him one chance in twenty."

And that was why there was a great silence in the office that morning.

Yet, about eleven, Scaddy came in. He was looking absolutely ghastly. And he began to explain immediately that he mightn't have come down at all that morning, but the Doc and Miss Mc Naughten had sort of run him out. And the boy seemed such a whole lot better, too.

A few minutes afterward he was following Joseph Jones into his room to tell him the same thing.

THERE WAS ALL MANNER OF BEWILDERMENT AND LACK OF REALIZATION IN HIS EXPRESSION

"I got—got him pulling at my hair again," he explained. "You can see from that."

"Sure," said "J. J.," folding up a telegram that had just been handed in to him.

"He gave his mother the glad eye, too," added Scaddy. "At least, you could see he wanted to."

"Sure."

"And this morning he got off into a sleep. The Doc said he might be sleeping like that when I got back again."

"Sure," said Joseph, "sure." And as soon as Scadd had left him he fairly bolted for the door.

About noon that day a second telegram came for "J. J." But he was still out, and the General was engaged. And, as it was addressed to "J. J." in care of the firm, according to his own instructions, dating back to his yachting week, it was sent on in to Scaddy.

It was sent from Pelham Heights, and it read:

"*Break it to poor Scadd. I haven't the nerve by wire.*"

Standing exactly where he had received it, he started to put it carefully into his wallet pocket. Then he laid it on the desk. No one else saw what it contained till afterward. There was no need. . . . Yet

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his expression was less that of a man who has received the blow than that of one who sees himself about to be struck. There was all manner of bewilderment in it and lack of realization. . . .

III

THE General went home with him, though Scadd said he was perfectly all right, and there was no necessity for any one.

He proved this by trying to walk by the subway "choppers" without paying, and again by proffering the Grand Central gateman a blue strip of subway tickets. And the journey up was about as bad as such things can be.

"WHY, GOOD HEAVENS, HAS SOME ONE BEEN PLAYING SOME DEVILISH, INFERNAL JOKE ON YOU?"

In the car they got into first there seemed to be babies everywhere; and every second one reached out at Scadd.—"It was hell," the General said. "Simply hell!" Then, when he had steered him up ahead into an empty smoking vestibule, Scaddy appeared to think that he ought to keep explaining and apologizing for having come down that morning. And once he'd started talking, he couldn't seem to stop.

"This'll—this'll hit Lucina horrible hard, y' know," he said. "I — I — a man is always a—a sort of a philosopher, y' know. But a woman—Lucina—y' see, you might say her whole life— We'll have to—to do something, of course——"

The conductor came through. But Scaddy went on as soon as they were alone again:

"I know they say the little geezers are a lot better off where they go to. But you—you could see, General, that he wasn't like other kids. I think the—the little tad 'd rather have stayed here. It seemed to be just where he belonged. He seemed to get so blame' much fun out of it, y' know. As—as he saw it, everything was all right here. . . . The way he used to keep next to his mother. . . . And, gash, he—he cared just as much for me, y' know, as if I'd been somebody worth while, myself. . . . It—it isn't as if we'd been mean about it, either. Ever since we've had him we've been sort of tryin' to give some of it back—to other people, y' know—even if it was only for luck. . . . Oh, Lord, General, this is going to hit Lucina horrible hard!"

They left the train. And, just entering the station, they met Dr. Morgan.

"Hello! Hello! Hello!" he cried, his short-sighted eyes staring through his glasses. "A few more days like this, Scaddy, and that boy of yours will be coming out to meet you himself."

That was where the General had to take hold of Scadd, merely to keep him on his feet.

It was the General, too, who had to ask the question. . . .

"Isn't he *what?*" repeated the Doctor. "Why, good heavens, has some one been playing some devilish, infernal joke on you? The boy's slept eight hours without a break, and now he's yelling for food like a pack of hunting dogs! You'll have to keep him on barley water and white of egg for a while. But, pshaw!—Why, Scaddy,

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I've just been making up my mind since noon that I can leave you to Miss McNaughten now, and come in only once a day hereafter."

For common humanity it need hardly be said that it was no question of anybody's having played a "joke." When the real explanation did come, it had all the transparent simplicity on earth.

The trouble lay with "Electric Smelter." And this is no place to go into the whole story of it. But that telegram had come from young Beau. It was sent from the home place in Pelham Heights, because young Beau hadn't had the courage to come on down to Manhattan. And as Beau had been a week away from the office, it was written in entire ignorance of the little tad's sickness.—It may be remembered that two telegrams had come for Joseph Jones that day. The first, also from Beau, Jr., was to announce the fact that in the matter of "Electric Smelter" he had received a financial jolt just about deadly enough to make him forget where he kept his bank-account—or where he used to keep it! As for Joseph, he was all in, too. And the second wire had been to get him to pass the horrid word along to Scadd. It was this message which poor Scaddy had received himself. . . .

Having sent that second wire, young Beau had made for the garage, filled his runabout with gasoline, and started for "any place at all, so long as he didn't know the name of it." It was upon his return from this second part of his holidays that he made these explanations to the office in general. And he had a chance to break it to Scaddy in person a few minutes later.

"Scadd, my trusting friend, 'Electric Smelter' was just one dang, dirty, diddle-daddling *do!* No other way to describe it! I told you that they'd left the manhole open to the sub-cellar?—Well, I feel as if I was falling yet, that's all! . . . If I could have been hit in a railroad collision on the way home, it would have gathered me together a *lot!*—Scaddy, pardon these few scalding tears, but unless we can get the two main leg-pullers back from Canada, telling the story o'er and o'er will be about all we'll ever have to remember them by!"

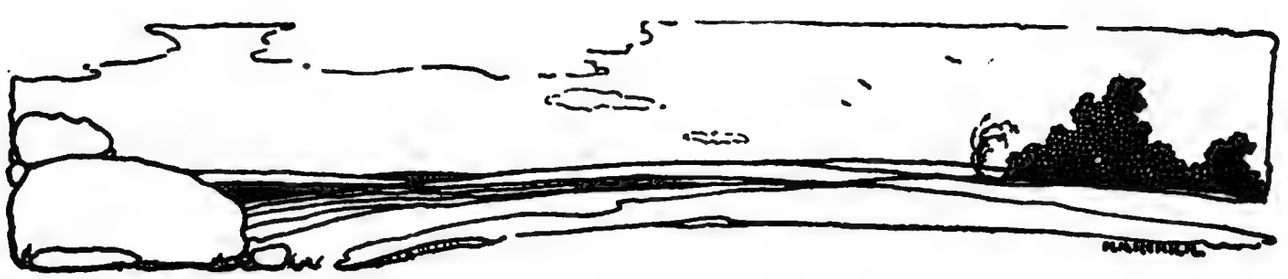
"Heh, heh!" cackled Scadd. "Heh, heh, heh!" And he began to pump at young Beau's hand all over again.

"But, *hevings*, man, you don't get me! They've trimmed you for every cent you put into it, and done it so dang' neat——!"

"Yes! Sure!—Heh, heh!—Great, wasn't it? Great! — And gash, y' know, you frightened me just about to death!"

Beau gave up. "Oh, well!—If you feel *that* way about it——!"

—"And say, let me tell you: This morning he was down on the floor making another still hunt after fuzz! Any Lord's amount he'd gathered, too; and gash, the way *he* saw it, you could see he felt himself a heap sight richer than old John D.!"



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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

MR. CHESTERTON and several other gentlemen, the latchets of whose intellectual shoes I am consciously not worthy to unloose, have been much exercised recently as to why our day and generation has produced no really great men in the field of fiction. Speaking as a babe and a suckling, it seems to me that the explanation lies so close to their noses as to have quite escaped their eyes. For fiction, no less than science, progresses by alternate processes of experiment and generalization; and in fiction, as in science, it is the many prosecutors and perfecters of analytical investigation who are ultimately forgotten, and the few masters of a constructive generalization based on their labors who become classics.

Our generation has produced no great names in the field of fiction because it has lived in a period of analysis. It has been busy re-stating the details of life in the light of the last great generalization of science, the hypothesis of Darwin. And when this work shall have been measurably completed, there is no reason to doubt that great men will be forthcoming to put into great fiction for us (or for our children) the simple synthesis of our less honored, but no less needed, labors. Indeed, faint signs are not wanting that the new dispensation is at hand. It is at least worth noting that the last labors of George Meredith, that master microscopist in the post-Darwinian laboratory, overlap the early work of Arnold Bennett, in whose novels we are, perhaps, looking at the first recognizably articulate attempt to state the point of view of the new order.

Mr. Bennett asks us to look at life through a bi-focal glass; a glass that enables us to see his characters in the closely detailed magnification of their own self-estimate and in the incalculable perspective of their relationship to life. But instead of asking this with the sneer of the cynic, he asks it in the spirit of the seer. He does not say to us, "Look here, upon this picture, and on this." He bids us (with the reticent indirectness of the artist's appeal) to note how all the separate rays of the spectrum of human action, from the palpitating red of triumphant romance to the vanishing purple of tragic non-fulfillment—rays that, individually emphasized, form the elements of our familiar fiction—merge in the long run into the inscrutable white of nature's undecipherable aims.

This is the undeclared thesis, the implied "criticism of life" behind "The Old Wives' Tale"; and it seems likely that Mr. Bennett's new work, "Clayhanger" (Dutton), is part of an even more elaborate and ambitious embodiment of this same fiction of the twofold vision. For "Clayhanger"—voluminous and engrossing study of two generations though it be—is but a third of the tale as planned, and stands, as it were, for one leg of an inverted A. Edwin Clayhanger is the son of a self-made and self-confident job-printer of the Five Towns. He is what children used to call "the sat-on bird in the nest"; and the present volume contains the history of his suppressed and ingrowing self-development and of the long-delayed but rapid flowering of his released heredity. It follows him from the early end of his school days to his late marriage. The next book—the other leg of the A—is to give the story of his wife's youth; and a third—the main stem of the A—will deal with the marriage.

We must needs let those who will complain of Mr. Bennett's expansiveness. Your pioneer is seldom an intensive farmer. He requires, as he sometimes puts it, room enough to swing his cat by the tail. Richardson, the "father of the

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novel," filled seven volumes with the simple history of "Clarissa Harlowe." The three hundred page novel of our daily habit is the result of a fictional form's having been reduced to a formula. Mr. Bennett has the instincts of the frontiersman; let us at least not judge him by the unchanged standards of the kitchen garden.

Some day, when biology, physiology, and psychology have made their way out of the woods and have sat down and compared notes on the other side, we shall perhaps be able to understand quite rationally some of the strange cross-currents of sex, talent, and temperament which now we can only feel as ghostly or aural personal emanations intangibly exhaling from the pictures of the painter and the pages of the novelist. Meanwhile we are driven, at times, to grope blindly for some formula of expression that will adequately suggest these elusive influences without doing them too rude a violence. It is comparatively useless, for instance, to seek to explain the singularly variable work of Miss May Sinclair by dissecting her conceptual and technical performance in her successive novels. No matter how closely we weave such an analytical net, its meshes will not catch the wraith-like attributes we feel to be the real factors in her success or failure—the peculiarly feminine virility and the oddly masculine effeminacy that struggle for supremacy in her creative efforts.

If it had not been for its taint of the former, "The Divine Fire" would have been as finely bred a piece of fiction as it is a finely observed study of that miracle we fail to define by calling it "genius." "The Helpmate" only struck its incredibly cold, unfruitful, and neuter note by reason of a perfect deadlock between the two. And if it were not for its touches of the first, "The Creators" (Century) would be the cloying record of a literary mutual admiration society. As it is, this story of the self-conscious labors of a clique of London writers who take themselves (and whom Miss Sinclair takes) *au grand sérieux* is given the secondary interest and the indirect force of a subtle satire. For while the effeminate male in Miss Sinclair's literary personality is liltingly apotheosizing the immortal genius of these talented egotists, the keen, virile woman strength of her is unconsciously delineating their determining limitations.

An old woman down in Jersey assured me last summer that it was impossible to raise chickens hatched in August. Being asked (more out of politeness than curiosity) for an explanation of the phenomenon, she said that she knew nothing about that, but added: "They always start out fine, but they soon weep and sleep themselves away." Now I don't know whether Mr. G. K. Chesterton was born in August, but it is becoming increasingly evident that we are not going to raise him. He started out "fine." He was, in fact, the infant prodigy of his brood of chickens. But the spell of the dog-star is working its mysterious will on him. His new book, "What is Wrong With the World?" (Dodd, Mead), is the most hasty, the most disingenuous, the least logically sequent of those recent works of his that have been increasingly marked by these lamentable failings. It is an inquiry prosecuted in the literal spirit of that Euclidean definition which declares that a curved line is one that changes its direction at every point; and in spite of occasional passages of unquestionable brilliance and of rarer criticisms of searching keenness, the book's constant striving for verbal effect at whatever cost points inexorably to the time when Mr. Chesterton will be definable as *paradox et praeterea nihil*.

"The Ascending Effort" (Dutton), by an English writer named George Bourne, is one of those occasional books that, unadvertised, unheralded, and by a sort of intellectual capillary attraction, work their way to the surface and color the conscious thought of the day. The book deals, indeed, with the very phenomena of which its career is a humble exemplification—with the sources, the manner of growth, and the complex nature of personal and communal points of view. It is a refutation of the ancient saw that there is no accounting for tastes; an attempt, tentative yet arresting, to trace the psychological steps by which we climb from instinctive inclinations to reasoned preferences and transform ideas into outlooks and outlooks into aims. Perhaps its most valuable and most immediate service is its non-technical and undogmatic demonstration of the practical and workaday part played by art in this evolution; and few self-students who have ever gropingly tried to analyze their own æstheticism will refuse to thank this fellow-explorer for helpful guidance in a confusing country.

Last month America's youthful impatience with the amenities of literary art was under discussion in this column. David Graham Phillips has since supplied us with an example so outrageous in its willful unregeneracy and so chock-full of the red corpuscles of indignant health that it may well stand as a type specimen of the worst and best of this ugly duckling phase of our development. The novel is called "The Husband's Story" (Appleton). It is supposedly written by a successful American business man who started as the son of a small

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grocer in Passaic, married the daughter of a local undertaker, and climbed manfully into the ranks of the millionaires while his wife clawed her way through successive layers of social snobbery until she emerged as the mother of an English countess. This supposed writer writes most convincingly in character—once we agree to overlook the fact that in real life he never would have written at all. And the contemptuous enjoyment with which he calls spades spades, and the amazing informality with which he breaks into his narrative to hurl home truths at his prospective readers, is an experience and a shock which only the bred-in-the-bone literary æsthete will find devoid of excitement and unproductive of wholesome reaction. But one can imagine English Literature, if she had a tongue, saying reproachfully to Mr. Phillips: "It is all very well to dissemble your love—but *why* do you kick me downstairs?"

The mill-wheels of the gods are not the only ones that turn slowly. The wheels of public appreciation often show a like deliberateness. Thus it comes about that Samuel Butler's posthumous novel, "The Way of All Flesh" (Dutton), published in England in 1902, is by way of being one of the best read (if not one of the most widely read) books of the present season. It was written between 1872 and 1884. It is cast in the form of a memoir and gives the recollections and personal comments of its supposed writer in connection with four generations of an English family of yeoman origin; recollections covering the sixty years from 1807 to 1867. It combines a vivid picture of English bourgeois life with an implied and developed criticism of both its sane instincts and its false standards. And it was so hopelessly ahead of its time both in fictional attitude and philosophical insight that it remained unknown and unnoticed except by the most forward-reaching minds of its day. Now, suddenly, it is "in the air." Men are asking one another if they have read it. It has achieved an American edition. It affords us the pleasant illusion of having "discovered" Samuel Butler. As a matter of fact, the book has come into its own because we have caught up with it.

Mr. E. Temple Thurston's "The Greatest Wish in the World" (Kennerley) is the best that the Row of Books can offer its readers this month in the shape of light-hearted fiction. It is a simple, almost an obvious, little story about a foundling girl and a shipwrecked sailor and an old Irish priest and his widowed housekeeper. But in its play upon the hidden working, in all these hearts, of the greatest wish in the world—the wish for one's own child—the little romance draws its light-heartedness from the very sources of life. Do you remember those two mythological gentlemen, Mr. Antaeus, who renewed his youth every time he touched Mother Earth, and Mr. Icarus, who flew up and up and up till his wax-fastened wings melted loose and he came back to Mother Earth with a thud? Most light-hearted fiction takes after one or other of these gentlemen; and "The Greatest Wish in the World" takes after Mr. Antaeus.

OTHER BOOKS

"The Island of Stone Money" (Lippincott). An account, by William Henry Furness, 3rd, of a two months' lotus-eating stay on the island of Yap in the Carolines; a land where every prospect pleases and even man seems to be pretty decent.

"Rewards and Fairies" (Doubleday, Page). A new series of imaginative scenes from by-gone times in England, in which Puck of Pook's Hill once more acts as show master for Rudyard Kipling. The new volume is more of an aftermath than an addition.

"Our House and the People In It" (Houghton, Mifflin). Chapters of personal experience in London, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, in which the hand that penned the life of Whistler shows its familarly ingenuous cunning and establishes us as confidential friends of an interesting *ménage*.

"Problems of the Elementary School" (Appleton's). A volume by Arthur C. Perry, Jr., that deals, first, with certain far-reaching questions of organization and, secondly, with half a dozen questions connected with method and management. One or two of the latter are of somewhat technically pedagogic interest, but the others are, or ought to be, of parental if not of public concern. And the entire work is so intelligible a presentation of intelligent thought upon practical issues that any citizen in any way interested in the efficiency of the public schools can read it with profit.

"The Russian Road to China" (Houghton, Mifflin). A travel book of more than usual readability, in which Lindon Bates, Jr., describes a journey from Moscow to Lake Baikal on the Trans-Siberian Railway and thence, cross-lots, by sledge and pony, to the Chinese frontier.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

RICHARD CARLE lately engaged as cook a Swedish giantess who proved unsatisfactory. On departure she asked for a written testimonial, and Mr. Carle presented her with the following:

"To whom it may concern: I have lately had in my employ Hulda Swanson, who was engaged to cook for a family of three and do such things as would be possible when not cooking. Under this head might come a little dusting and dish-washing and answering the doorbell. Taking these things into account, I wish to say that Hulda is absolutely the tallest cook I ever saw."

The freshman class in trigonometry was reciting.

"And have you proved this proposition?" asked the "math. prof."

"Well," said the freshman, "proved is rather a strong word, but I can say that I have rendered it highly probable."

"You are charged with carrying a razor," said the magistrate; "what have you to say?"

"But hit's a safety razzer," pleaded Rastus.

"What difference does that make?" the court asked.

"Well, Yo' Hono', a safety razzer am carried only fo' de moral effect."

Six-year-old David had been told not to play in the oiled road. Coming into the house with suspiciously black hands, he was reprimanded by his mother.

"You've been playing in the road," she said.

"No, Mother, I haven't. That's pitch from the tree."

"Don't tell me a story, David. *I* know it's oil from the road."

"Well, *God* knows it's pitch," said David, "for He saw me climb the tree."

An earnest preacher in Georgia, who has a custom of telling the Lord all the news in his prayers, recently began a petition for help against the progress of wickedness in his town, with the statement:

"Oh, Thou great Jehovah, crime is on the increase. It is becoming more prevalent daily. I can prove it to you by statistics."

"Suppose, Bessie"—the teacher was trying to explain the meaning of "recuperate"—"suppose your papa has worked very hard all day; he is tired and worn out, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"Oh," replied Bessie, "that's just what Mother wants to know."

Senator George Chamberlain, of Oregon, was once asked to define what he considered optimism.

"Well," said the senator, "an Oregon editor, Ed Eckley, was with a crowd *en route* to Wallowa Lake in my state. From the railroad station up to the lake is a stiff climb of perhaps

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two miles. After a quarter hour of going, Eckley hailed a man coming down.

"'How far is it to the lake?' he asked.

"'About a mile and a half,' was the reply.

"Another fifteen minutes of climbing brought him to a second pedestrian going in the opposite direction. Eckley again asked the distance.

"'M-m, 'bout a mile and a half,' said the native.

"A third man was met a few moments later. 'How far?' queried Eckley, who was now decidedly tired. 'Mile and a half,' replied the stranger. Eckley sat down on a rock despondently, but optimism got the upper hand.

"Thank the Lord," exclaimed the editor, 'we are holding our own!'"

It was at a colored camp-meeting in a Southern town, and a colored evangelist was exhorting his hearers to flee from the wrath to come. "I warn yo'," he thundered, "that, in the language of the Scriptures, there will be 'weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.'"

At this point an old colored woman in the back of the tent stood up: "Brother, I have no teeth."

"Sister," returned the evangelist, severely, "teeth will be provided."

A fashionably dressed young woman entered the post-office in a large Western city, hesitated a moment, and stepped up to the stamp window. The stamp clerk looked up expectantly, and she asked, "Do you sell stamps here?"

The clerk politely answered, "Yes."

"I would like to see some, please," was the unusual request.

The clerk dazedly handed out a large sheet of the two-cent variety, which the young woman carefully examined. Pointing to one near the center, she said, "I will take this one, please."

The poet led his friend, the politician, to the top of New York's tallest tower, to admire the view. The man of politics seemed stunned for a moment by the beauty of the far-flung panorama. Then he spoke in a low, reverent voice: "Gee! what a lot of assembly districts you can see from here."

In the recent New York examinations for chauffeurs' licenses was this perfectly civil question:

"If you were going along the road and met a skittish horse, what would you do?"

To which one candidate replied—our authority saw the examination paper:

"I would stop the car, then the engine, and then, if the horse was still skittish, I would take the machine apart and hide it in the grass until he got safely by."

War was waging between the two young daughters of the house, aged twelve and six respectively. The older child was reading, but she found time to keep up the squabbling with her younger sister.

"Button nose, button nose," she said teasingly, and she pulled that saucily turned-up member of the small sister.

"'Tisn't, 'tisn't! Ouch, you hurt," squealed the child.

"Children, children, will you stop that noise! I can't read a line," expostulated the mother. "Now, Margy, go play with some of your toys, and, Polly, let your little sister alone."

Margy retired to another part of the room, but none of her playthings seemed to afford her any amusement. She gave yearning glances toward her sister, who was now intently reading. Margy could stand the truce no longer.

"Mother," she besought in a whimpering voice, "please make Sister Polly *stop* letting me alone!"

Jimmy saw a mosquito on the wall one day that had evidently had a full meal off some one, as it was quite red with blood; and he called out, "Oh, Mother, look! Here's a mosquito, and he's ripe!"

The Catholic missionary in Africa had a hard time in inducing the cannibals to quit eating human flesh. He prided himself, however, on one of his converts, who had apparently abjured the evil practice without a single relapse. But one day news came of a tribal feast down the river, and that night the convert was missing. When he returned, the good priest said to him, sadly:

"My son, I fear you have gone back to your old ways."

"Oh, Father," cried the poor cannibal, "I was tempted, but I did not fall. My kinsmen were all there. The heart of our greatest enemy was in the pot. Oh, the delicious odor! Father, the old appetite returned. I was about to yield. And then, Father, I did not, for your teachings came back to me, and I suddenly remembered it was Friday."

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ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
RAY BROWN, *Art Director* ROBERT FROTHINGHAM, *Adv. Mgr.*

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WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS

IN view of the discussion carried on in this department before the November elections as to the respective merits of Delegated and Popular Government, the following report of the results in Oregon by a friend of Popular Government may be welcome:

MY DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

On the Oregon ballot at the recent election were thirty-two measures demanding a "yes" or "no" decision of the voters. To decide upon that number of widely different proposals required care, intelligence, discrimination.

The thirty-two measures included three taxation amendments, eight bills for new counties, a bill leaving new-county questions to the localities directly interested, two proposals for state-wide prohibition, one each for city regulation of the liquor traffic, for woman's suffrage, for a strict employers' liability law, for a commission-made liability law, for a new insane asylum, for three normal schools, for the publication of an official *State Gazette*, for county bonds to provide good roads, for authorizing the issue of bonds to build or purchase railroads, for a constitutional convention, for an amendment making proportional representation impossible, for an amendment of the whole Legislative Article of the Constitution, for party primary votes on presidential candidates, and for changing the judicial system so as to abolish new trials on technicalities and permit a three-fourths vote of juries to render verdicts in civil cases.

For weeks before the election it was asserted by some men and newspapers that the voters would not discriminate between the many measures; that they would not take the time to inform themselves. The election returns show that the voters do discriminate, that they not only know what they do want but know what they don't want. In the last eight years they have formed the habit of thinking and voting on questions at the ballot-box, of discriminating between measures as well as between men. How did they discriminate?

The principles of Home Rule and People's Power are large determining factors when Oregon voters get to the ballot-box. A measure that clearly gives to counties, cities, or large communities the power to regulate their own affairs, without interfering with state authority, finds approval. This was shown by the defeat of the prohibition measures and by the approval of the measure giving cities the sole right to regulate the liquor traffic, or to abolish it, within the municipalities. Oregon has a good local option law—a Home Rule measure. The prohibition measures threatened that Home Rule, and they were voted down. As far as issues were concerned, the opposing liquor measures raised all the smoke, dust, hot air, and red fire of the campaign; but the principle of Home Rule controlled, and determined the results.

Again, in voting on the three tax amendments the voters used the Home Rule principle. The Legislature submitted two tax amendments; from the people came an amendment abolishing poll-taxes, prohibiting the Legislature from enacting any tax or exemption law without the consent of the people, and providing that the majority of the voters in any county may determine what property shall be taxed or exempted within their county. The Legislature's amendments were rejected; the people's Home Rule tax amendment was approved. The former gave nothing of Home Rule and added nothing to the People's Power; the latter means People's Power as well as Home Rule. Oregon voters are against anything that threatens what they call People's Power, but they don't vote for everything that travels under that name. To show their determination to keep the powers they have, they voted down the bill, proposed by the Legislature, to call a constitutional convention.

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That looked like a scheme to make a new constitution and put it into effect without permitting the people to vote on it; like a scheme to take the gun from the people when they weren't looking. They have the gun, they know they need it, and they intend to keep it.

In another case the Legislature asked the people to vote away a power they had taken. It submitted an amendment to make proportional representation impossible—this within four months after the people, in 1908, approved an amendment for proportional representation. The vote on the Legislature's amendment was notice that the people knew what they were doing in 1908, and that they want the power to use proportional representation when they find the proper method. So they rejected the amendment submitted by the Legislature.

The bill to extend the primary law to presidential nominations, national convention delegates, and presidential electors was, clearly, an extension of People's Power, and the people approved it. If the idea spreads to other states, the National Convention Steam Roller will follow the old Oregon political machine to the scrap-heap, and the wires that now pull the conventions will be cut.

Only one of the six measures submitted by the Legislature was approved—the bill to establish a new asylum for the insane.

From three places in the state came bills for normal schools. For twenty years the Legislature has made a football of the normal school question, but never settled it. Year after year it has been used for trading purposes, and it figured largely in senatorial contests before the days of the direct vote on senatorial candidates. The voters approved one normal school bill—and settled in one election what the Legislature failed to settle in twenty years.

The measure permitting counties to incur indebtedness above $5,000 to build good roads was adopted; but the amendment permitting the creation of railroad districts and the purchase or construction of railroads, to be owned by the public, was defeated. Doesn't that show careful conservatism?

They said "No" to the proposal for three People's Inspectors of Government, to edit and publish an official *State Gazette;* and they said "No" to the amendment to the whole Legislative Article of the Constitution, which was intended to reconstruct the Legislature, to give the people more power over their Legislature. There were too many new ideas in one amendment. One must be careful in trying to "bunch hits" at the ballot-box in Oregon.

Thoughtful discrimination was shown between the two opposing employers' liability bills—one a definite measure, the other a bill to create a commission to look into the matter and report to the Legislature. The first was adopted, the second was rejected. The one adopted is practically the same measure that the Legislature rejected in 1909.

Woman's suffrage was defeated for the third time in succession. Why? Perhaps because the amendment provided for suffrage for "taxpaying" women—and that isn't fair. It may be that Oregon voters are not convinced that equal suffrage is as good as advertised. At any rate, there was really no campaign for the amendment.

How do the people get information in regard to the measures? From the newspapers? No, the papers in Oregon are not yet free. The Secretary of State is required to publish and mail, free, to every voter in the state, a pamphlet containing the full text of every measure to be voted on, with arguments for and against each measure, if they are submitted. Persons submitting arguments must pay for their insertion. For 1910 the charge was eighty dollars a page. "But the people don't read," object some of the wise ones—the same ones who used to say, "The people won't vote"; the same who lately said, "The people won't discriminate"—which shows that race-suicide hasn't hit the family of false prophets.

Careful analysis of the results on the thirty-two measures shows, I believe, that Oregon voters are as discriminating and as efficient in approving and rejecting measures as any legislative body in America, and they have shown that in voting on measures they are not influenced by partisanship or special interests.

W. G. EGGLESTON.

Portland, Oregon.

You may recall Mr. Wilder's able letter supporting Delegated Government. It is but fair to him and to other friends of the old representative form of government to quote a paragraph from another of Mr. Wilder's letters:

> "This Republic is not a pure democracy. Released from its present moorings, driven into pure democracy, it will, in my judgment, strike the rocks and founder, just as in history all pure democracies have gone under."

We must move carefully, cautiously. The people of Oregon have done well. But would such a plan work in a state like New York, or in the nation? We believe the experiment should be continued on a little larger scale, in a state having more people, and a larger proportion of less intelligent people than Oregon would seem to have. Also we should keep it always in mind that it is an experiment.

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